

Saturday September 5 1998

Also check out the...
Austria 1.00
Belgium 1.00
Canada 1.00
France 1.00
Germany 1.00
Italy 1.00
Japan 1.00
Netherlands 1.00
Portugal 1.00
Spain 1.00
Sweden 1.00
Switzerland 1.00
UK 1.00
USA 1.00
...and many more.

The Guardian

INTERNATIONAL

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NEWSPAPER OF THE YEAR

Verdict from Hong Kong

Patten's book

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Books

New fiction special: Julian Barnes, Ben Elton, Ian McEwan, Peter Preston

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Democrat ally launches lethal attack on 'immoral behaviour' Clinton forced to say sorry

Blind date couple marry

Martin Kettle in Washington and John Mullan in Dublin

PRESIDENT Bill Clinton was finally forced to say he was sorry yesterday about his relationship with Monica Lewinsky after a devastatingly personal attack by one of his closest political allies.

In Dublin the president was compelled to respond to overnight criticism from one of his normally unwavering supporters, the Democratic senator Joseph Lieberman of Connecticut, who called Mr Clinton's conduct immoral and harmful and said it

required "some measure of public rebuke and accountability".

The remarks — and the reaction in Washington — put the White House on high alert against further damage to Mr Clinton's battered reputation as the presidential party heads home.

Mr Lieberman is a leading "New Democrat" who has supported the president's attempt to reposition the party, and his speech, delivered in measured tones in the United States Senate, could be a turning-point in Mr Clinton's struggle to retain office.

Mr Lieberman said Mr Clinton's private conduct had "profound public consequences" and that his "extra-

marital relations with an employee half his age" were "not just inappropriate" — the word used by Mr Clinton during his August 17 broadcast — "but immoral".

Presidential aides had struggled to deter Mr Lieberman from delivering his 24-minute speech while Mr Clinton was away in Russia and Ireland, and the White House chief of staff, Erskine Bowles, made several private appeals to him not to advocate a motion of censure of the president.

Mr Lieberman stopped short of that, arguing that it was "premature" to prejudge the findings of Kenneth Starr, the independent prosecutor. However, in asserting that

Congress could ultimately pass "a resolution of reprimand or censure of the president for his misconduct", Mr Lieberman fired a warning shot that prompted Mr Clinton's immediate response in Dublin.

The comments were endlessly replayed on US television yesterday. During a photo session with the Irish prime minister, Bertie Ahern, Mr Clinton, who was clearly ill at ease, told reporters: "Basically, I agree with what he [Senator Lieberman] said. I have already said that. I made a bad mistake. It's indefensible and I am sorry about that."

Shortly afterwards Mr Clinton repeated the apology, say-

ing: "I can't disagree with anyone else who wants to be critical of what I've already acknowledged is inappropriate. There's nothing that he or anyone else can say in a personally critical way that I don't imagine I would disagree with, since I have already said it myself, to myself, and I am very sorry about it, but there's nothing else I can say."

The White House spokesman, Mike McCurry, later seemed to signal that Mr Clinton may now attempt to calm his congressional critics by regular expressions of contrition.

"I think the president clearly does not believe that one conversation, one state-

ment, one speech is going to be sufficient in addressing this matter the way he wants to, and he intends to keep addressing it both personally and — to the degree he needs to — publicly, as he sees fit," Mr McCurry said.

As Mr Clinton prepared to enjoy his final day away from Washington today with a round of golf in County Kerry, his aides were struggling to prevent Mr Lieberman's dignified rebukes from triggering further criticisms within the Democratic Party.

However, Mr Lieberman won early support from Senate colleagues. Senator Bob Kerrey of Nebraska attacked Mr Clinton for issuing statements which "no longer con-

vey plain meaning", while Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan of New York clearly hinted that he would not be bound by party loyalty in responding to Mr Starr's long-awaited report. "It will be for us to discharge our constitutional duties," Mr Moynihan said.

Some Democratic members of the House of Representatives also increased the pressure on Mr Clinton.

Marty Kaptur of Ohio told a local newspaper: "If he resigned tomorrow, it wouldn't be enough in my judgment. I am asking for something beyond that."

Clinton in Dublin, page 5; Leader comment, page 8



The ultimate blind date — with the help of a lie detector, an astrologer, a psychologist and marriage at first sight

Story in column 8

PHOTOGRAPH: TORSTEN BLACKWOOD

Luke Harding

AN AUSTRALIAN couple pushed the concept of the blind date to its most surreal extreme yesterday when they got married without having previously met.

Glenn Emerton, aged 24, tied the knot with Leif Bunyan, aged 22, seconds after they had been introduced.

"God, she's beautiful," Mr Emerton declared to no one in particular immediately afterwards.

The stunt — thus far not exposed as a hoax — was arranged by a local radio station in Sydney. The station put Mr Emerton forward as "the most desperate bachelor" in town. Ms Bunyan, who works at a management training centre, was one of 300 listeners who rushed to the telephone to offer herself up as a potential bride.

Before claiming her groom, she had to survive a lie detector test and a grilling by a panel of Mr Emerton's friends, an astrologer and a psychologist.

The only direct contact came when Mr Emerton, a marketing consultant, proposed over the telephone. He then declared himself ecstatic, while his bride-to-be announced she felt "like Cinderella".

The pair had taken part in a radio promotion, called Two Strangers and a Wedding. They tied the knot at Sydney's Hilton hotel yesterday morning, in a ceremony broadcast live on the radio station, 2Day FM.

The event was not quite all it seemed. Under Australian law, marriages must normally be registered a month in advance, except in special circumstances, so the couple had to settle for a "commitment ceremony" instead.

Met accused of botched 'race murder' inquiry

Rory Carroll

A BOTCHED Metropolitan police investigation into the suspected racist murder of a black man found burning in a London street has unleashed renewed accusations that incompetence and prejudice riddle the force — despite promises not to repeat mistakes exposed by the Stephen Lawrence inquiry.

A coroner's inquest next week will question detectives over a litany of blunders which could prevent four white youths suspected of killing Michael Tachie-Menson ever being caught.

In a letter to his family, John Townsend, a deputy assistant commissioner, said his officers' actions in the first 12 hours after the incident were "not as thorough" as he would have wished.

Senior officers should have challenged their colleagues' assumption that the burns were self-inflicted, he said. Staff at North Middlesex Hospital relayed the victim's claim that he had been attacked. "However, it was not acted upon," he said.

A message that the injuries were possibly life-threatening were recorded on the incident log as not life-threatening.

Mr Townsend said that even if the scene had been forensically preserved it was "unlikely" any useful evidence would have been found. The decision not to take a

statement was made on medical advice.

Mr Tachie-Menson's family said they were disgusted at the police's failure to investigate the case properly.

Scotland Yard said an internal review had resulted in four officers being "advised" but not disciplined, about their actions. Instructions on tightened procedures for "critical incidents" have been circulated to all Met officers.

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Tedious career of master fraudster ends in prison

Rory Carroll

A FOOTNOTE in the annals of 20th-century master criminals was written yesterday with the end of David England's career and the birth of his legend — the pipe and slippers fraudster.

So staggeringly boring was his life that its details will forever overshadow his work. The proceeds of one of Britain's biggest bank scams funded underwear, herbal tea bags, veggie food, stamps and taxis.

Operating more than 100 bogus accounts and committing 30,000 crimes drained fun, glamour and variety, leaving England, aged 44, to work 12-hour solitary days.

Setting up nine aliases didn't offer much of a double life since he usually posed as an accountant. He also posed as a geologist.

A three-year grind of inventing references, people and businesses netted £277,000 with another £444,000 on credit. England didn't smoke, drink, gamble or own a car — despite obtaining 10 driving li-



David England: Pipe and slippers fraudster

ences. Each passed the first time, he told detectives proudly. Three-for-the-price-of-two bargains were a weakness.

His monthly income of £60,000-£70,000 was halved after paying rent of up to £30,000 on his properties.

His flat in Hove, East Sussex contained the nub of his empire — a filing cabinet with 200 bank and credit cards and a book on how to create false identities.

He broke the monotony with tea and snacks and taxi rides — enough to take him round the world twice — to collect post from his addresses, visiting cash-points, applying for loans and paying money into accounts to sustain the paper-trail.

The epic juggle ended when a bank ran a check. His last visit was to the Lloyds branch in Hassocks, West Sussex, when the men in suits turned out to be CID.

"He greeted it in some sense with a degree of relief," said Paul Ozm, defending his client at Lewes crown court, East Sussex.

"He had begun to lead a solitary life and social contact was too risky, and the family imploded. He discovered he did not greatly cherish this great deal of money."

He was arrested in June two days before he was due to fly to the Philippines to join his wife and four children. His target had been to amass £1 million and flee.

Police branded him the pipe and slippers fraudster. Yesterday he was jailed for five years.

You're paying too much for your life cover.

(What? no one's told you?)

You may be paying well over the odds for your fixed term or mortgage protection life cover, and one quick phone call to Direct Line could change all that. Don't say we didn't tell you.

Male 35 next birthday non-smoker - monthly premiums				
Sum assured	£100,000	Per Annum	Total paid over 20 year term	Saving with Direct Line
Direct Line	£202.20	£4044.00	-	-
Abbey National Life	£272.64	£5452.80	£1498.80	-
Nationwide Life	£294.00	£5880.00	£1836.00	-

Source: Life and Pensions MoneyFacts - July 1998



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Regional chiefs offer Yeltsin lifeline

James Meek in Moscow

RUSSIA'S regional leaders came to the rescue of the beleaguered president, Boris Yeltsin, yesterday when they threw their weight behind his candidate for prime minister, Viktor Chernomyrdin.

The provincial governors and regional council leaders who sit in the upper house of parliament voted by 91-17 to support Mr Chernomyrdin's candidacy after he promised to settle the economic crisis by printing roubles and introducing an ill-defined "economic dictatorship" on January 1.

The vote was non-binding but was enough to force the state Duma, the lower house of parliament which had been expected to reject Mr Chernomyrdin for a second time yesterday, to postpone their decision until Monday.

Mr Chernomyrdin's opponents in the Duma, led by the Communists and the liberal Yabloko movement, still breathe defiance yesterday. But they were clearly shaken by the scale of support for the president's man among the elected regional bosses.

Mr Yeltsin's camp seized the initiative by persuading Duma party leaders to attend a "round table" with the president in the run-up to Monday's vote and making a fresh offer to shed some presidential powers in parliament's favour.

"We do not and will not believe the president," the Communist leader, Gennady Zyuganov, said after the Duma's retreat yesterday. "But the sit-

uation in the country is such that we must see if he has anything new to say."

Another fact counting against the Communists is that they have so far refused to nominate their own candidate to head a government. Mr Zyuganov has said he does not want to be prime minister, and has named as sceptical only regional leaders who are no more willing to take responsibility for Russia's economic disaster.

Mr Chernomyrdin offered a confused package of crisis measures in his speech to the upper house yesterday, apparently conflating two opposing economic approaches to propose an expansionary monetary policy, a stable rouble, a clampdown on debtors, protectionism and tax cuts.

The rouble continued its fall yesterday. Exchange booths were offering up to 16 roubles to the dollar, almost three times the rate in mid-August. Scuffles broke out near one booth as a black market currency trader was caught trying an old bill-switching swindle not seen in Moscow since the early 1990s.

The crisis spread to Russia's neighbours when Ukraine, the second-biggest former Soviet republic, devalued its currency, the hryvna. There was panic buying of dollars in Moldova, and a collapse of the local currency in Belarus, where neo-Soviet policies have long been in force.

Caught out, page 6; Martin Woolacott, page 8; Radical remedy for Russia, page 11

Workers count the cost of move to close Fujitsu microchip plant

Factory's workforce faces up to a change in lifestyle as hopes crumble
Peter Hetherington reports

NO ONE was prepared for such a sudden death after being assured only days ago that new life was being pumped into their gleaming white factory.

Rob Lothian, and his girlfriend Jacqui Milford, organised their five day honeymoon in Paris this month on the strength of it.

Gary Carney booked his holiday in Ibiza next week after being told by bosses that Fujitsu Microelectronics Ltd was committed to its seven-year-old Newton Aycliffe plant, while Wayne Harris placed his faith in Japanese sincerity.

Last night, as workers, who were earning around £17,000 a year, trickled out of a microchip plant that was supposed to herald a bright new future for the North-east — particularly for Tony Blair's Sedgfield constituency — they all agreed: "It's like a bereavement, losing a job after being told days ago it was safe."

This was no ordinary closure. No time for the 600 workers to grieve. Although they were served with 90-day redundancy notices, production of semiconductors ended last night. Many will get out as quickly as possible, in exchange for the knowledge that someone with seven years' service at Fujitsu will get seven months' pay, those with two years will get three months.

That does little to reassure Mr Lothian, a process engineer, who along with Miss Milford, has a £57,000 mortgage. "If I don't get another job I'll lose my house."

The couple, who live in a new semi on the outskirts of Newton Aycliffe, are getting married in three weeks. They have invited 75 guests to the wedding and booked a honeymoon in Paris at a cost of £1,000, which they are trying to cancel.

Jacqui, also 30, a customer services manager with a mo-



The factory, which stopped production last night

hile phone company, added: "It was to have been a dream holiday but we'll now have to make strict economies. I just hope we can get our money back for the honeymoon."

Mr Carney, although "devastated" by the news, was trying to be upbeat. "I'm still going to Ibiza, although I'm worried about debts when I return." He had given up a job with an electrical engineering company for Fujitsu on the grounds "that it offered a high degree of job security."

Mr Harris, 32, is already making plans for a quick exit. "I'm not going to wait until 900 come out of this place at the same time," he said, after blaming "poor English management" for destroying the factory. "There was nothing wrong with the Japanese, they were good people to work for."

Outside the £500 million plant many others spoke of being lumbered with hefty mortgages and big debts. They were — maybe still are — the upwardly mobile of the North-east: young men and women in search of a better life, from families which had only known unemployment. Newton Aycliffe is a new town, born 50 years ago to provide a fresh start for a county dependent on coal mining, and subsequently devastated by its rundown. "But the Fujitsu workers are now experiencing what their parents went through," said local councillor Tony Morris. "I'm extremely worried about the future with all these young people, mortgages and big debts who felt they were settled and had a great future."

He felt the Government was too obsessed with an eco-

nomie policy geared to the service industries of the South-east rather than the manufacturing heartlands of the North.

Fifty per cent of Sedgfield's workers are employed in manufacture, double the national average.

David Evans, another young worker, said he still couldn't take in the impact of the news. "My girlfriend first told me and I didn't believe her."

Outside the main entrance, John Evans, the plant's external relations manager, acknowledged that staff had been told only recently that the plant was secure following the closure of the Siemens complex 20 miles north on Tyneside. "They were accurate and valid at the time. This is all very sad, but we are living in the real world."

Police botch killing inquiry

Continued from page one

engineering, Mr Tachie-Menson became a musician and lead singer with the band Double Trouble, which reached number two in the charts 10 years ago.

He was treated for depression in 1995 after the collapse of his recording studio business and the repossession of his home.

Detectives' belief that he had tried to commit suicide strengthened after a nurse said he was mentally ill. He was believed to be travelling to his sister's house in north London when the incident happened at around 1.30 am on January 28. His brother, Kweisi, said the family was certain that the 1959 attack had taken place. "He told us four white guys had done it. They didn't say anything and he didn't know them, but he said they were young," Kweisi said yesterday.

Mr Tachie-Menson's inquiry is being delayed by the way police reacted. It's totally inexplicable. We've been pressing for a full investigation since it happened. At next week's inquiry Kweisi expects to dispute a detective's claim that he blocked an interview with his brother. "If I told him to be sensitive, and he walked out of the hospital without taking a statement," said Kweisi.

The family moved from Ghana to London in 1989 when their father, a diplomat, was appointed to the London embassy. He died eight years ago and their mother returned to Ghana, leaving Michael and 10 brothers and sisters.

UK still attracts foreign money in key industrial sectors

Nicholas Barnister

BIG INVESTMENT projects overseas are always a tempting target for company directors faced with

columns of red ink and an urgent need to cut costs. Britain, which aggressively sought high inward investment projects during the Thatcher and Major years, is now counting the cost. Siemens, Hyundai

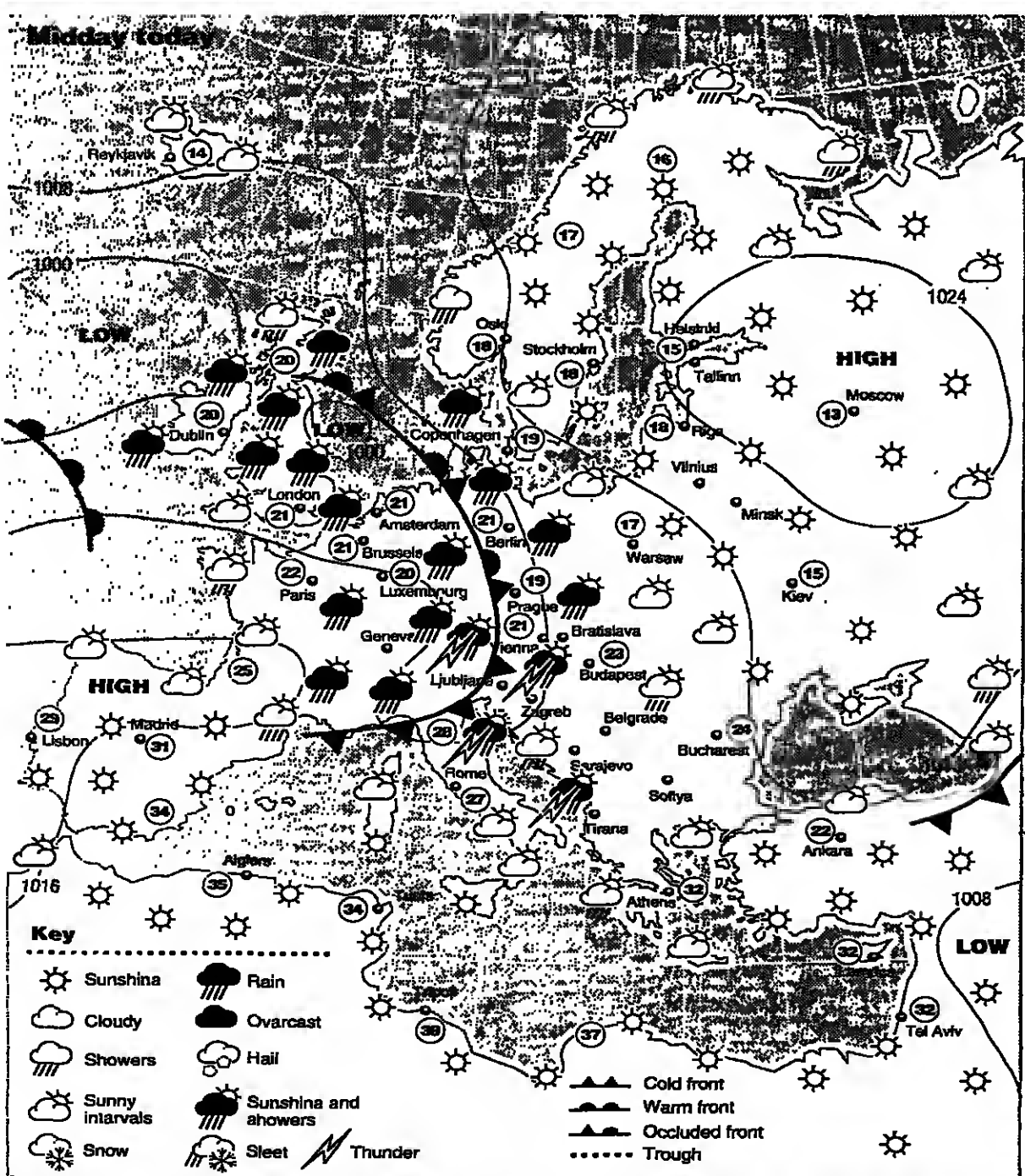
and now Fujitsu have already announced the closure of large electronics plants in the UK which would have created 3,600 jobs. New plants had been built to cope with an expected boom in de-

mand for computer chips, but it never materialised. The collapse of the Far East economies led to a sharp fall in demand, causing overcapacity and plunging prices.

Foreign companies are still

lining up to buy British businesses. Volkswagen paid £470 million for Rolls-Royce Motor Cars earlier this year, and yesterday a US company bid £221 million for TLG, the former Thorn Lighting Group.

The weather in Europe



Forecast for the cities

Today	max	min	weather	Tomorrow	max	min	weather
Algiers	35	20	S	Algiers	35	20	S
Amsterdam	19	13	SH	Amsterdam	20	14	SH
Athens	23	15	S	Athens	23	15	S
Berlin	21	14	SH	Berlin	21	14	SH
Bombay	31	24	S	Bombay	31	24	S
Buenos Aires	23	14	SH	Buenos Aires	23	14	SH
Calcutta	32	25	S	Calcutta	32	25	S
Cairo	32	21	F	Cairo	32	21	F
Canton	22	15	F	Canton	22	15	F
Chongqing	22	15	F	Chongqing	22	15	F
Copenhagen	19	13	SH	Copenhagen	19	13	SH
Dublin	19	13	SH	Dublin	19	13	SH
Hankow	27	17	TH	Hankow	27	17	TH
Harbin	27	17	TH	Harbin	27	17	TH
Hong Kong	27	17	TH	Hong Kong	27	17	TH
Kobe	27	17	TH	Kobe	27	17	TH
London	19	13	SH	London	19	13	SH
Lyons	19	13	SH	Lyons	19	13	SH
Manila	27	17	TH	Manila	27	17	TH
Medan	27	17	TH	Medan	27	17	TH
Osaka	27	17	TH	Osaka	27	17	TH
Paris	19	13	SH	Paris	19	13	SH
Rangoon	27	17	TH	Rangoon	27	17	TH
Shanghai	27	17	TH	Shanghai	27	17	TH
Singapore	27	17	TH	Singapore	27	17	TH
Tientsin	27	17	TH	Tientsin	27	17	TH
Yokohama	27	17	TH	Yokohama	27	17	TH

Around the world

Location	max	min	weather	Location	max	min	weather
Aden	32	25	S	Aden	32	25	S
Algeria	35	20	S	Algeria	35	20	S
Amman	23	15	S	Amman	23	15	S
Ankara	23	15	S	Ankara	23	15	S
Antananarivo	23	15	S	Antananarivo	23	15	S
Asmara	23	15	S	Asmara	23	15	S
Bahia	23	15	S	Bahia	23	15	S
Batavia	23	15	S	Batavia	23	15	S
Bombay	31	24	S	Bombay	31	24	S
Buenos Aires	23	14	SH	Buenos Aires	23	14	SH
Calcutta	32	25	S	Calcutta	32	25	S
Canton	22	15	F	Canton	22	15	F
Chongqing	22	15	F	Chongqing	22	15	F
Copenhagen	19	13	SH	Copenhagen	19	13	SH
Dublin	19	13	SH	Dublin	19	13	SH
Hankow	27	17	TH	Hankow	27	17	TH
Harbin	27	17	TH	Harbin	27	17	TH
Hong Kong	27	17	TH	Hong Kong	27	17	TH
Kobe	27	17	TH	Kobe	27	17	TH
London	19	13	SH	London	19	13	SH
Lyons	19	13	SH	Lyons	19	13	SH
Manila	27	17	TH	Manila	27	17	TH
Medan	27	17	TH	Medan	27	17	TH
Osaka	27	17	TH	Osaka	27	17	TH
Paris	19	13	SH	Paris	19	13	SH
Rangoon	27	17	TH	Rangoon	27	17	TH
Shanghai	27	17	TH	Shanghai	27	17	TH
Singapore	27	17	TH	Singapore	27	17	TH
Tientsin	27	17	TH	Tientsin	27	17	TH
Yokohama	27	17	TH	Yokohama	27	17	TH

European weather outlook

The far south-west of Norway will have some rain, and a few light showers are possible in northern Lapland. All other regions will be dry with glorious sunshine again, although it will be cool early and late. Max temps 15-20°C (59-68°F).

Low Countries, Germany, Austria, Switzerland:

A band of rain, preceded by thunderstorms, will spread eastwards across Germany, Switzerland and Austria. Sunny spells and showers will follow from the Low Countries, reaching most of western Germany by early afternoon. Max temps 15-22°C generally, but still up to 28°C across Langau.

Spain and Portugal:

Most parts will have a fine and hot day. The thick, clear air will be over Galicia where a moist onshore wind will blow off the Atlantic. The rest of the country will have hot sunshine and light winds. Highs will range from 22-25°C near Biscaya coasts, but still up to 30°C in the Quadeque basin.

Italy:

Some severe thunderstorms will spark off across the northern Apennines and Dolomites this morning. A few showers are also likely elsewhere, but Sardinia, Sicily and south-western parts of the mainland should stay dry and sunny. Max temps 24-28°C in the thurday night, but up to a scorching 30°C in Sicily.

Greece:

Heavy thunderstorms may develop across the northern mountains. Otherwise, it will be sunny and very warm with highs of 27-32°C.

Television and radio — Saturday

BBC 1
8.30 The Munchers. 8.35 News. 8.50 Saturday Afternoon. 8.55 Free Will. 9.00 Peacocks. 9.05 Cigar and Jerry. 9.05 The Munchers. 9.10 The Munchers. 9.15 Grandstand. 9.20 News. 9.30 Regional News. 9.35 Saturday Night. 7.05 Saturday Night. 7.10 Saturday Night. 7.15 Saturday Night. 7.20 Saturday Night. 7.25 Saturday Night. 7.30 Saturday Night. 7.35 Saturday Night. 7.40 Saturday Night. 7.45 Saturday Night. 7.50 Saturday Night. 7.55 Saturday Night. 8.00 Saturday Night. 8.05 Saturday Night. 8.10 Saturday Night. 8.15 Saturday Night. 8.20 Saturday Night. 8.25 Saturday Night. 8.30 Saturday Night. 8.35 Saturday Night. 8.40 Saturday Night. 8.45 Saturday Night. 8.50 Saturday Night. 8.55 Saturday Night. 9.00 Saturday Night. 9.05 Saturday Night. 9.10 Saturday Night. 9.15 Saturday Night. 9.20 Saturday Night. 9.25 Saturday Night. 9.30 Saturday Night. 9.35 Saturday Night. 9.40 Saturday Night. 9.45 Saturday Night. 9.50 Saturday Night. 9.55 Saturday Night. 10.00 Saturday Night. 10.05 Saturday Night. 10.10 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With its role in the emergence of bands and musical trends, the Hacienda secured its place in history. But it also had its dark side of drugs and guns

PHOTOGRAPH: CHRIS THOMOND

Clubbers mourn the Hacienda

Bulldozers are moving in on the club that spawned Madchester. But fans can't believe the party's over. **David Sharrock** reports

BERNARD Manning was its midwife; Madonna blessed it with her debut UK performance and Time Magazine dubbed it the world's most famous nightclub. But after 16 turbulent years the party at the Hacienda in Manchester is over — terminated by bulldozers and developers.

Anthony Wilson is not upset. The Mancunian music entrepreneur and television producer/presenter who co-owned the Hacienda says it is time to move on. "For there to be the next new thing the other lot have to fuck off. I'm not into museum culture — I've got hundreds of memories but it needed blowing up."

Wilson and his co-owners, the pop group New Order, have sold the Hacienda for £12 million to GR Morris Construction, and the site, a former yachting accessories factory in dingy Whitworth Street, is to be levelled and covered with smart offices.

There have been many times when the Hacienda teetered but survived and many fans cannot believe that this really is the final curtain. The fanatics swear it should be turned into a listed building and preserved as a cultural landmark.

Given the role it has played in the emergence of major rock bands — from the Smiths to Happy Mondays — and musical trends such as House, the Hacienda has secured its place in history alongside Liverpool's Cavern, where the Beatles first performed; the London Marquee and Los Angeles's Whisky A Go-Go.

But its darker side — as the increasingly violent gathering ground for Manchester's out-touting gangs and the death place in 1988 of 16-year-old Clare Leighton, Britain's first victim of the dance drug ecstasy — will ensure that not everybody will mourn its demise.

The Hacienda always aimed to displease, which is why in

a moment of post-modernist inspired irony, the foul-mouthed comedian Bernard Manning was booked to play its opening night in May 1982. "I've played some right dunks in my time, but this is really something," Manning observed from the stage before exiting early. On another evening clubbers were showered with chicken giblets wrapped in gay pornographic material.

The Hacienda's high-point arrived in the late 1980s with the importation from Chicago of a new kind of dance music and with it the birth of the mythical court of Madchester, where bands such as Inspiral Carpets and the Stone Roses strutted and posed like demented courtiers. England's third city was at the centre of a global media feeding-frenzy, and Wilson loved every minute of it.

"I remember Friday nights when after doing my TV show I would drive to the airport to meet musicians and people who were coming in from all over the place just to be in the Hacienda and I would drive them there and walk them in, past the crowds and queues fighting to get in, into this Valhalla. It was quite remarkable."

One night he was in the basement bar with music pro-

ducer Arthur Baker. "It was 4 am and he was leaning against a pillar staring at me and he goes, 'This is the best party I've ever been to!' That meant a lot to me, especially as he was a New Yorker."

Looking back, it seems incredible that the Hacienda always seemed to be one step away from the poorhouse, but Wilson ascribes some of that to what he laughingly calls "extravagant business practices". He and his business partners were artists. They never thought of cashing in on the club's success and selling merchandise to the besotted punters. Similarly, when the Smiths played at the Hacienda still unsigned, Wilson's record label Factory passed up the opportunity to record arguably the most important and certainly one of the most successful bands of the 1980s.

In May 1990 the club was given six months to sort out its drugs problems and a year later closed again — voluntarily this time — for six weeks after a gun incident. Ironically, the Hacienda seemed to be finding its feet again last year, with regulars saying that Saturday night was as good as it had been in the previous decade, when the police came knocking once again. A magistrate in

the company of police officers witnessed an attack on a clubber. Wilson and his partners gave in.

Jeremy Patterson, a record label manager, said the closure was a loss to the city. "It was like a church, there was an atmosphere to the place inside that great industrial space. For a club to survive 15 years and go through so many guises is amazing, but it's probably best that it's gone. It told the story of popular

music of that period."

Perhaps all is not lost. With the current success of films about clubs, notably *The Last Days of Disco* based on New York's Studio 54, there are rumours that a major company is about to commit the story of the Hacienda to celluloid. The only problem is that the famous building, now waiting for the wreckers and sadly decorated with flyposters, will no longer be standing for the cameras to record.

Relatives fly out to scene of disaster

Helen Carter and Claire Doolin in Geneva

THE relatives of the 229 victims of the Swissair crash were offered one-off payments of more than £12,000 yesterday as many flew out to the accident scene in Canada. A special Airbus from Switzerland arrived at Halifax, Nova Scotia, last night with 95 relatives on board. They were hoping to identify their family members who died in the worst air crash in Swiss aviation history.

The Britons on board flight 111 from New York to Geneva were named as Norman Scoullar, from Bramhall, Greater Manchester; Olivier Jackman, Heidi Retschener, Keith Aberly, Stephanie Shaw and Joyce Ratnavale, whose Sri-Lankan horn husband Victor, also died.

Mr and Mrs Ratnavale were returning home to Geneva after a month-long stay with relatives. Other victims include a member of the Saudi royal family and 10 United Nations officials.

The offer of 30,000 Swiss francs was not unprecedented. In addition to the payment, Swissair offered counselling and hotel accommodation for the relatives close to the crash site.

David Learmonth, operations and safety manager at Flight International magazine, said the cash was part of the airline's contingency arrangements in the event of disaster.

"When there are accidents, you can almost hear the switches clicking into action," he said. "In the event of disaster, the airline is trying to limit the human misery for the relatives as much as possible."

Three years ago, the airline's trade association the In-

ternational Air Transport Association (IATA), agreed a package of compensation measures for victims of crashes and their families, which ends the need to prove negligence.

The agreement, signed by the major European and American airlines, was described by its director general Pierre Jeannot as "a concrete response to a perceived consumer need".

A spokesman for IATA said yesterday's offer by Swissair was in no way intended to be an offer of compensation, but was merely a one-off ex gratia payment for the victims' relatives.

The family members who flew to Canada yesterday were accompanied by airline staff who are specialists in counselling.

Swissair spokesman Jean Claude Donzel said the company's first priority was the welfare of the bereaved.

The stricken aircraft, a MD-11 wide body plane, was 10 minutes away from safety at Halifax airport when it disappeared from radar screens on Wednesday night.

The pilot had reported smoke in the cockpit.

About 70 bodies have been retrieved from the Atlantic, where the plane broke up into jigsaw-sized pieces and the search was continuing for the other victims.

Investigators were trawling through the crash area searching for the black box flight recorder, containing vital data.

● A Glasgow-bound aircraft, with 217 passengers on board, had to divert to Labrador in eastern Canada yesterday after the crew "reported smoke in the cockpit".

The Canada-based Royal Air Boeing 757 put down safely at 5 Wing air force base in Goose Bay, having taken off from Toronto.



Comedian Bernard Manning, left, opened the Hacienda in a moment of post-modernist irony. Madonna, right, made her UK debut there. Musicians would try in vain to go to the Hacienda. But co-owner Anthony Wilson, above, says it is time to move on: "I've got hundreds of memories, but it needed blowing up"



Doctor to the rescue — for £540

Clare Dyer
Legal Correspondent

WHEN the pilot of a transatlantic jet appealed for a doctor to step forward to deal with an emergency, Dr John Stevens did not at first respond. As a psychiatrist, heart attacks, strokes and premature births weren't in his usual line of work.

"I sat on my hands because I felt the best doctor would be someone who deals with emergency medicine. Then the second call went out and I felt impelled to act."

Dr Stevens diagnosed a life-threatening blood clot and advised an emergency landing

in Chicago. The middle-aged woman was successfully treated and American Airlines, delighted with the happy ending, duly presented him with a complimentary bottle of champagne. So the £540 bill for his services came as something of a surprise.

The parties will meet in court next month when Dr Stevens sues the airline for refusing to pay the bill. The case will test for the first time in a British court whether an airline is liable to pay a doctor called to a fellow passenger's aid.

Dr Stevens, aged 46, is an NHS consultant psychiatrist and psychotherapist who divides his time between Springfield Hospital in South Lon-

don and Surrey Oaklands Hospital in Redhill, Surrey. He also sees private patients. He was returning from a holiday in California in January 1997 with his wife, two children and two other relatives when the emergency arose.

Dr Stevens said the woman, a former nurse from Donegal in Eire, wanted to carry on to Heathrow. "But it would have been malpractice on my part to stand by and see her die over the North Atlantic."

On arrival at Heathrow he was given "a bottle of cheap champagne" and a month later charged a voucher for £50 (£30) arrived at his Wimbledon home. But he had already sent in his bill for £540, charging his time at £120 an hour.

The airline refused to pay, claiming it was not company policy. So Dr Stevens, representing himself with advice from lawyer friends, sued in the small claims court. He offered to drop the case if the company donated a suitable sum to charity or gave his family a free trip to the US, but his offer was rebuffed. The hearing is set for October 7.

A spokeswoman for American Airlines insists the company offered Dr Stevens a £250 (£150) goodwill voucher, but said it was company policy not to pay doctors in these circumstances. "Our position is that it's a matter between the doctor and the patient and the fact that treatment was on our airline is incidental."



If you're a friend of Jack Daniel's, drop us a line at the Jack Daniel Distillery, Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352 USA. Or visit us at www.jackdaniels.com

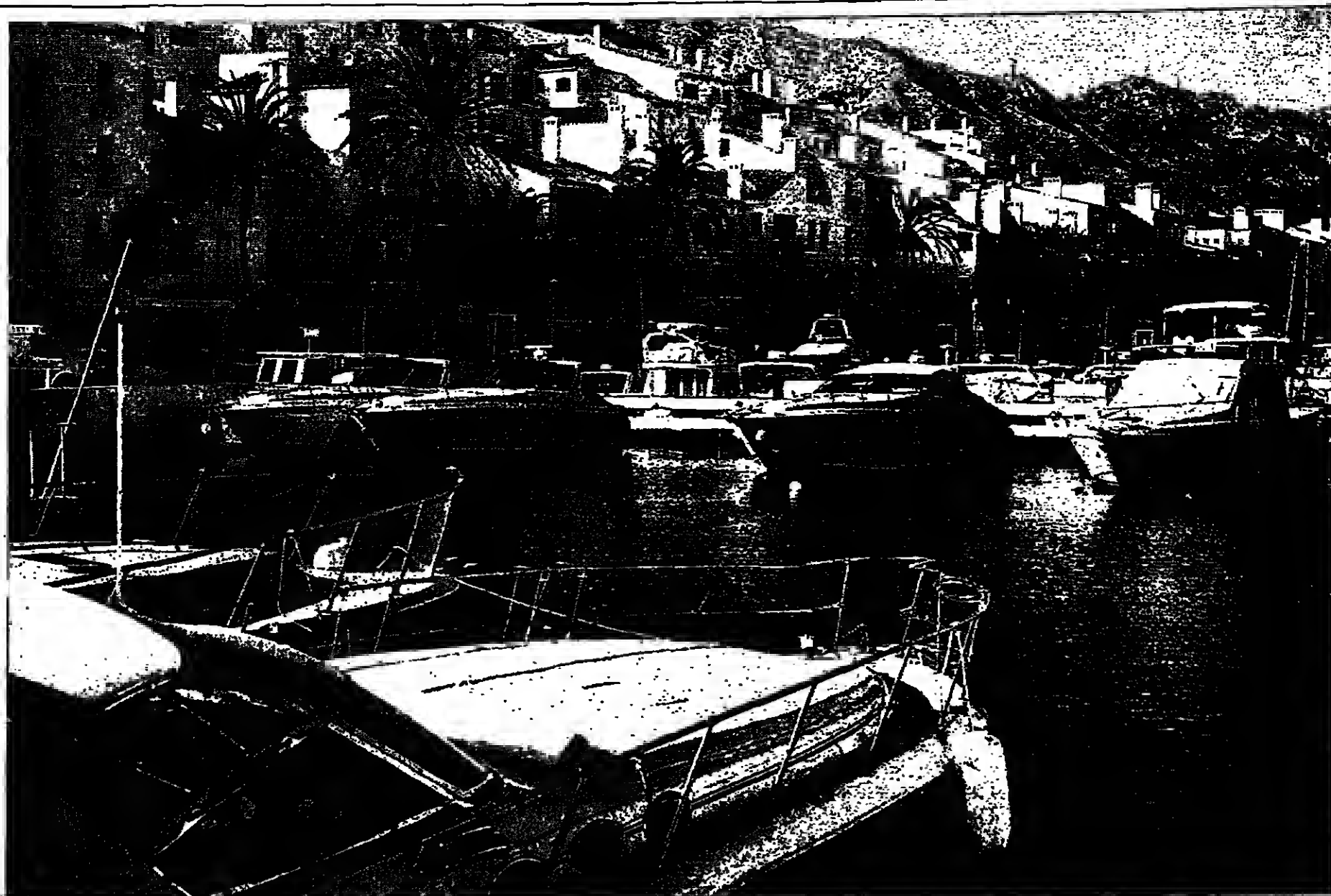
EVERY SEPTEMBER, someone in Lynchburg, Tennessee bakes Mr. Jack Daniel a birthday cake. (This year, it was Margaret Tolley's turn.)

Trouble is, no one knows for sure just when Mr. Jack's birthday occurs. Nobody has ever been able to hunt down the exact date. And while some claim he was born in 1846, others say it was 1850. But this minor confusion hasn't kept folks around here from celebrating our founder's birth each and every September. Like the whiskey that bears his name, that's something that won't ever change.

JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY



A week after the arrest of Kenneth Noye, **Duncan Campbell** visits Spain's Costa del Crime and finds the area's reputation is still justified



Bolt-hole in the sun... The yacht harbour at Marbella, a magnet to British criminals, where Great Train Robber Charlie Wilson was murdered

Crime is committed by mobile phone

THEY might as well have a sign round their neck saying "traffante", says Derek Maughan, sipping a *café con leche* at El Yata in Puerto Estepona, with its view of a few million quids worth of sea-going yachting.

"They're mainly young hounds from London and Liverpool, some Scots, and they have two mobile phones each, gold chains, Jeeps, the lot," says Maughan. "They haven't learned a thing."

Maughan could well have taught them a thing or two himself. A former soldier from the north-east of England, he spent three years in jail in Spain in the 1980s for running 500 kg loads of cannabis from Morocco in Zodiac dinghies.

He's out of the game now. "They're very clever, the Spanish police. This is another mistake the hounds make. The police have had 40 years of fascism so every taxi driver, every waiter is a contact. "It was much easier 15 or 20 years ago," he says. "We had faster boats than the police and they were more corrupt."

The new generation of villain, he says, is also more vulnerable for other reasons. "As soon as they're nicked, they grass on each other. They don't have a lot of style."

The arrest last weekend in Cadiz of Kenneth Noye in connection with the murder of Stephen Cameron has focused attention on the south of Spain once again, and on its old associations with the criminal classes. It was there that they flocked from 1978 when the extradition treaty which Benjamin Disraeli had helped to set up more than 100 years earlier collapsed. And it was there that hundreds of people who, if not on

the run, were at least trotting fast, boled up until extradition was re-introduced in 1985. So is the Costa del Sol still the Costa del Crime?

According to Maughan and other less outspoken souls who live in the area, it is indeed. But the new villain in the villas is younger, stupider and more violent. There is no shortage of incentives for them. "At any one time there are three tons of cannabis in La Línea," says Maughan.

Further east down the coast in Fuengirola, there is similar awareness of one of the main money-making activities. "I don't want to be obstructive but we have to live here and sitting right behind you are the Liverpool contingent," says one retired English resident eyeing a group of young men sitting on the beachside in the kind of dreamy landscape that Rats and Razzos as played by Dustin Hoffman in *Midnight Cowboy* fantasised about in the penultimate scene of the film. "And within where we are standing there are, what, 20 of the... er... chaps. Basically, any one you see here with a mobile phone is a criminal."

The British Consul in Malaga is the amiable Michael Bartram who has represented Her Majesty on the Costa del Sol for the last 8½ years. He estimates that there are at least 150,000 Britons for whom the area is their main home, plus countless "swallows" who come south to their beachside apartments in the winter months.

"There are a few names around you would probably be familiar with," he says of the old Costa del Crime. "But most of the people involved now are low-level delinquents with no visible means of support who manage to drive flash cars — and I don't think there's that sort of money in timeshares!"

Another expatriate, mine host at Alife's in Fuengirola, where England fans will be watching their team take on Sweden on cable television today, says that everyone is still aware of the Costa's reputation. "No one knows anyone by their surname here."

The local authorities would

ers: "We want the kind of people who drop £100 a day on incidentals."

The villains, young and old, would seem to spend their money on more traditional incidentals. One restaurateur in Estepona recalls opening his copy of *Sur*, the local Spanish language paper, after a major drugs bust in the area, and seeing the faces of a sizeable chunk of his clientele. "They were very sweet young

"They have armed road blocks," he says. "And they are obviously acting on very good information."

What happens is that, in order to protect their informants, they will stop a whole procession of cars on the road and breathalyse them, even at 9 in the morning. Some local villains will pay a couple of thousand pounds to a hard-up expatriate to bring a small quantity of cannabis in and

on the beachfront. Another growing activity which has resulted this week in arrests of English citizens is the production and distribution of counterfeit currency.

"I hadn't realised how bad it was," says one former Metropolitan police officer over a glass of San Miguel outside Cortes, one of the favourite haunts of Mancunians in Fuengirola. "And it's a very much younger generation now."

He says the Spanish police are well aware of who is involved, even to the extent of anchoring a boat off shore and identifying suspects through binoculars as they chat in the waterfront bars.

A local singer, one of whose most requested numbers is *Desperado*, says: "You used to get a better class of criminal, if you know what I mean. The younger ones are different. There's none of that honour among thieves. One time, there was one of the young ones waving a gun in the face of one of the old ones and threatening him. So the old one shot him in the knee and said: 'If you're going to wave one of these things around, you'd better be prepared to use it.'"

The old aristocracy of crime has moved on. Charlie Wilson, the great train robber, was shot dead at his home near Marbella in 1980. The person who killed him has been bumped off in London, but the shooting cast a shadow over the area. Fellow train robber Gordon Goody lives quietly further along the coast to the east in Almería, the town made famous for younger tourists by the Pogues' song of the same name. Others of that generation run bars, reminisce, and shake their heads over the young

hounds' lack of discretion.

Clifford Saxe, a former Hackney publican and once one of the "Famous Five" sought by the British police, drinks quietly at a couple of bars in Los Boliches, an area rather tortuously nicknamed Bethnal Green in the Sun. No need to yearn for Blighty's home cooking when the Beachcomber Bar offers roast pork and stuffing when the temperature outside is only 88°F and when Tetley's, "in English measures", is on sale at the Kookaburra. (One sad departure from the scene has been the stall in Puerto Banus that sold made-to-measure gold chains.)

Curtis Warren, known to frequent Calahonda, is having to make do with less sunshine. Last year he was jailed for 12 years in the Netherlands for funding one of the biggest cannabis smuggling rackets in Europe.

The British villains have been joined in recent years by Russians and a few Estonians. They arrive in Spain, according to local legend, not with snow on their boots but with silksacks bulging with hard currency.

"They're heavy, very heavy," says one Estepona expatriate of the eastern European influx. "When they kill people down here they really kill them — you know, nine bullets in the head sort of thing — and then set fire to the body." They have brought, too, according to locals, up-market prostitutes from Russia and the Baltic states whom they establish in villas and hire out to expatriates or set up in the local cabarets as lap-dancers.

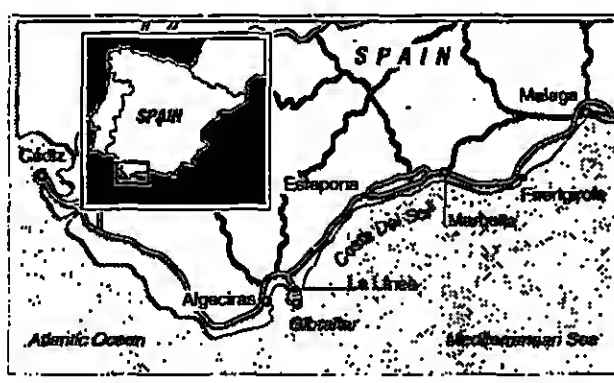
The Costa seems to have adapted to the idea that it will be associated forever with "the chaps". The first adver-

tisement in the property for sale section of the current Costa del Sol News, the local English language paper, asks: "Considering a low-cost bolt-hole?" A letter to the editor in the same publication asks for verification of a rumour: "It is reported that a gang of thieves have hijacked a vanload of Viagra. The police are believed to be searching for a gang of hardened criminals."

Perhaps the best-known of all the old villains who headed off to Spain in the 1970s was Ronnie Knight, former husband of actress Barbara Windsor. Knight returned to Britain in the company of gentlemen of the press when things got heavy in his old bolt-hole on the Costa del Sol. In 1995 he was jailed for seven years for his part in the Security Express robbery in east London. He had been on his toes for a long time protesting his innocence but eventually came back to face the music when he fell out with a number of the younger, more violent criminals on the coast.

In the first of his autobiographies — a second one, somewhat revised, has appeared this year — Knight wrote of Fuengirola: "It was Paradise Found." All that was missing was a decent Indian restaurant, which he duly set up and which last night was still offering reasonably priced chicken tikka and nan bread. His wife, Sue Haylock, is still in the area.

But with all of the violence, all of the police activity, for many who remember the Costa del Sol in quieter days, and for the younger generation of criminals who are discovering that the one property you cannot time-share in Spain is a prison cell, it now seems like Paradise Lost.



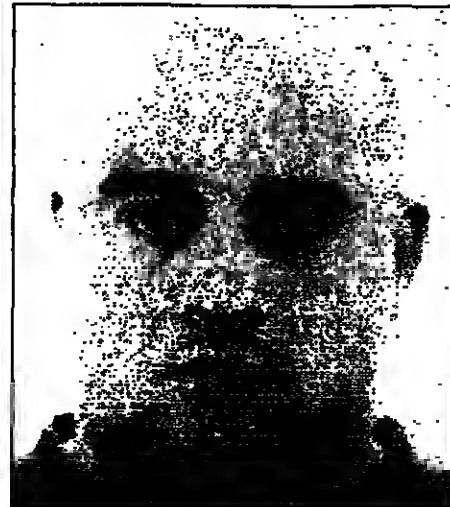
'As soon as they're nicked, they grass. They haven't got style'

Derek Maughan, ex-drug runner

Old Lags — or a better class of criminal



Villains abroad (clockwise): Ronnie Knight, Charlie Wilson, Curtis Warren, Gordon Goody



'Paradise Found'... Fuengirola which, according to Ronnie Knight, lacked only a decent Indian restaurant

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRISTOPHER PILLITZ

Consumer body raises spectre of BSE in lamb

James Melville

THE Consumers' Association last night suggested that parents might want to stop their children eating lamb as scientists stepped up research to establish whether sheep are infected with BSE.

Its director Sheila McKechie called on the Department of Health to give clearer guidance on the risks involved so families could make informed choices about their diets.

The Government recently published scientific advice that there was no need to introduce further controls to protect human and animal health, but initially made no statements of its own.

Ms McKechie suggested the uncertainty for young children who may never have eaten lamb.

"No one is arguing they are more susceptible [to catching the disease], but why expose them when there is no need to," she said. "We recognise parents will be particularly concerned about risks to their children and seek to reduce these below the level they would accept for themselves. It is for individuals to decide."

It was not the job of the Government's scientific advisers to "balance public health, the damage to industry and causing hysteria", she said.

"I don't want to say this is something parents should or should not do. That is the Government's job. But the sooner there is a food agency and a better way of doing it the better."

It is understood that Ms McKechie wrote privately to ministers expressing concern over the lack of easily understandable advice from the Department of Health on the issue.

But health ministers insisted there was no "scientific reason for changing or adding to the Government's advice on the risks of contracting BSE from sheep or for taking further measures to protect public health."

The Meat and Livestock Commission, an industry body, said: "The comments are unfortunate. The public could be unnecessarily alarmed by them."

Twenty-seven people are thought to have died from the human form of BSE after eating infected beef in the 1980s.

Scientists have spent two years trying to establish whether sheep might have the disease too. They do suffer from a similar condition, scrapie, that is not known to have proved fatal to humans.

The Government's Spongiform Encephalopathy Advisory Committee recently said additional work on scrapie was needed after limited evidence that the disease caused by inoculating sheep with BSE appeared to be similar. It noted that no evidence of BSE had been found in commercial flocks.

The heads and spleens of all sheep and goats and the spinal cord of animals more than a year old are already removed from the food chain.

President Clinton yesterday predicted that David Trimble, Northern Ireland's First Minister, would soon meet his political foe, Gerry Adams, the Sinn Féin president, in a breakthrough in the push for a new system of government in Northern Ireland.

Mr Clinton said in Dublin he was determined to continue to play a role in securing political progress in Northern Ireland. He is on a three-day tour of Ireland, which ends today.

Mr Clinton, speaking before stamp his readiness to sit down in a historic bilateral meeting some time next week.

The summit is expected to follow Monday's meeting of Northern Ireland's parties, ostensibly to thrash out an approach to logistic arrangements in the assembly, which reconvenes in nine days.

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Mr Clinton, speaking before meeting Bertie Ahern, the Irish prime minister, said the US had a crucial role to play. It had to try to secure the end to ethnic, tribal and racial conflicts across the globe and blunt the security threats of the 21st century.

"I don't expect that either of those jobs will be completely done in 2001 when I leave office," said Mr Clinton, "but at least the world will be on the way to having a framework to deal with both the opportunities for peace and the challenges to security."

"If you are able to make this peace go, we can say to the Middle East, the Aegean, the Indian sub-continent, the tribal strife of Africa, look at this thing that happened in Northern Ireland... The potential impact of resolving this could wash over many more people than just those that live on this island."

Mr Clinton has been dogged with the controversy of the Monica Lewinsky affair through his visit.

There were some signs of a backlash over his muddled reputation, but because of the Omagh bomb his itinerary included none of the crowd-pulling events of three years ago.

Mr Ahern paid tribute to the president's role in helping to secure the Good Friday Agreement, saying: "The helping hand of the United States was always there in the hour of need. There were many such hours."

Mr Clinton, who spoke at a meeting of business leaders and the Irish government, returned the compliment. He said he believed the agreement would not have been possible without Mr Ahern.

Labour cabinet minister, yesterday accused the Government of seeking to manipulate the Queen to help rush anti-terrorism laws through Parliament. He had written to the Prime Minister, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Irvine, the Speaker, Betty Boothroyd and Buckingham Palace, to protest about broadcast reports last night — when the legislation was still being debated by the House of Lords — saying the Queen had already approved the measure. Mr Benn feared the information was an attempt to influence peers.

US president predicts historic Trimble-Adams meeting and underlines global impact of peace

Clinton pledge on Ireland

John Mulvan in Dublin

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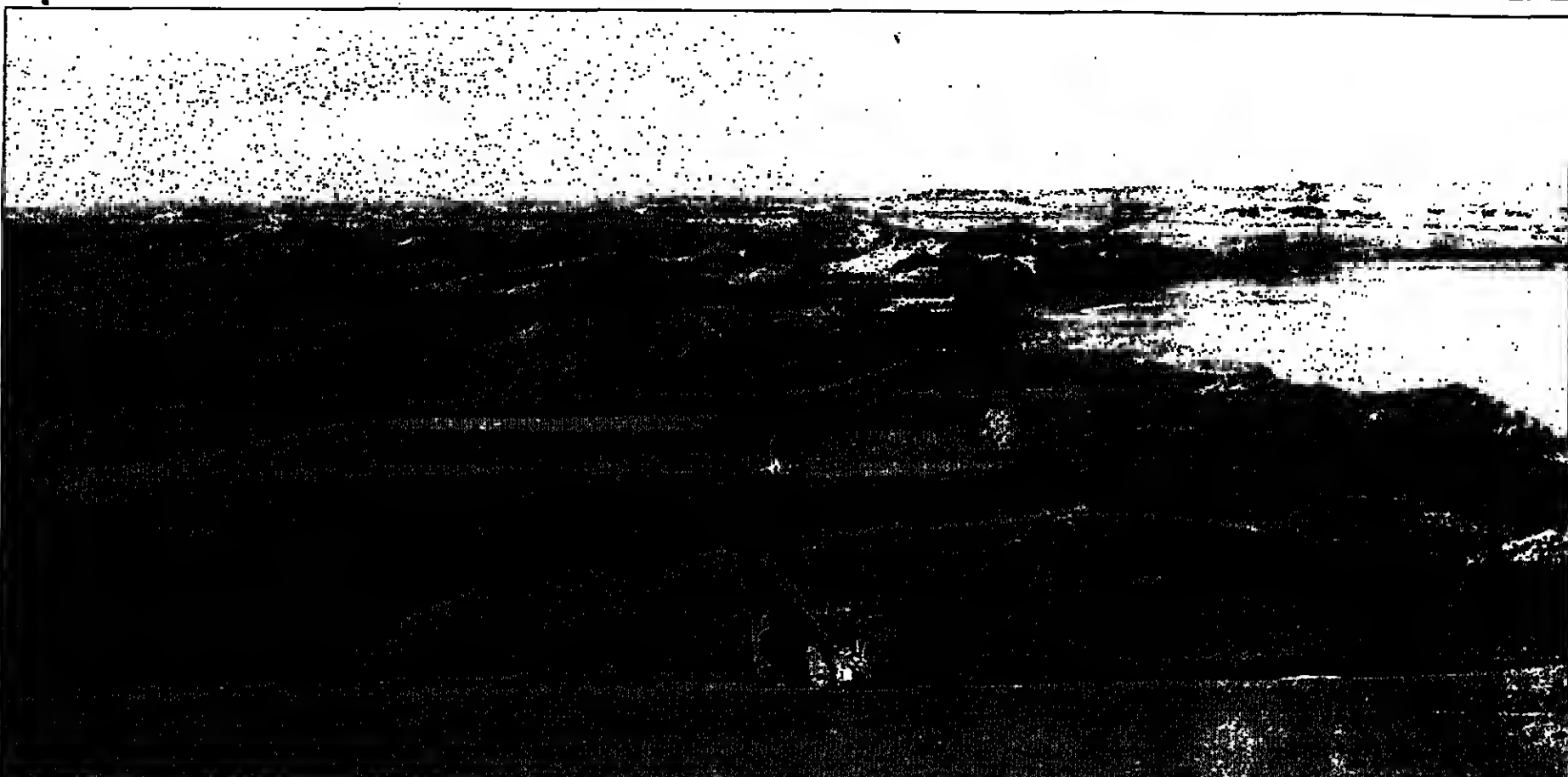
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Final touches are made to the greens at the windswept Ballybunion course ready for the presidential putter today

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALASTAIR GRANT

Minister loses dismissal case

Lacey Ward
Political Correspondent

PETER Hain, the Welsh office minister, was yesterday ordered to pay £3,000 compensation to his former secretary after a tribunal found he had dismissed her unfairly.

Donna Easter, whose post in Mr Hain's constituency office was her first full-time job, was made redundant after taking sick leave following disputes with her neighbours, which left her in need of counselling.

Mr Hain, MP for Neath and training, took on Miss Easter, aged 33, on a part-time work experience placement in 1993, employing her full-time two years later on an annual salary of £3,000.

The Cardiff tribunal heard that, when she tried to return from sick leave earlier this year, she was told that because of office reorganisation she was no longer needed and would be made redundant. Ms Easter, a lone parent of two children, told the tribunal: "He said I shouldn't bring my problems into the office and he could no longer give me employment."

The tribunal ruled that the dismissal was not a genuine redundancy, and ordered Mr Hain, who did not attend the hearing to pay compensation. After the case, Ms Easter said: "I'm very sad that an employment minister should have caused my unemployment."

A spokeswoman for Mr Hain's constituency office said last night: "Mr Hain is disappointed at the decision. He had no alternative but to make her redundant after she had been bound over to keep the peace by Neath magistrates four months ago."

President Clinton... ready to be humbled and amazed

President tees up for another big challenge

Alan Rusbridger, handicap 20, got to Ballybunion golf course before Clinton and here highlights its delights and pitfalls

THE great figures of history found odd ways of relaxing in moments of crisis. Churchill would paint or build walls. Baldwin would feed his pigs. With Bill Clinton it is golf, and today he will undergo the nearest thing that game — or possibly any other — offers to a transcendental experience. He will play the Old Course at Ballybunion.

For four hours or more he will struggle with one of the toughest and most magnificent courses ever dreamed up on linksland. If there is any wind he will play to the roar of the crashing Atlantic waves. If there is wind and rain he will at times feel like Lear battered by cataracts and hurricanes. Monica will be the last thing on his mind.

The Old Course at Ballybunion has existed on this windswept corner of County Kerry for the best part of 100 years, but such is its remoteness that it was relatively unknown until comparatively recently. Within the past 20 years the course has been "discovered" by a succession of writers and players who have returned to report on its glories and mysteries in awestruck tones.

The famous American golfer writer Herb Wind pronounced it "very simply nothing less than the finest seaside course I have ever seen".

His British counterpart, the late Peter Dobersiner, wrote: "If sheer pleasure is the yardstick then Ballybunion gets my vote as the best course in the world."

It is now a place of pilgrimage for discerning golfers from all over the world who wish to experience the game at its most challenging and elemental. The tension and the drama are there from the very first drive, for the opening fairway runs alongside a forbidding Victorian graveyard which will bury any slice. The president will find that the fourth, fifth and sixth holes are on the mundane side. But after that he will encounter a run of holes as varied and as glorious as any on earth.

Some holes run alongside the ocean; the 11th in particular should remain in his memory long after the Starr report lies dusty and forgotten. Others snake inland between dunes the size of ocean liners.

As a moderate 15 handicapper he will have to draw on every ounce of resource and concentration. At times the most powerful man on earth will feel small, humbled and alone. What sort of score should satisfy him? The Irish golfer Christy O'Connor said: "Anyone who breaks 70 here is playing better than he is able to play." If the president goes round in fewer than 90 shots he will have earned his pint of Guinness at the 19th. If he can break 80 he will feel ready for anything Kenneth Starr can throw at him, and more. It is that sort of test.

Drunk passenger jailed

BA crew kicked and bitten during flight

A DRUNK passenger who kicked, headbutted and bit British Airways crew during a flight, forcing the pilot to make an emergency landing, was jailed for 15 months yesterday.

Isleworth crown court heard that Elizabeth Elliott, aged 24, of London, jammed one of the BA hostesses against a trolley when she was refused a drink. She spat at the cabin manager and forced the first officer to leave his seat in the cockpit and then headbutted him.

The pilot of the jumbo jet was so concerned about passengers' safety, after methadone was found by Elliott's seat, that he made an emergency landing at Heathrow, in the attack, on June 2, Nancy Kirk, a crew member, was kicked and bitten. She has not returned to work.

The court heard that Elliott had been refused entry by US immigration officers in New York, because they did not believe she was a tourist. She drank a quarter of a bottle of whisky before boarding the flight home.

Jonathan Whitley, prosecuting, said: "During the flight she became agitated and it was noticed that she was drunk. The crew took the decision not to serve her alcohol."

When her demands for a drink were refused she demanded to be let off the plane and began fighting with other crew members, who decided to put restraints on her. Police arrested Elliott off the flight. She pleaded guilty to endangering an aircraft and admitted two assaults causing actual bodily harm to cabin crew. The court was told her life had fallen apart after her boyfriend was killed in a road accident six years ago. She then miscarried their baby and turned to heroin.

Judge Anthony Durrant said that while taking those details into account he had to "send a message to others that they would expect a custodial sentence."

The number of incidents involving drunken or violent passengers has increased fourfold in the past five years. A BA spokesman said: "There can never be any justification for violent actions on cabin crew, the very people responsible for ensuring safety on board."

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1 felt very serene and confident. Each morning I sat under a tree reading the Celestine Prophecy, a book about meditation... I noticed Glenn Hoddle was reading it too!
Tony Adams profiled

Saturday page 6

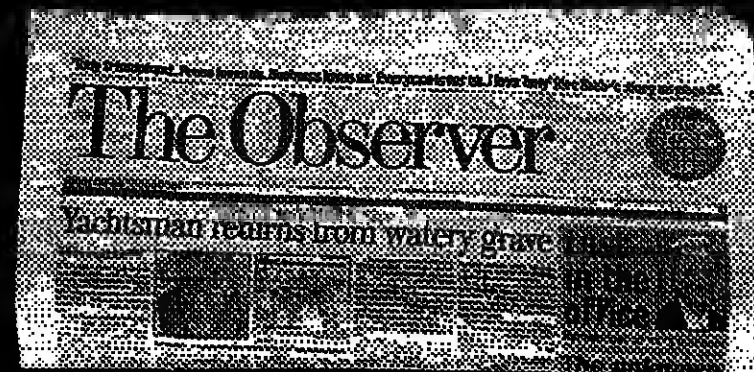
Call may be recorded or identity monitored for staff training purposes. Rates correct as at 22nd June 1998. Written quotations are available on request. Mortgages are subject to status. Applicants must be 18 years or over. Security in the form of a legal mortgage over the property and a policy is required. All loans require a professional valuation. We offer 95% loans for first time buyers and 90% for existing property owners, based on the lower of the purchase price or valuation. For loans of 100% or above, Mortgage Guarantee Insurance is required. Interest rates may vary which could affect repayments. Typical example: a Flexible Payment Mortgage of £60,000 over 17 years 5 months at an interest rate of 8.2% (APR 8.6%) variable 200 gross monthly payments commencing at £575.43 in the first year when payments are increased by 2.0% each year resulting in 72 payments each of £603.44, £695.55, £806.58, £935.57, £1083.58, £1251.58, £1439.58, £1647.58, £1875.58, £2123.58, £2391.58, £2679.58, £2987.58, £3315.58, £3663.58, £4031.58, £4419.58, £4827.58, £5255.58, £5703.58, £6171.58, £6659.58, £7167.58, £7695.58, £8243.58, £8811.58, £9399.58, £10007.58, £10635.58, £11283.58, £11951.58, £12639.58, £13347.58, £14075.58, £14823.58, £15591.58, £16379.58, £17187.58, £18015.58, £18863.58, £19731.58, £20619.58, £21527.58, £22455.58, £23403.58, £24371.58, £25359.58, £26367.58, £27395.58, £28443.58, £29511.58, £30599.58, £31707.58, £32835.58, £33983.58, £35151.58, £36339.58, £37547.58, £38775.58, £39923.58, £41091.58, £42279.58, £43487.58, £44715.58, £45963.58, £47231.58, £48519.58, £49827.58, £51155.58, £52503.58, £53871.58, £55259.58, £56667.58, £58095.58, £59543.58, £61011.58, £62500.58, £63999.58, £65518.58, £67057.58, £68616.58, £69195.58, £70794.58, £71913.58, £73052.58, £74211.58, £75390.58, £76589.

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مكتبة العالم

Mods and dockers struggle sends Malta to the polls

The island's ruling party has split over the revival of its historic quayside. But the effect, writes **John Hooper** in Valetta, could be to put the country into Europe

A DYING sun set aglow the orange-yellow masonry of Cottonera quayside. As it sank to a Cubist's skyline of jumbled roofs on the far side of the creek, it picked out the pitted walls, chipped shutters and broken windows of the quay's elegant sandstone buildings.

A faded clock face marked seven. Groups of pensioners sat gossiping on benches at the waterfront. A pair of lads rowed past in a luzzu, a traditional, scimitar-proved Maltese fishing boat, hand-painted with charms against the evil eye.

Hard to imagine a calmer scene. Yet this out-of-the-way quay in a corner of the Grand Harbour is at the heart of a general election today that will decide Malta's role in Europe.

Alfred Sant's ruling Malta Labour Party (MLP), which steamrollered into office two years ago, froze the island's application to join the European Union. The leader of the rival Nationalist Party, Eddie Fenech Adami, has said he will resubmit it immediately if he is returned to the office he lost two years ago.

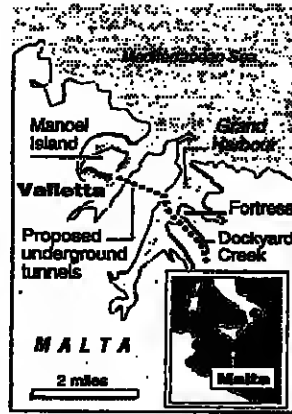
Cottonera quayside is the reason this snap election was called and the constituency in which it falls is expected to decide the outcome.

Cottonera is Malta's "East End": at the bottom of the creek are the Malta Dry Docks, which provide employment and income for 3,400 families in the surrounding area. In a country with a population of just 370,000, they form a huge reservoir of political power and influence. It was here that the Malta Labour Party was born: here that its best-known leader, Dom Mintoff, sought and won re-election to parliament over a period of 51 years.

Today, the dry docks are grossly over-manned. The firm's own chairman has said he needs no more than 1,500 workers for the main business of ship repair.

But no government would dare lay off the rest, and Dr Sant's administration has been trying to tackle the issue in other ways: through natural wastage, by hiring off part of the work force into activities ranging from yacht repair to the manufacture of solar water heaters and, finally, with a scheme to create a tourist marina on Cottonera's stately waterfront. The plan is to give an American-led consortium a 99-year lease on the quayside under a deal that would require it to restore the quay's neglected buildings.

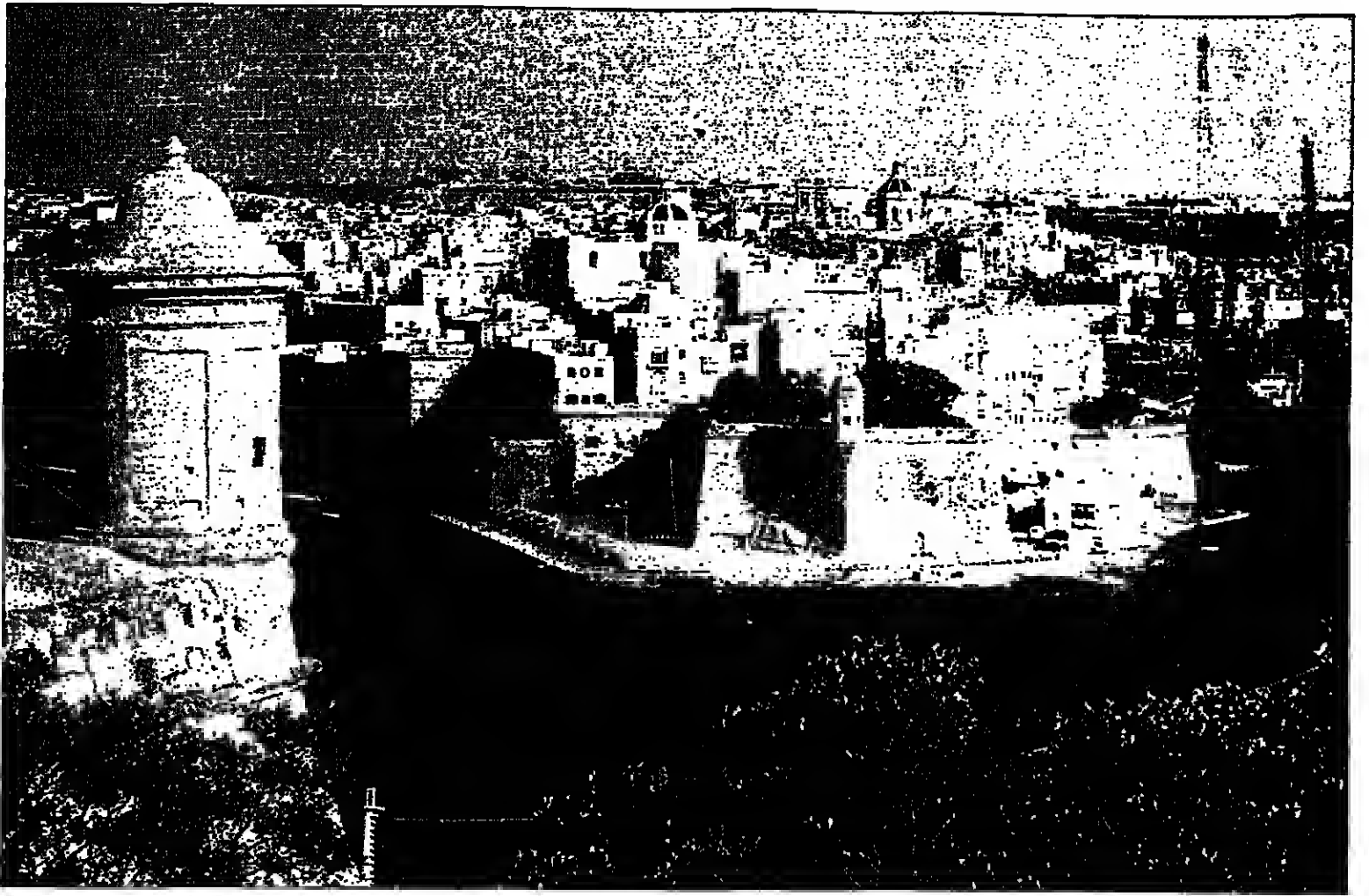
It is classic industrial



reconversion — for Cottonera you could read St Katharine's Dock in London — and it has brought to a head an equally classic confrontation, between new and old-style socialism.

Like Tony Blair, the Harvard-educated Dr Sant has moulded a "New Labour" movement in Malta, short on socialist ideology and class consciousness. But unlike his British counterpart, he has been hurried and badgered since taking power two years ago by an ageing, infirm predecessor who, his supporters claim, stands for "True Labour".

The 62-year-old Mr Mintoff first scrapped with the present administration over this year's budget. It introduced his utility price increases that will particularly hit the poorest. But in July, he broke with the government altogether, crossing the floor of the house to register his opposition to the Cottonera project. Dr Sant thus lost his ma-



A plan to build a marina in the run-down Cottonera area of Malta's Grand Harbour (pictured) has forced today's general election. There is no constituency more marginal than that in which Cottonera falls, and it may decide the finely balanced polls

For one of the Knights of Malta, Mr Mintoff strenuously objects to a clause in the lease allowing the operators of the development to deny access to the area. Not even the opposition shares his fears, though, and his own party ridicules them.

"Malta is so small that anyone who is thinking of taking over the island can do it from elsewhere," said the MLP's secretary-general, Jimmy Magro, with a smile. "People who think that way have an outdated mentality."

Behind the clash between Mr Mintoff and Labour's new leader, there is also a well-spring of hurt pride. The veteran politician's speeches to parliament before he shut himself away were shot through with resentment, some of it petty.

"The prime minister has done everything to humiliate him," a local newspaper said, quoting Mr Mintoff's complaints. "He even took six months to send him mail addressed to him received at party headquarters."

Yet this cantankerous, if eminent, octogenarian has brought New Labour Malta-style to the brink of a distinctly unBlairite reverse. To say Maltese elections were close-run would be an understatement. Earlier this week, it was reported that one candidate had gone to a hospital in his constituency late at night and walked a sedated cancer patient up and down, attached to his oxygen supply, to see if he would be fit to vote.

Maltese governments rarely win more than a one-seat majority and the voting preferences of most electors are cast in stone. A tiny movement in a key constituency can decide the outcome.

There is no constituency more marginal than No 2, the area round Cottonera. Malta has multi-seat constituencies. Labour has traditionally won four of the five seats in No 2. But, notwithstanding their overall defeat in 1996, the Nationalists came within a couple of hundred votes of taking one of those four seats at the last election.

Miracles still elude Mother Teresa

One year after the 'Saint of the Gutter' died, her order hopes for quick canonisation, writes **Suzanne Goldenberg** in Calcutta. But there are problems

THE thin woman presses her palms together in the traditional greeting, elbows jutting from the folds of an orange cotton sari. Barefoot, she circles the waist-high block of concrete in a clockwise direction. Then she falls to her knees and bends so her forehead touches the cement floor. She repeats the movement on all four sides.

In India, such tributes serve equally well at Hindu temples, Sufi Muslim shrines, ancient banyan trees, or statues of the Virgin Mary. But here, inside a grey block of a building that stands between car spares shops and the Communist Party's lower offices on Calcutta's Lower Circular Road, the act of worship is on behalf of a woman who lived as an icon of humility.

Mother Teresa died a year ago today, aged 87. In Calcutta there will be no memorial after the death of a righteous person. However, this is harder to accept in Mother Teresa's case because, in the last two decades of her life, she was constantly described as the Saint of the Gutters. The nuns say they are merely bowing to popular demand.

"Everybody is asking for it all over the world," says Sister Nirmala, her successor, who is nearly as diminutive as the stooped and wizened 11-line Albanian-born nun. "We are not starting the cause. What is happening now is that we are starting the preparations for starting the cause."

The nuns have begun to gather Mother Teresa's papers as evidence of her saintliness. As she left no books or essays, they must rely on her letters, and she



No change: Sister Nirmala, Mother Teresa's successor

statue, the nuns of Mother House will rise early, as usual, hitching up their regulation blue-trimmed white saris to draw water from the pump in the courtyard. They will hand out food to the poor who congregate outside, and retreat to spend the day in prayer.

Mr Biswas is unimpressed. "Giving food to the poor will only make them beggars. Will that solve their problems?" It is a familiar charge. During her lifetime, Mother Teresa was attacked for refusing to address the causes of poverty. Although prominent Church figures in Calcutta had hoped change would arrive with her successor, for Sister Nirmala that is impossible.

"It has been a year of continuing," she says. "We are not running hospitals," she says, resorting to Mother Teresa's stock phrase: "Our work is for the poorest of the poor."

The Nepalese-born Sister Nirmala, who converted from Hinduism in her youth, appears content to let Mother Teresa lead from the grave. "It is the same work, God's work," she says, her eyes made larger by gold-rimmed bifocals. "Why has there to be change? It is not like that — that if Mother Teresa is not there everything will fall down."

At Prem Niwas, the leprosy colony north of Calcutta that 40 years ago was one of Mother Teresa's earliest endeavours, the objects of the sisters' charity say they can sense no sign of her absence. Several hobble on bandage-wrapped stumps to the hand looms that produce the blue and white saris for the order.

From his plain iron cot, Santosh Dutta, a retired mill hand, says he did not have the money for medicines at the government hospital, and his family was eager to be rid of him when the fatal sores appeared on his shins. "They didn't drag me out of the house, but they want me to stay here until I get better."

The Jesuit who was spiritual adviser to Mother Teresa, Father Camilla Bouché, says the other senior sisters are at times reluctant to accept Sister Nirmala's authority. They may also be less charitable, he fears.

"I heard that when people come, they are a little quick in turning them away," he says. "I think it is true. Maybe they have lost something of their spirit."



Suzanne Goldenberg in Dhaka

AS THE floods which engulfed nearly half of Bangladesh yesterday, the government said it was facing a calamity of epic proportions, even for a country which is no stranger to natural disaster.

"This kind of flood never happened in Bangladesh, although flooding is very common in our country," the prime minister, Sheikh Hasina Wazed, said.

"Had it been a natural flood, we could have faced it." For most of the 1990s Bangladesh has struggled, with some success, to cast off its image as the world's basket case, but when the muddy waters which swallowed whole villages refused to

retreat after 40 days, Sheikh Hasina was forced to ask for help. Last week she appealed for \$530 million in international assistance. The United Nations will make its own appeal today.

The worst is yet to come, although the flood waters are expected to peak within the next week. "Today we are feeling very alarmed," said Sharif Rafiqul Islam, director of the flood forecasting centre. "The situation is going to deteriorate."

Michael Elmqvist, head of the UN team assessing the damage, said: "We have tended to look at disasters in the past and classify them by the number of people killed, but in financial terms, in development terms, this is going to be the worst disaster ever."

By official estimates, 470 have died since the rivers

began rising in July — a toll kept mercifully low because the waters rose slowly. But they have devoured one season's planting, and may claim the one due to be planted later this month.

The government says the country has lost about a third of its annual food production — that estimate may rise — and suffered incalculable damage to roads, bridges and buildings.

"This disaster, this flood has jeopardised all our future plans," Sheikh Hasina said. In Munshiganj, at the confluence of the Padma, Dhaleswari and Meghna rivers, transport is by leaky wooden boats, in which whole families huddle around their salvaged possessions. The swift waters have pushed open the gates of homes. Women balanced on makeshift platforms try to cook and wash clothes

The waters keep rising — and the worst is yet to come

with clean water. Entire families sleep on a single wooden cot suspended from a bamboo scaffolding near the ceiling.

"We saved what we could," said Zarina Begum, perched on a tree outside her one-room corrugated-iron house. "But the sofa set, the wardrobe, anything big we had is gone." Such scenes are replicated endlessly on the 17-mile journey to the capital along what were once canals and are now vast lakes-whipped into white-capped waves by high winds.

Many of the villagers are less lucky than Zarina Begum, forced to flee entirely from thatched houses now rotting under water. They tether their cows to bridges on the top of the few solid buildings. Their children swim down what was once the main road, oblivious to the dangling electric cables that have claimed many of the flood victims, teasing each other with imaginary sightings of snakes beneath the surface.

On the roof of a garment factory near Kashipur village dozens of people who have eaten nothing but puffed rice for days sleep beneath burlap sacks. The water below is neck deep.

Yet there is a semblance of normality. At Munshiganj, on an embankment still above the floods, a man in an improbably white shirt sits in a cycle rickshaw screaming: "Jao jao" (go, go).

The hapless driver dismounts to pull his passenger through slush that rises halfway up the wheels. His eyes bulge with the effort and he

shrieks: "Allah Malik" (O Lord, O God). International aid agencies say this desire to preserve normality has masked the true extent of the disaster and the real danger of disease and hunger when the floods retreat.

The public health department of Munshiganj says virtually all the district's wells are contaminated. "If the water doesn't go

down, then water-borne disease like diarrhoea, cholera and typhoid, as well as skin diseases, will follow," said Mohammed Noor ul-Haq, the deputy commissioner.

They already have, in part because the government refugees for flood victims are prime breeding grounds for disease.

In one of Dhaka's most crowded areas 700 people are sheltering in a school, sharing one toilet. There is no shower.

Husnaina Begum and her five children eat and sleep with 35 others in one room. She grimaces at the shame of it. "I feel awkward but what can I do."

The desire to preserve normality has masked the extent of the disaster and the dangers ahead

Rwanda's ex-PM gets life for genocide

Chris McGreal in Arusha, Tanzania

AN international court sentenced the former prime minister of Rwanda to life imprisonment for genocide yesterday, describing his crimes during the 1994 slaughter of hundreds of thousands of Tutsis as "widespread and atrocious".

Jean Kambanda, the first man sentenced under the 1948 Genocide Convention, written in the wake of the Nazi Holocaust, pleaded guilty in May to six counts of genocide and crimes against humanity. The court brushed aside a plea from Kambanda's lawyer

for a sentence of just two years because Kambanda had co-operated with prosecutors immediately after his arrest in Kenya last year, and had agreed to testify against former members of his cabinet and senior army officers awaiting trial by the United Nations tribunal.

The defence said Kambanda, a former banker, aged 43, wanted to be free to contribute to the "healing process" in Rwanda. But while acknowledging his co-operation, including 90 hours of taped evidence, the judges said his participation in "the crime of crimes" was too heinous to impose anything but the maximum sentence.

With the exception of the *de facto* army chief Theoneste

Bogosora, Kambanda is the most senior official connected to the genocide in the tribunal's custody. Thirty-five people have been indicted by the court but so far only Kambanda has pleaded guilty.

On Wednesday, the tribunal found a former provincial mayor, Jean-Paul Akayesu, guilty of various genocide charges and sent sentencing for later this month.

The chief judge, Laity Kama, described Kambanda's life sentence as an important step to ending the climate of impunity which allowed mass killings across Central Africa. "We feel that sentences of such a nature will serve to dissuade people who may be tempted to commit such

crimes in the future," he said. The prosecutor, Bernard Muna, denied that the court's failure to give Kambanda a lesser sentence in return for his co-operation would discourage other defendants from pleading guilty. "I think part of the reason for an accused to plead guilty is to unburden his soul ... Kambanda can sleep easier," he said.

Whether he remains in prison for life will depend in part on where he serves his sentence. The tribunal has not revealed which prison will hold him, but he will be subject to the laws of the country of his detention. This raises the possibility of parole, provided either the tribunal judges or another designated authority agree.

East and West is the book that Rupert Murdoch reckoned would upset the applecart of his commercial interests in China. Political memoirs do not usually create such wide international ripples.
John Gittings on Chris Patten's controversial book
Saturday Review page 13

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Bill's healing presence

Ireland sees him at his best

BILL Clinton is destined, it seems, never to escape Monica Lewinsky. Wherever he goes, whether Moscow or Belfast, she will follow — like a ghost, clanking her chains, drowning out his voice. It happened again yesterday in Dublin. The president had headed south to build on the success of his sunlit Thursday visit to the north where he had been hailed, as one commentator put it, as a peacemaker not a philanderer. The crowds had cheered him, and the reporters had declined to mention the M-word. But in the Republic the president had to bow his head in shame once more. Overnight Senator Joseph Lieberman, a leading light from Mr Clinton's own Democratic Party, delivered a thoughtful speech all the more withering for the moderation of its expression. He went back to first principles, stating simply that Mr Clinton's actions and subsequent lies were not just inappropriate but immoral. The Senator is one of the president's longest political allies — and yet he pointedly did

not rule out resignation or even impeachment. The Washington Mr Clinton returns to tonight is getting chillier.

And yet it would be a great pity if these latest twists in the Zippertgate scandal were to overshadow the substantial gains achieved by Mr Clinton's Irish visit. He may be a much-diminished figure at home, unable to cut much ice in Russia, but in Northern Ireland the American president can still make a genuine difference.

First, and not to be underestimated, is the healing presence Mr Clinton lent to Omagh, the gentle town whose heart was plucked out when a bomb killed 28 people three weeks ago today. The bereaved relatives who met him — in private, with not a prying lens in sight — were apparently comforted by him and his words, which were affecting indeed. As the president has shown repeatedly, starting with the 1995 bombing of Oklahoma City, he has a remarkable gift for empathy which shows its best face in the worst situations.

Politically his presence was useful, too. By meeting the members of the new Assembly, Mr Clinton has bound the key players tighter into the peace process. He has become a kind of guarantor, making the words of Ulster's politicians utter in front of him extra-binding. Given the doubts about his own fidelity to the truth, this is slightly odd

— but that's how it seems to work all the same. Northern Irish politicians act as if they must not let the US president down.

For that reason the mere imminence of his arrival catalysed a torrent of positive developments all week. Like imperial subjects hurrying to tidy their village before a visit from the viceroy, Ulster's leaders were anxious to put their house in order before Air Force One touched down. Gerry Adams of Sinn Féin promised violence was "over, done with, gone" while his deputy was appointed to liaise with the body overseeing decommissioning. For his part, the Unionist leader David Trimble signalled that he will end his long-held resistance and finally meet Mr Adams face to face. In a speech delivered in front of Mr Clinton, Mr Trimble reached out to Sinn Féin in a new and dramatic way, promising to be a fair, if firm partner on the journey to peace — and more significantly still — describing himself as "the leader of Northern Ireland", not just one of its communities.

All this movement, and there was more, was triggered by Bill Clinton. Northern Ireland has indeed proved to be the president's "personal passion." For Northern Ireland, this has been a blessing — but it is one the province will have to learn to live without. Mr Clinton will not be in the White House forever: eventually Ulster will have

to resolve its conflicts without the glamour of superpower attention. For the president, the lesson is slightly different: Ulster has given him a glimpse of what might have been, of how much he might have achieved if he had kept his eye on the job — not on its perks.

Superstar Owen

But can he avoid being Bested?

SWEDEN has experienced nothing like it since Waterloo — that's the Abba version, not Napoleon. They play Glenn Hoddle's England this afternoon in a key European Championship qualifier but, far from showing a partisan fervour for their own side, they are in a swoon over England star Michael Owen. The teenager was mobbed by fans when he arrived at a news conference in Stockholm in the latest outbreak of Owen mania, a phenomenon that has followed him everywhere since his triumphs at the World Cup. Swedish newspaper Svenska Dagbladet called the 18-year-old striker "Liverpool's Miracle Child", and few saw his hat-trick against Ruud Geurts Newcastle last Sunday will dispute the term. His transfer price is put at £30 million. Lazio is reported to have offered Liverpool

£1.5 million just to be guaranteed first refusal if they ever sell him, and his insurance value is estimated at £60 million (more even than Brazil's Ronaldo). Yet the flash guns and the fancy sums don't seem to faze him: he is quiet, thoughtful, modest, and still lives with his parents Terry and Jeanette. Evidently a normal, well-adjusted teenager, though admittedly one who can afford a BMW and a Jaguar.

Owen, in short, seems just about perfect: sporting greatness at a ridiculously early age and a head old enough to cope. But haven't we been here before with Best and Gascoigne? Can young Michael avoid the traps that ensnared those prodigious talents? Yes, he can, if he follows a few simple rules. Limit alcohol intake. Do not frequent nightclubs (especially in Newcastle). Try not to get hitched to a model, a former Miss World, a Spice Girl, or Dani Behr. Avoid hanging out with Danny Baker and Chris Evans. Try not to let the press dub you the new George Best (remember Peter Marillino). You will want to play abroad at some point, but avoid Napoli. Don't write books. Don't go into Glenn Hoddle's hotel room, but if you do make sure the tape recorder is turned off. Avoid letting off fire extinguishers in a Pizza Hut. And remember: if things go wrong in England, Italy or Spain, a warm welcome awaits you in Scandinavia.

Letters to the Editor

No platform for racists

I AM extremely concerned by your story that Panorama is to interview the youths accused of the racist murder of Stephen Lawrence (TV slot for murder suspects, September 3). These men have abused every legal opportunity available to them to clear their names. At the inquest into Stephen's death, at the private prosecution brought by the Lawrence family, and at the judicial inquiry, their refusal to answer questions, monosyllabic responses and claims that they could not remember events made a mockery of the judicial system. It would be a disgrace, if as reported, the BBC was planning a Louise Woodward-style interview with the youths. This would give them a false credibility when they have so blatantly abused the legal process. John Monks, General secretary, TUC, London.

PRESUMABLY the new error legislation would prevent a repeat of Tony Blair conspiring with Bill Clinton to support illegal bombings of Sudan and Afghanistan. Paul Barber, London.

WHY in the weather around Britain do you publish details of steady rain down Margate and out lively, stylish and popular Brighton? B M Poag, Beckenham, Kent.

AT my local Safeway the job of self-filling is now called ambient replenishment. Hazet Brothers, London.

FORGIVE my innocence but is "Monica" a contraction of "Fanny Monica", otherwise known as Mount Organs? James B Louis, Tiverton, Devon.

Please include a full postal address, even on e-mailed letters, and a daytime telephone number. Please give a reference to the relevant article.

Latest news on television

YOU report that paedophiles are now using the most sophisticated communications technology to exchange pornographic images and engage in abuse (Worldwide child porn ring, September 3). On the previous day, the ITC quotes its own report as suggesting that "the need for regulation appears to be less".

What is the ITC's evidence for this? Our own research suggests exactly the opposite. The deregulation of television has now produced criticism about fake programmes and declining quality. The decline in standards is generated by a mixture of corporate desire for ratings at the cheapest price and the pressure on small production companies to deliver the goods. Greg Philo, Glasgow Media Unit, David Miller, Stirling Media Research Institute.

YOUR report that Channel 4 has abandoned plans for regular political coverage (Documentaries to replace C4 politics show, September 3) is

far from the truth. Channel 4 News continues to broadcast every weekday evening. When Parliament is sitting we broadcast Powerhouse three mornings a week. We are also making a number of documentary and other programmes on political subjects. The next, Portillo's Press, starts later this month.

Despite the decision not to commission a weekly political programme in succession to A Week in Politics, I estimate we will transmit more hours of political programmes in the next year than if we had commissioned such a series.

David Lloyd, Head of news, current affairs and business, C4 Television. SO Peter Sissons, the TV broadcaster (Sissons smears at BBC "hearty contest", August 31) that "People don't just turn to the BBC, they turn to its presenters." Many of us no longer watch the news, precisely because of its presenters. News broadcasts on BBC and ITV are a disaster area, with wrong inset pictures, wrong and wrongly spelt captions. The presenters just make it

worse, with staccato or stumbling delivery, hanging particles, sheer bad grammar and ridiculous content. We don't want a reporter staring into the camera, saying: "Surveys tell us that the British and US public aren't the slightest bit interested in the Clinton scandal, but I'm going to speculate about it for the next 10 minutes."

What we do want is the news read in a calm level tone, with more news and a minimum of comment and speculation, no stumbling over words, and good grammar. Dr D C Hawkins, Leominster, Herefordshire.

WHY the broomhaha over the proposed removal of the TV News (News at Ten leads for 6.30, September 3)? Do people not for a night see "Sorry, I'll have to pass on this round — got to get home for the news"? We live in a 24 hours-a-day news-gathering global village. — Information at one's fingertips, so why the relevance of a half-hour slot towards the end of the evening? Peter Crook, London.

Private finance, public benefit

PFI is fundamentally about management and not economics (Public debt, private profit, September 3). The public sector can raise finance more cheaply than the private sector. But the private sector generally provides the asset — the Channel Tunnel Rail Link, the Sky Bridge, the Royal Armaments Museum, hospitals, schools, now IT systems. The PFI is but a foot that forces the public procurers and the private suppliers to face up to the long-term financial and other consequences. However these public assets are financed, private-sector suppliers will wish to make profits. Surely it is better that these profits are linked to performance in the long-term

for example, are the buildings still fit for the purpose 10 years after construction? Let's move on to ask whether individual transactions, PFI or otherwise, are good or bad value for the public sector. Peter Fanning, Chief executive, Public Private Partnerships Programme, London.

VICTOR Keegan repeats the story that this trust, by paying £30 million a year over 30 years for its new hospital, "will pay £900 million for a £150 million hospital". This is the mathematics of the kindergarten. Although the precise annual payment is still being negotiated, approximately half of the finally

agreed amount will comprise payment for support services — mainly maintenance, portering, cleaning, catering and IT — on which we spend around £15 million a year. The remainder of the contract sum will cover the fee, including the capital charges (applicable whether public or private sector funding is involved), for having the new NHS building available to use.

It is also not realistic to talk about refurbishing old buildings. We will be replacing four rundown hospitals with one new one, fit for its purpose, and by removing duplication in working across all these sites we will save £1.1 million a year in running costs, reducing the charge on NHS budgets. Peter Reading, Chief Executive, University College London Hospitals.



The literary researcher's tale

AS your Chaucer report (Wife of Bath given DNA treatment, August 27) fizzled out, readers will have missed the good news: recent research indicates that 26 lines presenting the Wife as sexually promiscuous were an early draft intended for deletion. At last, confirmation of my long and deeply held conviction that such a passage cannot represent the mature Chaucer at his best. We look to the on-going De Montfort project to remove other accretions alien to what we instinctively sense as the essential

Chaucer: the scorching of Nicholas's backside with a hot couller; Alan and John's near-rape of the Miller's wife and daughter; it will be possible to savour the Merchant's Tale cleansed of the disagreeable picture of January as an aged lecher and the gratuitously nasty episode of May climbing on his back into the pear tree to enjoy her young damian. And the Summoner and Pardoner will shine forth as the altruistic Christian gentlemen that Chaucer intended. George Schlesinger, Durham.

Footnotes

INEVITABLY, in the manner of historians who credit generals' victories to their kings, the 3rd Lord Rothermere (Obituary, September 3) has been portrayed as the mastermind of the Daily Sketch-Daily Mail merger. But as many of us in Fleet Street knew at the time, the real architect was the then managing director, Mick Shields, the grammar school boy who also pioneered the Daily Mail & General Trust's diversification into a wide range of profitable enterprises from North Sea oil to pizza parlours. Rothermere, the patriot, not only lived in Paris to avoid personal taxes in his own country, but planned to move

the Trust's HQ to Holland, out of the British taxman's reach, until warned off by the Treasury government. Tom Balatow, Potts Wood, Kent.

HISTORIANS would be astonished at Mark Lawson's advice (September 3) that the Watergate book to which they "should turn first" is The Haldeman Diaries, since the author left out virtually all the incriminating evidence in his own handwritten notes. These handwritten references are quoted in my own book Watergate: The Corruption & Fall of Richard Nixon, and there's much more in Abuse of Power, the New Nixon Tapes, edited by Stanley Kutler. Fred Emery, London.

Wrinklies pass up the happy drugs for life's second half

I CAN only think the G2 article (Forty? You're half dead, September 2) was purely intended to elicit an indignant response. When I turned 50 four years ago, I took up fell and hill running — as an extension of the canoeing and daily running I did to keep fit for weekly all-ages five-a-side sessions (which developed into Sunday football again after a break of 20 years), partly in horror at a local leisure centre leaflet showing "Activities for the over-60s" which seemed to consist mainly of bridge, bowls and ballroom dancing.

Far from going grey, my wife and I enjoy walking longish distances to pubs, cycling, cooking exotic ethnic meals, and gigs involving the younger element like the Levellers, or older ones like the Jethro Tull, The Stranglers, etc., as well as folk/rock festivals and conversation with our sons and their friends, who don't seem to shun our company.

Thankfully any age-related insecurity is held at bay by being self-employed and in sufficient demand and not worrying about being made redundant to make way for someone younger.

John Crace should make positive use of the second half of the life he has got, whatever it says on his birth certificate. David Hall, Macclesfield, Cheshire. JOHN Crace is unnecessary. Life doesn't start at 40, but it doesn't end there either. More of us are likely to survive to 80 plus and may as well make the best of it. At 41, the age he is now, my partner died and I had to move house and make painful adjustments. I changed my job, which involved learning Spanish. At 43 I remarried and at 46 I passed the Mimesa test. At 55 I am writing, and am getting articles published. Youth is wonderful. If you offered it back to me, of course I'd seize it, but you can still learn new skills and subjects

and expand your horizons at over 40 and even over 50. Name and address supplied.

I AM reaching 40, and I couldn't give a monkey's. I am replete with the richness of maturity and wisdom. We live in trivial narcissistic times. The old body, its weaknesses and problems are not everything. The young can keep their house music, happy drugs and Hawaiian shirts. Sod 'em. Peter Campbell, London.

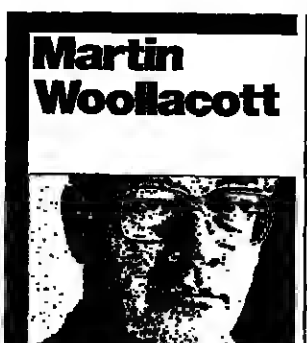
Simon rattled

ANDREW Clements is wrong to state (Saturday Review, August 29) that when ever Simon Rattle has taken the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra's repertory, the audience has gone too. His Towards the Millennium concerts are part of a subscription series giving him a 60 per cent plus attendance. He "toned down" the programmes for London because the promoters could not sell enough seats. The Birmingham concert on March 14 comprised Ritual in Memoriam Bruno Maderna, by Boulez, and Des Canyons aux Etolles, by Messiaen, guaranteeing for the captive audience. Harry Freeman, Sutton Coldfield.

WE'RE delighted that Andrew Clements highlighted the death of new music at Edinburgh (Musical triumph that shames Festival planners, September 1). But when he speaks of six living composers, he presumably didn't count Steve Martland, Jason Pierce, David Thomas, Nick Cave, PJ Harvey or John Zorn — all alive, and all featured in the Flux Festival which ran at the same time. David Sefton, Alex Poole, Directors, Flux Festival, London.

The continuing tragedy of Yeltsin, the meat-queue firebrand who rose to sell Russia down the river at joke prices

Private grief



IN the summer of 1988 a man was queuing for meat at a large food shop in Moscow. When he eventually came to the head of the queue, he asked for a kilo of veal. The assistant dismissively replied that there was no veal, only beef. But this shopper was different from the normal Soviet sufferer. Rallying supporters from the queue, he burst into the shop's store room, where they found the veal "being passed out through a back window to a van waiting outside". That was how Boris Yeltsin described the beginning of his

campaign against privilege in the Russian capital, which eventually came to include attacks on all the ways — in food, accommodation, transport and education — in which a small minority of Russians did very well, while the rest got second or third best. They did well thanks to "legitimate" perks like the party shops, and thanks also to a pervasive corrupt trade in the good things of life run by crooks and black marketeers. This was only 12 years ago, yet it belongs to another era. The feisty man in the queue is now the sick man in the Kremlin, presiding over disparities of wealth that make Moscow in 1986 look egalitarian.

The party privileges of these years were modest indeed when compared to the enormous wealth of Russia's new rich, or to the affluent circumstances of the professionals who serve them, or those of the civil servants and politicians who bribe. The inadequacies of life for ordinary Soviet citizens seem in retrograde when compared to the genuine security for all those Russians who have been impoverished and

threatened by the economic changes of the nineties. And the crooks, have burgeoned into the mafias which both prey on Russian business and in some instances are Russian business.

The story is a tragedy, for leader and led. The Yeltsin who noted sharply in his first volume of autobiography that the number of theatre seats per head of population in Moscow was less than in 1917 became the man who bought re-election as president in 1996 by agreeing to a massive, fraudulent privatisation of the Russian state's most valuable assets.

The best that can be said for him is that without the party authority which he had destroyed, and whose utility he did not understand until it had vanished, he did not know what else to do. He and his entourage compounded with the new magnates, while he continued with his increasingly empty style of bursting on the scene and dealing with "culpits". This was a personal tragedy, in which a man who thought he had much to contribute has ended as a man who has

much to regret. But it is also a national tragedy. That last huge privatisation, of energy, transport, and communications, did two things. It consolidated the power of the economic oligarchs who had carved out fortunes and empires in earlier seizures and conversions of state property. Now they got even more. And, because the privatisations were not only fixed but at joke prices, it deprived the Russian government of the funds which would have saved them from the crash which came this summer.

Thus did Boris Yeltsin, once the scourge of veal thieves and carrot-hoarders, engineer his own downfall. It is said that the well known, exactly because it is well known, is that true of the state of Russia. Nothing basic has changed in Russia in the last few weeks. True, the government let the currency slide and announced it would effectively default on its debts, decisions that have shaken the markets of the West. But the surprise and shock expressed in the West has been as if we had not

known what a corrupt mess Russia had become. Yet we knew everything that was ominous about the Russian polity, economy and society before the crash. Perhaps the only thing that has changed is that it is no longer possible to go along with the fiction that Russia is on a path of reform along which are strewn certain obstacles — corruption, failure to collect taxes, criminal activities, and so on — which have to be overcome. You could equally well say that Russia is on a corrupt path along which certain hold-outs for reform and the Russian people's genuine attachment to free elections offer obstacles which the corrupt expect to overcome.

Anatoli Lieven, whose recent book on the Chechnya war is also an ambitious attempt to diagnose the Russian malady, charges that "corruption, crime, and disobedience are not simply aspects of the new Russian state... they lie at its heart". There could be no clearer support for such an argument than the fact that Victor Chernomyrdin is still at the centre of politics in Russia and could still emerge

as prime minister and president-in-waiting in spite of the Duma's initial rejection of him this week. Chernomyrdin is himself an oligarch, a state manager who took over state assets, in his case much of the country's gas resources. Some say he is the richest man in Russia. He is certainly one of the richest.

He did not spend his own money, but the state's, when as prime minister he had half a million dollars worth of helicopter landing sites and forest roads built so he could illegally hunt bears. He is a winner from the old nomenklatura rather than a "new" businessman, but he has alliances with other big players. It may be true that the choice of Chernomyrdin as prime minister is a kind of immediate tactical sense, but it will also confirm the hold the business oligarchs have on Russia's weak state.

Chernomyrdin, as an energy magnate, is also a reminder of the blessing and curse of Russia's resources of raw materials, which many Russians export have

remained. The income from Russian oil was what sustained the Soviet Union in its final, increasingly inefficient years, on the one hand bringing in Western currency, and on the other supplying the country's terrible factories with cheap energy to make them halfway viable. Similarly, it is oil and other raw materials which have sustained Russia under Yeltsin, allowing the country to pay for huge imports of consumer goods with its raw materials exports, while its agriculture and manufacturing industries languish. The deformation is social as well as economic.

The main lesson for the West is that Russia's weakness is the greatest problem, for them and us. What linked those who saw Russia as a great power which could still threaten the West, a kind of thinking which has disappeared, and those who saw Russia making an effective transition to a market economy is that both exaggerated the strength of the Russian state and the strength of Russian national will. The shambling of Chechnya was evidence the first group

were wrong, and the shambling of the economy undermined the hopes and claims of the other. If many in the West blinded themselves to the essence of post-Soviet Russia, some Russians have also looked the other way, or preferred to see their country's crisis as a kind of entertainment, devouring the memoirs of Krushchev's bodyguard, for example, but ignoring the strictures of Alexander Solzhenitsyn. Solzhenitsyn's latest book had a print run of 5,000 and the president title of Russia in Collapse. Perhaps it will garner a few more readers now. It is unlikely they will include Boris Yeltsin.

The man who in 1990 wrote that, "our huge country is balanced on a razor's edge and nobody knows what will happen to it tomorrow", now knows what he caused to happen to it in the years since. Perhaps he also knows that his own failure is summed up by the fact that what he wrote then is just as true today as it was then.

Against The Grain, Boris Yeltsin, Cape, 1990. Chechnya, Anatoli Lieven, Yale, 1998.

Saturday opinion

The million-pound game show

More dosh less class

Mark Lawson

WHATEVER the Prime Minister and other Establishment cassandras have suggested, the big story in commercial television this week is not News at Ten but Dosh at Eight. While ITV's proposal to allow Trevor McDonald to go home four hours earlier has been presented as a crack in the national fabric, a far more startling piece of television evidence has been ignored.

Last night, at 8pm, ITV offered what is believed to be the biggest game-show prize in the history of global television: £1 million. Who Wants To Be A Millionaire? hosted by Chris Tarrant, promised the money to a contestant who answers fifteen successive quiz questions correctly.

The history of game-show prizes is a chronicle of the shifts in British aspirations. Old videos and reviews reveal a world still shaped by war-time restraint. On the 1950s game show Take Your Pick, the studio audience was known to cheer a sofa. In the Seventies — on The Generation Game and The Price Is Right — the near-fainting of contestants at the announcement of their take-home bounty suggested a society in which a tea-

made, a television, a Florida holiday or a new car were luxuries likely to be provided only by an unexpected legacy or television.

Even more austere, some of the most popular quiz shows — Mastermind, The Krypton Factor — offered only nominal trinkets to winners, despite the high level of effort demanded from competitors.

COMMERCIAL television companies had little moral problem with enormous rewards, but their regulators operated a strict incomes policy. Rules on prizes imposed by ITV's external monitors (the IBA and then the ITC) until the early 90s limited the generosity of producers to a small car or a posh holiday. This reflected a common fear that it would be socially risky to allow a more viewer to become as wealthy as the presenter or the executives.

the National Lottery, the existence of which knocks down most objections to having size prizes on television or financial hierarchies in society.

The second explanation for game-show inflation is that increased competition in television — more channels chasing fewer viewers — has exaggerated all of the medium's tendencies. The plot-lines of soaps have become more operatic. News at Ten has moved down-

market. The response of game shows to this vulgarising pressure has been to succumb to elitist fantasies of the prize.

Free-gift series, however, have also suffered from a historical shift distinct to this genre: a decline in the novelty of appearing on television. The early programmes could get away with lesser prizes because being screened into your neighbour's living room was part of the prize. These days, most potential contestants will have a fly-on-the-wall documentary team in their workplace, their holiday resort or their shopping centre. Much more is required to entice contestants and viewers.

But although Who Wants To Be A Millionaire? results from this cultural background, the explanation is not entirely an excuse. The National Lottery was carefully set up with the justification that it would provide money for good causes. A game show which exists entirely to enrich — and to encourage shill greed and envy from the audience — can not invoke the pro-bono defence.

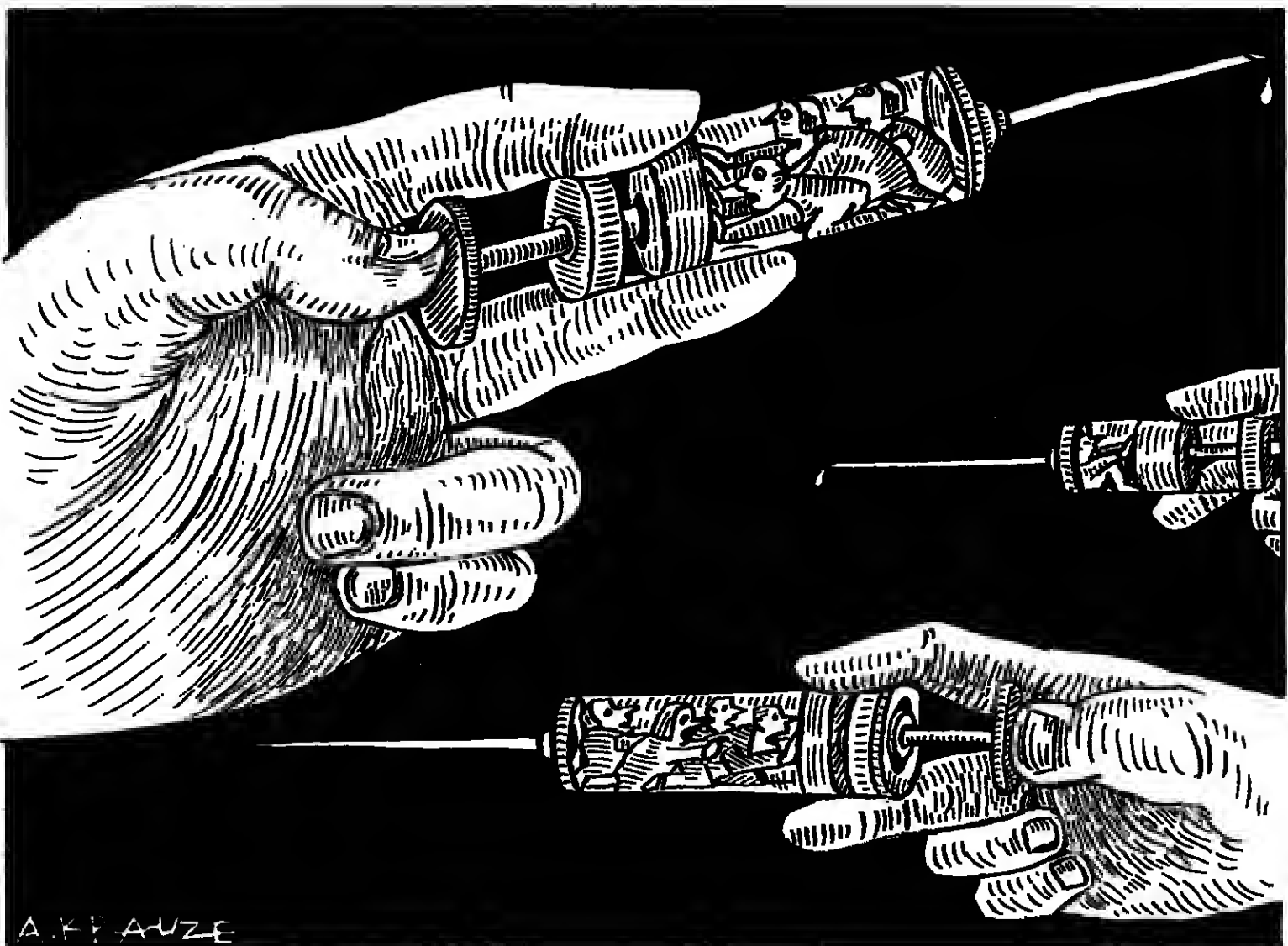
This series is another landmark in the tabloidisation of ITV. It is perhaps the final landmark to be seen before the road disappears over the cliff. Symbolically and inevitably, Who Wants To Be A Millionaire? is the subject of a huge promotional campaign in the Sun and News of the World.

THE FACT that this is the series that commercial television deserves does not, though, necessarily mean that it will work. Partly because of the past restrictions on prizes, game shows have usually succeeded more through format than reward. The National Lottery show has failed to attract the anticipated television audiences because the format provides no entertainment except a sort of glorified tombola at the end. The Lottery show is also guaranteed to dissatisfy virtually all of its audience, for they will end the evening as resentful losers.

Who Wants To Be A Millionaire? may well encounter the same problem. One of the advantages of the tiny prizes on offer throughout the game's history was that few people could reasonably resent another person's acquisition of a Toyota or a week in Palm Beach. But are human beings really designed to feel happy for someone else who has just pocketed a million? It's no coincidence that so many Lottery winners insist on anonymity. They understand the emotional hurricane which a windfall can create. Cynically appealing to the ancient human quality of greed, Who Wants To Be A Millionaire? may be wrecked by the no less venerable tendency to envy.

Strangely, against the conventional wisdom that the Lottery has democratised wealth, the makers of this game show display a rather loaded attitude to the opportunities opened by a financial jackpot. The promotional pictures show Tarrant in a dinner jacket and ten subsidiary "millionaire prizes" on offer include "a trolley dash in Harrods, a round-the-world trip accompanied by a hatter" and, most bizarrely, bathing in champagne for a year.

If the producers hope that the prizes confer class on the series, they are wrong, as the show rather cheapens British television. This, not the timing of News at Ten, is the real scheduling scandal of the week.



Fear epidemic

Catherine Bennett

FROM time to time, doctors write humorous articles about the devoted shorthand used to describe their more tiresome patients. SIG, for example, for stropky ignorant gill. FLK, for funny looking kid. TREF, for tried everything else, try homeopathy, and so forth. By

now the witty medics must surely have dreamed up another acronym, to describe a fresh source of annoyance — parents who refuse to have their children immunised, or require protracted cajoling before they agree to do so. HGS, perhaps, for hysterical, gullible and selfish. Or MWCDM, for mother wants child to die of measles. Or SNT — stubborn, needs threats.

There have always been a few of these awkward types around. In the seventies, after a scare about brain damage, they refused to have their children immunised against whooping cough, which has now led to vulnerable infants catching the disease from never-vaccinated parents. For the most part, however, parents have dutifully responded to the stream of let-

ters from their doctors' surgeries, commanding them to present their tiny, unblemished infants for puncturing. As doctors receive a bonus if their immunisation rates are above 90 per cent, disobedient parents are zealously pursued. SNTs are reminded that the vaccination is infinitely safer than the disease it prevents, instructed that jobs are a social duty, and warned that if everyone were as thoughtless, children would once again die in epidemics.

The combination of reassurance and threats worked well until last February, when Dr Andrew Wakefield, of the Royal Free Medical School, reported in the Lancet on a possible — but unproved — link between the MMR vaccine (against measles, mumps and rubella), and the onset of bowel disease and autism. Dr

Wakefield suggested that it would be safer for children to have the vaccinations separately, at intervals. Within weeks, it was reported that up to a quarter of parents were refusing to let their children have MMR. The Department of Health also acted quickly: in March, the Chief Medical Officer, Sir Kenneth Calman, convened a meeting of 37 experts, after which he dismissed Wakefield's theory. He warned that giving vaccines separately was actively harmful as it left children exposed to infection for long periods.

Clearly, not everyone was convinced. Parents have told JABS, a group campaigning against vaccine damage, that since BSE, they have ceased to believe soothing words from government health officials. They want separate in-

Awkward types refuse to present their tiny unblemished infants for puncturing. They need threats

jections. But last week Pasteur Merieux MSD, the manufacturer, announced that it would no longer supply Britain with the single measles vaccine. Michael Watson, the company's medical director, says it took the decision, for "ethical reasons", because it does not have a British

licence for its latest mumps vaccine, and therefore cannot offer the complete trio of single vaccines. "We can't be part of leaving people unprotected against mumps." If the Government were to give the mumps vaccine a licence, the company would reconsider.

But the Department of Health is determined to encourage separate vaccines: it is now MMR or nothing. The restriction of choice may be scientifically consistent, but in practice, it is pure bloody-mindedness. Some parents, who would like to vaccinate their children, will now not do so. Even if their GPs insist that the link with autism and bowel disease is speculative, and spurious, the MMR scare has awakened many parents to the fact vaccines do have other side effects, which may, on rare occasions, be devastating. The patient information accompanying the current MMR vaccine lists over twenty side effects, from feeling "generally unwell", to flu, and "gradual mental deterioration".

Even assuming that parents with no experience of a measles or mumps epidemic are disposed to make a cool risk-benefit assessment, current policy further demands that they take the (admittedly tiny) risks of vaccination, knowing that should their baby become a casualty, the chance of adequate compensation is yet more remote. In order to receive any funds from the Vaccine Damage Unit, victims must be 80 per cent disabled. In practice, this has ruled out children whom vaccination has left deaf in one ear, or paralysed in one leg — on the grounds that the other half is working just fine. The maximum amount payable to children who are adequately grossly disabled, has just been raised from £30,000 to £40,000 — for claims made after July 1st. Most cases are only won on appeal. In 1996, the Unit made five payments. Richard Barr, a solicitor now preparing a group action for MMR compensation has been contacted by 1,700 families who believe their children were harmed by the injection.

While doctors are urged to perfect — or acquire — a bedside manner, and patients are encouraged to consider themselves customers, the targets of vaccination are still treated, literally, as a herd — even though inoculation is evidently going to be inappropriate for some individuals. The latest piece of cattle-prodding — MMR or forget it — could not be better calculated to leave large numbers of children unprotected. Separately, the Unit made five payments. Richard Barr, a solicitor now preparing a group action for MMR compensation has been contacted by 1,700 families who believe their children were harmed by the injection.

Doe-eyed, bulimic Royals are not a modern invention

She was murdered

Matthew Engel

SHE was beautiful. She was bulimic. She came from a dysfunctional noble family and married into a dysfunctional royal family. The marriage was unhappy. She was the greatest royal celebrity of her time. She died tragically, and we are now at an important anniversary of her death.

Heard far too much about this subject? Not necessarily. Thursday is the centenary of the assassination of Elisabeth, Empress of Austria, who was murdered in 1898. When a biography earlier this year understandably included a chapter drawing parallels with the life and death of young who, the sternest of the royal writers (Miss J. Burdett) rubbished the attempt as a "tenuous, tortuous selling-point". It seems to me that the similarities are extraordinary. And they shine through the books written long before Elisabeth's modern equivalent was born.

aristocrat (Duke Max of Bavaria), but became besotted with her teenage sister who had eyes "as shy as a doe". Her parents were apart, and she had had a confusing childhood.

The streets of the capital (Vienna, that time) were filled for their wedding, and the demand for memorabilia was insatiable. To the public, it seemed like a fairy-tale, but she was immediately enveloped by inflexible protocol, a palace that looked luxurious but was actually unpleasant to live in, and difficult, frosty in-laws. She was lonely, but had no privacy.

Her husband would not have been in direct line of succession but for an earlier abdication. This was a factor in making him conscientious to the point of obsession with his duties. He meant well, but was unbending. "Even before her wedding day... she had felt encircling her, like a mantle of ice, the cold and rigid constraints of ceremonial." She complained in vain to her husband: "He loved her, but failed to understand her; all he could see in her was a sick child, whom he sought to console." Those quotes come from a biography written in French in 1939, which gives it a pretty safe alibi for the accusation of tenuousness.

shared her sense of fun. But she also devoted herself to charity, and made a particular point of visiting the most reviled members of society.

On tour, she was greeted rapturously by people who adored "the light in her eyes, the smile and the candour of her greeting". When she bathed, gawpers with field glasses tried to sneak glimpses. She craved privacy though, and regularly found refuge at Althorp, the Northamptonshire stately home of the Spencer family. When a photographer snatched a picture of her, Earl Spencer (oh, yes, but the 9th not the 5th) described the press as

The parallels aren't exact, though Mr al Fayed might find extra ones.

"scum". Her death was the sensation of the age. Now look, this is history not science. The parallels aren't exact, though Mr al Fayed might find extra ones. Elisabeth lived to be 60, and was murdered while boarding a steamer on Lake Geneva when an Italian anarchist anxious to kill a royal — any royal — stabbed her with a file. Her corset protected her, and if the file had not been precipitately removed, she might have survived.

Her quest for privacy seems genuine, and her charity was kept quiet. Her great hobby was fox-hunting. Our Prince of Wales does not look, as Franz Josef did, uncannily like Professor Jimmy Edwards. And the Windsors still have some way to go to match

the Habsburgs in the matter of sensations. Elisabeth's only son, Crown Prince Rudolf, predeceased her, dying in the still-mysterious incident at Mayerling, when he and his lover were found shot after what is generally thought to have been a suicide pact.

The new crown prince was her nephew, Franz Ferdinand, who was shot at Sarajevo in 1914. And we all know what happened after that. Elisabeth's assassination is far less known now. Despite the new biography (well-received, but already scarce in the shops), Thursday's centenary is likely to be unnoticed. Probably August 31 2097 will pass just as quietly, with maybe the odd mention from an obscure columnist with a taste for recondite history. This tells us something about the nature of celebrity. And perhaps the parallels tell us an awful lot about the nature of royalty.

Death by Fame: A Life of Elisabeth, Empress of Austria by Andrew Sinclair (Constable, 1998, £16.99); **The Habsburgs** by Andrew Wheatcroft (Vintage, 1998); **Tragic Empress** by Maurice Paléologue (Librarie Plon, 1938, English edition: Saturn Press, 1960). NB: In keeping with Royal requests, the above is written without one mention of the name "Diana".

LIST OF THE WEEK: Empress Elisabeth would surely have liked to redecorate her palace with the fashionable Paint Magic colours, produced (in Islington, largely for Islington) by Ms Jocasta Innes: Matinee Blue; Chalky Blue; Flower Pot; Dining Room Red; Celadon; Spitalfields Green; Etruscan Red; Sienna; Haystack; Calico; Saffron; Study Green.

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Sir David Holden

The unquiet man

FOR many years, Sir David Holden, who has died aged 84, was one of the most important public figures in Northern Ireland, yet few outside of the tight circle of the Treasury in Whitehall and Stormont in Belfast knew or, had even, heard of him.

His importance flowed from the fact that he was the man who handled Northern Ireland's complex financial relations with the rest of the United Kingdom. It fell to him to negotiate the annual subvention — the subsidy which made up the shortfall between locally generated taxation and public expenditure, which was maintained on a par with national levels, despite Northern Ireland's relative poverty.

The province could have had no more suitable financial ambassador, for Holden, by intellect and experience, could well have occupied any of the top spots in Whitehall if he had wished but he had, in diplomatic speak, "gone native" since joining the Northern Ireland Civil Service in 1957.

At the time, there was a policy of attracting some of the young civil service high-flyers to Belfast but, unlike many of his contemporaries

who returned to the mainland as soon as possible, Holden chose to spend his entire career in the Stormont outpost. The only interruption was during the second world war when he enlisted in the Royal Artillery, where he attained the rank of Major. Most of his service was in India, where he met his wife and began a lifelong affection for the sub-continent.

By the time the Stormont parliament was prorogued and replaced by direct rule from London in March 1972, Holden had risen through the ranks of the Ministry of Finance in Belfast and become permanent secretary, a post which combined the headship of the Northern Ireland Civil Service.

When William Whitelaw arrived at Stormont Castle to take command as the first Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, Holden was summoned to his side, along with Harold Black, the veteran Cabinet Secretary, and his assistant, Ken Bloomfield, to form an influential triad of loyal policy advisers.

As Whitelaw began the drive to contain the escalating terrorist violence and stimulate a political accommodation, these three teased out the implications and de-



Invisible behind Whitelaw's charismatic presence, Holden played a key role in paving the way for the Sunningdale Agreement of 1973

tails of a series of options and laid out a political map which set the agenda for several fruitless rounds of political negotiations over future years. In fact their map remained effectively unchanged and unannounced until the Belfast Agreement of 1998.

Immediately after direct rule, but invisible behind the scenes, Holden played a key role in paving the way for the ground-breaking, but doomed, Sunningdale Agreement of 1973, jointly chaired by the talks steering group with a senior official from Dublin.

His role in the final crisis of his career is shrouded in controversy. As the Ulster Work-

ers Council general strike began to bite in May 1974, and the pioneering but precarious power-sharing executive began to wobble, some of the beleaguered ministers — particularly within the nationalist SDLP — still believe that Holden was one of the senior officials sympathetic to old Unionism, who helped undermine them by withdrawing support as the power supply ran down and the threat of raw sewage flooding the streets became a real one. One minister said later that the publicly discreet officials were "clapping in their minds" when the executive collapsed. Holden publicly defended himself and his colleagues from this charge say-

ing that they had made no political comments, offered no political advice and had never issued an ultimatum of any kind. This version is supported by other ministers who played their own part in the crisis.

When Holden retired in 1976, he finally returned to live in England, settling in Salisbury, Wiltshire, but he retained his links with the province for a time as director of the Ulster Office in London. His retirement marked the end of an era. Knighted in 1972, Holden was the quintessential English gentleman, and archetypal grey manderin (with an unlikely penchant for quoting chunks of P.G. Wodehouse).

Not for him the high-profile public role that his equivalents enjoy today. Former colleagues variously remember him as remote, aloof, even as a "cold fish", but there is unanimity that, despite his "old school ways" he was the consummate administrator.

He is survived by his wife, Elizabeth Jane, and two daughters.

Chris Ryder

David Charles Beresford Holden, civil servant, born November 10, 1913; died 31 August, 1998

Faith to Faith

A new church for the millennium?

James O'Connell

A T Columbia University in 1966, a distinguished sociologist of religion, Thomas O'Dea, told me: "Ten years from now, scholars will not ask why the Catholic Church has changed so much. They will wonder how a Church managed to keep the modern world at bay for so long with structures that are autocratic, attitudes that distrust scholarship, and forms of worship that have not come to terms with television." I agreed with him. We were both wrong about the timing. It is easier, however, to get the timing of change wrong than to be wrong about the inevitability of change.

What will the Church be like in 2020? If the present structures of the Church are unlikely to go on surviving the impact of modernity, many would prefer that 20 years from now we still had a centrally controlled Church of maintenance. The Church would simply manage decline in Western countries; it would fail to consolidate gains made in African and Asian countries as it is today unable to consolidate historical achievements in Latin America. However, that situation is extremely unlikely.

Global and instant communications, challenges from scholars, divisions among the clergy, and the arrival of new old cultures would split a Church of maintenance apart.

What then might happen? A future Church will have multiple liturgies, worship will be much less verbal and more broadly symbolic, and music will mix the traditional and the

new. While the Eucharist will remain central, liturgies will have multiplied ethnically and culturally.

Witness will face a two-fold task. First, it will have to take on the intellectual challenges that come from science, history and philosophy. Second, witness will have to explore means of loving our neighbours and ourselves.

On the one hand, it will need to renounce moralism in personal relations and enter dialogue with contemporaries on where personal integrity lies. On the other hand, witness has to broker ideas, inspire social prophets and encourage volunteers.

Organisationally, the Church will have to cope with

The answer is a gentle move to renewal through collaborative work

losing its tight discipline. It will however go on having a professional clergy. Unlike those in the present structures, the new professionals will be celibate and non-celibate either full-time, part-time, permanent or temporary. Women clerics will flourish.

A collaborative and thoughtful Church may exist, in which clerics work closely with lay persons and scholars receive support as they explore doctrine, liturgies experiment and social activists are supported in their work. But, second, we may have a Church in which authority is accepted only by a

small group of traditionalists, pluralism in worship has degenerated into co-existence of extravaganzas of the moment and mummified historical rituals, national churches that have lost the spirit of Christ cannot be helped, married clerics retain the roles of present-day clerics, women priests have become mirror images of their male counterparts, and the rich split the Eucharistic community as some were doing when Paul denounced them at Corinth.

What might prevent the existing tight-knit Catholic Church from degenerating into a Church in increasing disarray that upholds a teaching fraying at the ends, contains liturgies following fashion at the expense of devotion and has lost control over a clerical and lay intelligentsia insensitive to ecclesial history?

The answer is, I believe, a gentle but immediate move to a Church of renewal through collaborative work that broadens decision-making so that local appointments and decisions are taken over from Rome while the papacy retains crucial residual powers. From good praying, thinking and organising will come a catechumenate for young and old, professional and lay, that lasts a lifetime. Not least, teaching in a Church of love that relies on the Holy Spirit can be oriented towards the freedom that Christ won and not funnelled towards rigid moralism laid down by old men afraid of change.

James O'Connell is Professor Emeritus of Peace Studies at Bradford University.

Douglas Gordon

Putting the facts into film

DOUGLAS Gordon, the gifted documentary film producer, who has died aged 68, directed and produced 62 films altogether. Many of them were complex, some of broad interest — and, together, they won 80 awards at European and American film festivals. Douglas Gordon was a craftsman, and one of the few remaining links with the original British documentary tradition.

He fell in love with cinema aged seven, when he was given an 8mm home movie projector. But his experience of the big screen was confined to Leeds' Tadler news cinema until he was 15, when he was allowed to see a feature film for the first time.

His father was a Leeds doctor and Douglas was educated at Leeds Grammar School and at University College London, where he read history. At 18, he discovered documentary film through the writings of the Scottish film-maker John Grierson, and co-founded the UCL film society, which not only viewed films but made them.

On his first summer vacation, in France with his family, he contracted polio, which left him severely disabled. Walking became hard for him, yet despite a lifetime of pain and discomfort, his disability never diminished his enthusiasm for life or film.

In 1952, he joined the BBC TV film library, later becoming

ing a film editor. Two years later, he joined the Shell Film Unit, working with Bert Haanstra. It was a congenial place with many creative people, and two distinct cultural strands, shaped by the editorial tradition of Stuart Legg, Arthur Elton's "aesthetic of clarity" — the clean, economical expository process; and the more emotive treatment of global topics — disease, irrigation, food shortages, pestilence.

The first film Douglas directed was *The Ruthless One*, about the anatomy of the ravaging desert locust. It won first prize at the 1956 International Scientific Film Congress in Rome. By then he was in south-east Asia, directing a film on Asian energy resources for the United Nations. Three years later, he set up a film unit in Lagos and spent four years training now-prominent Nigerian film-makers.

There followed seven years in London as executive producer to the Shell Film Unit, and 19 films, before he went freelance in 1970. Despite a growing loss of mobility, he went on to produce some 30 more films, including four long documentaries on the ecology of America, its native peoples and its inventors.

Douglas would tackle a subject and deftly reduce it to logical and cinematic sense. But he was always a hands-on producer, scripting many of his films himself and working



Against the odds... film-maker Douglas Gordon

closely with director or editor at every stage. Many of the films he produced in Britain are in the National Film Archive.

He was a cheerful, warm-hearted man who owed much to his close-knit family: his wife Sheila, now a practising psychotherapist, whom he met at university, and the son and daughter who work in music and the theatre. He loved travel, good food and

entertaining. His love of music showed in his films, and he commissioned music from several young British and European composers.

He is survived by his family.

Michael Clarke

John Douglas Gordon, documentary film producer, born December 31, 1929; died August 19, 1998

Letter

Guy Bonitas writes: Baroness Denington (*obituary August 27*) was in recent years one of our members in Hove Labour Party. I had brought Margaret Beckett's call for grassroots action back from the 1992 Conference and a small group of us had begun to implement it with a help centre and numerous small, very visible campaigns. Our banner was seen everywhere. The Old Guard hated it.

And our members? Evelyn and her husband Cecil visited us during the European election campaign for a coffee and a chat. We were a bit daunted by the great Labour woman, but she stopped me telling her about our recent progress with the words that she always read my branch agendas and minutes avidly, and we were doing a good job and should do more. Support indeed, neither more nor less conservative. Hove misses her.

CORRECTIONS AND CLARIFICATIONS

IN NET NOTES, Page 3, G2, August 10, on Colonel Gadhafi, we said "He runs everything through his own hand" and "direct appeals to the masses". The phrase, which the head of the Libyan Interests Section of the Saudi Arabian Embassy in London found offensive, was taken from the American website quoted at the end of the piece and, in our use, was intended to be ironic. Our notes also said, "Burkina Faso, Chad, Mali, Niger, Sudan, Guinea-Bissau, and the president of the world" the Colonel is chums with them all." Mrs Komare, the

president's wife, went to Tripoli at the beginning of August as her husband's emissary at a time when Colonel Gadhafi was recovering from a broken hip after a fall in early July. She was received by Colonel Gadhafi and his wife. Our notes contained a gratuitous innuendo for which we apologise.

IN AN article headed, On with the war, Pages 6 and 7, G2, August 20, the author said, "Even now I can recognise fighter aircraft of the second world war..." He then gave a list, which included the

Junkers 88 and the Heinkel 111, both bombers not fighters. The Gloster Meteor did not fly as a combat aircraft in the second world war.

It is the policy of the Guardian to correct errors as soon as possible. Please quote date and page number. Readers may contact the Readers' Editor by telephoning 0171 239 5889 between 11am and 5pm, Monday to Friday. Surface mail to Readers' Editor, The Guardian, 119, Finsbury Road, London EC2R 2ER. Fax: 0171 239 9897. E-mail: reader@guardian.co.uk

Weekend Birthdays

INFAMOUS he isn't — even though he is the only man to have been disqualified from all events at Wimbledon after he whacked a ball girl in a doubles match three years ago. Famous he is — as the only True Brit to have made the world's Top 10 (sorry Greg) since rankings began a quarter of a century ago.

Back at the All England Club in much happier circumstances this summer, Tim Henman — 24 tomorrow — came close to answering a nation's prayers when he reached the men's singles semi-finals. It took five times winner Pete Sampras to stop the Oxfordshire lad.

A classic serve-volleyer Henman has the perfect pedigree; his great grandmother was the first woman to serve overarm at the Championships. Though he may still lack the consistency and the



finish that mark the superstar, luminaries such as John McEnroe and Sampras are on the record as saying that Henman possesses the game to be a Wimbledon champion. Time is still on his side.

Today's birthdays: Dr Aileen Adams, anaesthetist, 75; Malcolm Allison, former football manager, 71; Meg Beresford, former general secretary, CND, 61; David Brabham, racing driver, 38; Johnny Briggs, actor, 58; Dick Clement, film director and scriptwriter, Tracy Edwards, yachtswoman, 38; Dr David Fensay, vice-chancellor, Friesworth University, 55; Dame Elizabeth Hadeney-Miller, former senior civil servant, 75; Margaret Howell, fashion designer, 52; Prof Julian Hunt, chief executive, Meteorological Office, 57; Albert Mangelsdorff, jazz trombonist, composer, 70; Doreen Massey, president, Family Planning Association, 60; Kevin McNamara, Labour MP, 64; Bob Newhart, actor and comedian, 68; Mark Ramprakash, cricketer, 29; Jean Rankine,

museum curator, 57; Al Stewart, rock musician, 53; Raquel Welch, actress, 58; Prof Sir Denys Wilkinson, nuclear physicist, 75.

Tomorrow's other birthdays: Brian Booth, vice-chancellor, University of Central Lancashire, 56; Bixton Burns, Conservative MP, 46; Sheridan Cantacuzino, architectural critic, 70; Sir Desmond Christopher, former master, Magdalene College, Cambridge, 85; Tony Clarke, Labour MP, 35; Richard Hinton, editor, the Cricketer, 56; Roger Knight, secretary, MCC, 52; Roger Law, puppeteer, 57; Claire Martin, jazz singer, 31; Sir Colin McColl, "C", former head of MI6, 66; Pat Nevins, footballer, 38; Sir James Stablesfield, geologist, 97; Jackie Truett, singer, songwriter, 58.

Death Notices

CHADG, The Rev. Canon Leonard, who served the parish of St Leonard's, Downham, died peacefully aged 70, at his home, 10, The Priory, on September 3, with his wife, Susan, and his three children, Janet, Susan and Michael, by his side. A service of thanksgiving for his life and ministry will be held at his home, 10, The Priory, at 1.30pm on Saturday, September 19.

SOFTLEY, Fred, of Bathurst, Cambridgeshire, died peacefully at his home, 10, The Priory, on September 3, with his wife, Susan, and his three children, Janet, Susan and Michael, by his side. A service of thanksgiving for his life and ministry will be held at his home, 10, The Priory, at 1.30pm on Saturday, September 19.

A Country Diary

DERBYSHIRE: What remains of the Cromford Canal is one of the best wildlife sites in the area. Originally planned to link the East Midlands and Manchester, by-passing the Trent and Mersey Canal in 1900 the Butterley Tunnel collapsed and was never repaired. A five-and-a-half-mile linear pond, some of it is so shallow that Moorhens can cross without the need to swim.

Although I walked part of its length, the best wildlife watching is done while standing still. A fallen tree, leaving

two trunks spanning the canal, offered a good spot. A common hawk dragonfly picked up a fly which moments earlier had been sunbathing. Then I noticed a small pike, motionless amongst the pond weed. Observing it from above for several minutes, I began to wonder if my eyes were playing tricks. Was it a pike, or just a dead rook or branch? A young jogger came along the towpath. Thud, thud, pike gone.

This site is renowned for its population of water voles, a

species in severe decline. I saw my first one here, back in the mid 1970's. Today was more difficult. I heard one feeding, but in my attempts to see it amongst the reed sweet-grass, disturbed it. A loud plup, and the animal vanished.

Also in abundance were families of little grebes or dabchicks. The dabchicks and moorhen young provide food for the large pike population in the canal. Frogs and tadpoles probably supplement their diet in early spring.

PETE BOWLER

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Chernomyrdin's rescue plan for rouble emulates Argentinian model

Radical remedy for Russia

James Meek in Moscow and Alex Brummer

THE Russian prime minister-designate, Victor Chernomyrdin, yesterday unveiled a radical plan to halt the country's slide back into hyperinflation with a proposal to create an Argentinian-style currency board which would bring an end to the rouble's fall.

His move came as foreign exchange markets continued to offload roubles for hard currencies, driving the exchange rate down 21 per cent in Moscow trading to 16.99 to the dollar.

The rouble has tumbled 63 per cent since August 17, when Russia abandoned any efforts to support the currency and declared a moratorium on its debt repayments.

Under the Chernomyrdin proposal, more money would be printed and the rouble would be allowed to go into free-fall before a currency board — which would link the rouble directly to a hard currency like the dollar — was created.

"We will let the rouble rate go," Mr Chernomyrdin said yesterday. "The dollar is rising, the rouble is becoming weaker. People are buying matches, buckwheat and

sugar." He proposes to use some of the new cash created to pay outstanding public-sector wages.

In his address to the Russian Federal Council, Mr Chernomyrdin proposed a confused combination of "economic dictatorship", tax cuts, printing money and a rigid currency board-style link between the value of the rouble and the central bank's gold and hard currency reserves.

The address confirmed that Mr Chernomyrdin has only the vaguest understanding of economics and that his core credo is the necessity for him to hang on as prime minister. His views were an attempt to bridge the divide among the group of bureaucrats, acting ministers and foreign advisers trying to formulate a way out of the country's mess.

One faction, led by Boris Fyodorov, the orthodox monetarist who served as finance minister in a previous Chernomyrdin government, wants to implement a ruthless campaign of bankruptcies, privatisations and budget cuts.

He is also thought to oppose increasing the amount of roubles in circulation as a means of paying off wage arrears and inter-enterprise debts. His faction wants to see a strong rouble — perhaps even the introduction of a currency board along the lines of

that introduced by Domingo Cavallo in Argentina.

The rival group argues that inflation is inevitable, the cash-dry economy is being throttled by lack of liquidity, and the price-rises which would accompany an outpouring of roubles into the economy would be outweighed by the resumption of normal business. Debts would be cleared, banks would begin to work again and the barrier economy would be driven back into the shadows.

What is baffling about Mr Chernomyrdin's far from complete précis of the scolding government's thinking is that he appeared to advocate both a printing of money and a currency board, or something like it.

One might conjecture that a two-stage approach. In the next few months, extra roubles would be released into circulation, clearing debts, restarting the economy and stabilising inflation.

Then, on January 1, a currency board would be introduced, together with "economic dictatorship" — much stricter enforcement of bankruptcies and state confiscation of debtors' assets. Prices would then stabilise. The date may signify that the euro, rather than the less politically acceptable dollar, will be the anchor currency.

Analysis/The actions of a currency board could push patient populace over the edge, writes Alex Brummer

THE clear attraction of the currency board to the Russian authorities is its simplicity. It is a mechanism, with legal status, that prevents governments from printing notes or issuing bills unless they are backed by hard currency reserves or gold.

Judging by experience from Hong Kong to Argentina, here may be an institution capable of stabilising the rouble, reversing the tendency to hyperinflation and offering the possibility of keeping borrowed or earned foreign currency in the country.

Among Russia's neighbours in the Baltic area it assisted in the creation of stability after the breakup of the former Soviet Union, helping them to establish the credibility of their currencies and reduce inflation.

For Argentina in 1991 it was the weapon that defeated hyperinflation, which had been running at 1,350 per cent per annum.

But Estonia, Argentina

and Bulgaria are not economies which equate to Russia's. Russia is not suffering from hyperinflation — in the past four years under IMF tutelage it has been wringing inflation out of the system, leaving output to shrink by 40 per cent. Moscow has not yet entered the wheelbarrows-of-cash stage.

Structurally, however, a currency board would be dangerous. Its logic is that the natural response to capital outflows is to shrink the supply of money, which sends interest rates soaring. The effect of this on a fragile financial system and a populace already suffering social dislocation would be horrendous.

Because of the limits imposed on the creation of credit, a currency board would make it almost impossible to finance public deficits.

Allowing a currency board to control Russia's credit supply would create the most horrendous economic conditions, which

could push a patient populace over the edge.

Even if it decided to go ahead with such a programme, it would have to be accompanied by other reforms. An end would have to be brought to the harter economy through monetarisation of all transactions and almost certainly a hefty devaluation of the rouble — beyond that which has taken place — would be necessary.

As far as one can tell, Russia's currency reserves have been almost exhausted by counteracting speculation before the rouble was allowed to fall and because of the hard-currency outflows. Many of the hard-currency payments for oil and other commodities which should be flowing into Russia's reserves never make it — they are hived off into Swiss bank accounts, London real estate and offshore accounts, and elsewhere.

It would be possible for the West to create new hard reserves, with a tranche of cash from the IMF or G7 countries, but they would need to be confident that the board was a genuine reform, not a short-term expedient which would be abandoned as soon as interest rates soared.

Saturday Notebook

Getting back into control



Mark Milner

ONE of the first acts of the Thatcher administration in 1979 was to lift exchange controls in Britain. Though such things are hard to quantify, there must be a question mark over whether the City of London would have maintained its power and prestige as a financial centre if controls had not been lifted for, say, another 10 years.

It was a boon, too, for the growing numbers of holiday makers heading for the beaches of southern Europe. Those old enough might care to dig out the faded black passports and, after a good laugh at the photograph, turn to the space at the back where bank clerks inscribed the amount of foreign exchange you were taking out of the country. These days it would barely buy a cup of coffee in Venice's St Mark's Square.

The changes fitted the spirit of the new administration, sweeping away state controls, privatising state industries, allowing private enterprise to flourish and deregulation to bold sway.

As John Gapper and Nicholas Denton note in their chronicle of the fall of Barings, All That Glitters, the bank's then boss, Peter Barings, could tell a stock exchange conference in Mexico in 1994 that the flow of capital from one country to another was "the natural order of things". It was a creative process which had only been interrupted by "long, painful and ultimately unsuccessful experiment with socialism".

Within the year Barings had been brought down by a rogue trader, while Mexico's financial system had been hit by a crisis based on the ability of capital to flow out of the country at least as fast, if not faster, than it had flowed in.

Such irony was not lost on those who pondered the logic of, for example, the foreign exchange market where currencies rose or fell apparently on the whim of the big players in the currency market.

They questioned the economic value of a system which could damage a country's economy by pushing its currency around yet appeared to add little economic value. Only a relatively small percentage of deals in the world's foreign exchange markets actually involved "end users" — customers who needed to switch currencies to buy goods or pay workers and suppliers.

THERE had been talk of a tax on forex dealings to deter what was often seen as purely speculative activity. Black Wednesday in October 1992, when both the pound and the Italian lira were blown out of the exchange rate mechanism, only reinforced criticisms of the system. This time, however, was not just a question of economic damage. The political aspirations of two governments were seen to have been thwarted by foreign exchange speculators.

There had been efforts to limit other markets. In the wake of the 1987 market crash, the US authorities tried to curb what were regarded as excessive price movements. The Japanese

also tried to rein back the derivatives market after it came to believe that events there were increasing the volatility on the Tokyo stock market.

Opponents of deregulation were greeted with a version of Mrs Thatcher's dictum that "you can't buck the markets". Curbs in one country's jurisdiction would simply drive trading elsewhere; in a technological age, markets were accessible to anyone with the right equipment, and central regulation was another's opportunity to expand.

More fundamentally, supporters argued that not only were markets powerful and mobile, they were also right. If countries ran their economies properly, there would be no opportunities for speculators to mount their often destructive attacks. The ERM sustained heavy damage in 1992, and again in 1993, because its members were steering their currencies towards convergence at a time when several economies were going in the opposite direction.

There the matter has pretty much rested, with the proponents of deregulation occupying the high ground. But events in Asia and Russia have reopened the debate. In each case there is an argument for saying the speculators have simply punished bad behaviour by Thailand's banks, by South Korea's *chaebol*, by Russia's inadequate governmental infrastructure and the reluctance of big business to pay tax.

SIMILARLY, in the corporate sector it was said that management had been allowed to take a low share price which meant vulnerability to takeover. Only academics and a few disgruntled shareholders wondered much about whether the cure was that much of an improvement on the illness.

Now governments are beginning to wonder if they should allow the speculators to kick sand in their faces.

Malaysia has almost halted trading in the ringgit. In Hong Kong the authorities, having tried to take on the speculators at the end of the market, have brought in trading curbs to try to stack the deck against the speculators. This week there were suggestions of limits within which the dollar, the yen and the pound should be allowed to fluctuate against each other, a kind of global ERM.

However, Malaysia's move strengthened the ringgit but trashed the stock market. The Hong Kong authorities may or may not beat the speculators, but if they do, it is likely to be at a high price. Investors in general may decide Hong Kong is a place to be avoided.

It is hard to see how banding the world's leading currencies would defend them, who would defend them?

But, rightly or wrongly, politicians and voters are increasingly impatient with the financial markets. Having away the Thai baht may not count too much (except to a number of Asian economies), but when the turbulence takes the starch out of Wall Street and London, then the capital flows. This time, however, was not just a question of economic damage. The political aspirations of two governments were seen to have been thwarted by foreign exchange speculators.

There had been efforts to limit other markets. In the wake of the 1987 market crash, the US authorities tried to curb what were regarded as excessive price movements. The Japanese

BAT subsidiary is accused of illegal cover-up in US

Mark Tran in New York

BROWN & Williamson, a subsidiary of the British conglomerate BAT, may have broken the law by urging tobacco executives to hold back internal documents sought in lawsuits, according to the US Justice Department.

The new attack by government prosecutors comes in a sealed court brief as the two sides argue over access to documents. The Justice Department is citing a rule known as the crime-fraud exception, which nullifies lawyer-client privilege if there is evidence that lawyers may have participated in a crime.

The department is pursuing criminal investigations against several leading US tobacco companies. The case against Brown & Williamson is said to be the most advanced. The government is focusing on whether the company lied to the Food and Drug Administration and other government agencies about its use of a high-nicotine tobacco leaf and its manipulation of nicotine levels in cigarettes.

Tobacco lawyers have come under special scrutiny because they played an essential role in company strategy over the release of information on health risks.

Liggett Group, which broke ranks with the industry by making a separate deal with plaintiffs, has waived its client-lawyer privileges. A former lawyer with the company, Lawrence Meyer, is involved in discussions about co-operating with government legal officers.

Legal arguments over lawyer-client privilege reflect the industry's determination to hang on to internal documents that may show the direct involvement of in-house lawyers and outside law firms in sensitive research about smoking and health, in delaying compliance with requests for evidence and in arguing against disclosures to government regulators.

Earlier this year, the Supreme Court declined to intervene in a Minnesota civil suit, resulting in the release of 39,000 documents which Brown & Williamson and other companies sought to withhold, citing lawyer-client privilege.

Strong pound takes its toll on Fortnum & Mason

FORTNUM & MASON, the posh grocers in Piccadilly, yesterday became the latest company in a row to warn that its profits will be hit by the strong pound.

Chairman GH Weston said he expected "a likely decline in contribution from exports as sterling remains strong" and that the results for the current financial year were "even more dependent on a successful Christmas trading period".

A fall in sales has been exacerbated by disruption caused by the store's redevelopment, which had reduced selling space.

As a result, the full-year profits — before exceptional items — had tumbled from £2.8 million to £1.72 million.

Outside the Christmas period the growth in sales to UK customers was offset by the fall in those to overseas visitors, sales for the year increased by 2.1 per cent.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KIPPA MATTHEWS



S stands for slower car sales

Nicholas Barnister, Chief Business Correspondent

CAR sales in August, boosted by the introduction of the first "S" registration plates, were the second-highest monthly figure on record. But the motor industry had been expecting to break the record 525,539 registrations achieved in August last year.

The 505,312 registrations this August were 3.8 per cent below last year's record. Overall registrations for the year so far are 3.9 per cent up on last year, however.

Carmakers blamed worries

about the economy, stock market turmoil and job cuts for customer caution. They feared that monthly sales will deteriorate during the rest of the year.

"There's been some slowing-down of the market during the past few months, although the cumulative total by the end of 1998 is likely to be higher," said Roger King of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders.

"The economic cycle is going to cause some concern, but the motor industry seems to have defied gravity and has done well, even in the export markets. Towards the end of the year, however, it will be

extremely difficult to maintain this."

Car sales have traditionally been higher in August because it is the month the new number-plate letter for the year is introduced. But from now on, the letter will change every six months in an attempt to spread demand more evenly over the year.

Sales of Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars, which had been hit by the introduction of new models and the battle for control of the company, showed a slight improvement. Last month, 112 of the luxury cars were sold, compared with 93 in August last year.

The August registration fig-

Marques of success

January to August 1998 registrations

1 Ford Escort	91,417
2 Ford Fiesta	89,576
3 Ford Mondeo	76,875
4 Vauxhall Vectra	68,369
5 Renault Megane	66,121
6 Vauxhall Corsa	56,336
7 Peugeot 306	55,800
8 Vauxhall Astra	53,077
9 Rover 200	50,981
10 Rover 400	44,567

Source: SMMT

American suitor lights on TLG with £321m bid

Lisa Buckingham City Editor

A £321 MILLION takeover bid was launched yesterday for TLG, formerly Thorn Lighting Group. This would bring to an abrupt end four years as an independent business after its demerger from Thorn EM.

The company, whose products helped illuminate this summer's World Cup matches, joined the stock market in 1994. Shares bobbed above the 15p flotation price only after it revealed in August that it had received a takeover approach. Yesterday they jumped by 17½p to 167p, some 7p above the offer price.

Cooper Industries, the American bidder whose brands include Luminix, Halo and Metalux, said the acquisition would make it a world leader in lighting fixtures with about £1 billion of sales. The company is selling its automotive businesses, which include Champion

spark-plugs, for \$1.9 billion. Managers, led by chairman Hamish Bryce, with share nearly £2 million on their shareholdings in addition to substantial windfall gains on share options. But Wassall, the mini-conglomerate which has a 14 per cent shareholding may yet spoil the party.

TLG's financial adviser, Dresdner Kleinwort Benson, is believed to have lured the company around other potential bidders before the Cooper offer was supported. Advisers to Cooper yesterday snapped up more than 5 per cent of TLG's shares in the market.

Wassall, which stands to make a hefty profit on its shares, could try to enhance this surplus by declining Cooper's current offer or even mounting a counter-attack of its own. One City analyst said the TLG share price indicated hopes of a counter-bid although he thought it unlikely, even though the offer was not a "crack-out".

TLG notched up sales of nearly £383 million and profits of almost £25 million in the

year to March. But the group has been struggling to cope with weak European sales growth and, although the business was restructured, notably in the large German and French markets, the reputation of the company's management has been tarnished.

Some job losses are expected as a result of the deal but Cooper said there was little overlap between the two groups, which is likely to restrict the attrition. Instead, the US group expects savings to come from reducing TLG's corporate overheads as well as rationalising sales and administration.

Mr Bryce, a former Scottish rugby international, will leave after three months at Cooper's request and only a "core" of other directors will remain. He said: "We believe that this is a good offer for shareholders, customers, employees and long-term suppliers. We believe that there are strong commercial attractions in combining with Cooper."

David Brown sold for £195m

Lisa Buckingham City Editor

DAVID Brown, the engineering group which used to own the exclusive Aston Martin marque, yesterday succumbed to a £194.5 million takeover bid.

The acquisition by Textron, a large American industrial group, comes just six years after David Brown was floated on the stock market, having been in family hands for more than 125 years.

Chris Cook, chairman of the ambitious gears and pumps company, said the acquisition by Textron, whose manufacturing business ranges from car parts to Cessna aircraft, would help international expansion.

David Brown has been acquisitive, but Mr Cook said the company did not have sufficient firepower to fully exploit overseas opportunities.

Textron is offering 29p a share for the company, whose interim profits rose from £7.9 million to £9.1 million.

The bid represents an 83 per cent premium on the share price before the Huddersfield-based company admitted it was in takeover talks.

The addition of David Brown, which makes gears used in industrial machinery and trains as well as manufacturing pumps for the oil industry, will almost double Textron's earnings from fluid and power systems to \$1 billion (£600 million).

Lewis Campbell, chief executive of Textron, said he saw David Brown as a "cornerstone business" for the group. David Brown has been regarded as a takeover candidate for several months and analysts had regarded industrial conglomerate BTR as another possible bidder.

Mr Cook and Chris Brown, who staged the 1990 management buy-in which wrested control from the founding family, and other directors have agreed to sell their shares to Textron, which said yesterday it now speaks for 29.7 per cent of the David Brown share capital.

Heffers on offer after 122 years

ONE OF Britain's most famous bookellers was yesterday put up for sale for the first time in its 122-year history.

Heffers has been an institution in Cambridge since it opened its first bookshop in the university city in 1876.

Company chairman Nicholas Heffer, great-grandson of the firm's founder, William Heffer, says he wants to retire in the near future and has no relatives who want to take over.

The company's 300-plus staff were told of the decision today. Bosses say they hope to sell the company as a unit, keeping the name and avoiding any redundancies.

"We are confident of a smooth and effective transition," Mr Heffer said. "Our priority is to select a new owner who will be sensitive to the history and reputation of Heffers and recognise the very individual nature of our business."

"We do have the great satisfaction of knowing that each of the four generations of the family has added to the success of the company. We are able to sell on a thriving business, selling over a million books a year."

The company's flagship store is in Trinity Street, Cambridge. Heffers also has other shops in the city and a store in Northampton.

Bosses have put no price tag on the store but say that they are expecting great interest from prospective buyers.

Top guns at the hard sell

As the captains of the British arms industry gather to press the flesh at the Farnborough air show, **David Gow** and **Richard Norton-Taylor** ask if they can remain combat-ready

THE cream of British industry will be on display at its most flamboyant showcase next week, the biennial Farnborough International Air Show, at which it will seek to prove to more than 1,000 companies from 40 countries that Britain is still good at manufacturing and exporting goods.

At the world's largest temporary exhibition top salesmen from the UK's £15 billion a year aerospace industry will join their European partners, American rivals and their allies in vying for a slice of record orders, said to be worth up to £10 billion.

As shiny prototypes and updated versions of 189 aircraft, including 25 making their debut, flaunt their hi-tech prowess over the sprawling airfield, corporate executives will be negotiating from dawn to dusk over multi-million-pound deals and about the industry's future.

Britain, with Germany, Italy and Spain, will daily parade the new multi-role combat jet, Eurofighter, rebranded only this week as Typhoon, in the drive to acquire half a world export market worth up to \$70 billion over the next 20 years.

George (Lord) Simpson, GEC's managing director, stressed the scale of next week's behind-the-scenes discussions. "Every chief executive from every significant world player will be talking to each other. My diary typically starts at 5am and finishes at midnight."

Britons, French and German executives will be arguing the toss with Italian, Spanish and Swedish colleagues over how best to

bring about the radical shake-up their governments say is essential to compete with the Americans.

A "big bang" merger, perhaps, of the kind promoted this week by John Weston, British Aerospace's new chief executive? Or a series of sectoral alliances or joint ventures, as favoured by France? Western defence companies have the capacity to produce far more weapons than they can export. Facing increased competition, European companies and governments are bestowing to realise that there is no alternative but for them to join forces.

No longer can Europe afford to maintain 10 separate companies making combat aircraft and helicopters, four producing battle-tanks, 12 making missiles and 37 — against two in the US — producing armoured cars.

BAe has already taken a stake in Sweden's Saab Aerospace, and GKN, which owns Westland, recently reached an agreement with Italy's Augusta to produce helicopters. BAe, Aérospatiale of France, Dasa of Germany, and Casa of Spain have proposed a consortium, Euroco.

France's partial privatisation of Aérospatiale has eased the way for Europe's creation, but British and German executives will insist in their head to head talks next week that it should be sold off.

George Robertson, the Defence Secretary, warned earlier this year that without "restructuring", Europe's defence industry would not survive in a US-dominated market. But Whitehall says it is up to companies rather than governments to decide how they should co-operate.

Corporate chiefs, however,



An RAF Tornado at a Saudi airbase during the Gulf war. The region is a key market for British weaponry

PHOTOGRAPH: BOB DAUGHERTY

are wary of gangling up against the US.

Behind the scenes, too, the British industry is grappling with a changed political environment. Robin Cook's "ethical" foreign policy has put the spotlight on arms exports — as has concern and increasing militancy among shareholders — as witnessed at yesterday's GEC meeting.

Already 300,000 jobs have been lost in Britain, and BAe

recently announced it was considering the closure of the ammunition business of Royal Ordnance, with a potential loss of 4,000 jobs.

But the Government remains gungho. Earlier this year, Robertson congratulated the industry for exporting \$5.5 billion worth of arms, a 10 per cent increase on the 1996 figure and maintaining its role as the world's second-largest arms exporter, punch-

ing above its weight with a 20 per cent share of a \$40 billion market.

In its recent strategic defence review, the Government describes the arms industry as "outstandingly successful and a vital national asset", providing jobs for over 400,000 people. According to City analysts, defence exports — with commercial aerospace — are Britain's largest single manufacturing activity.

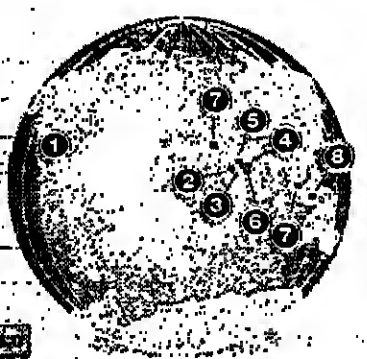
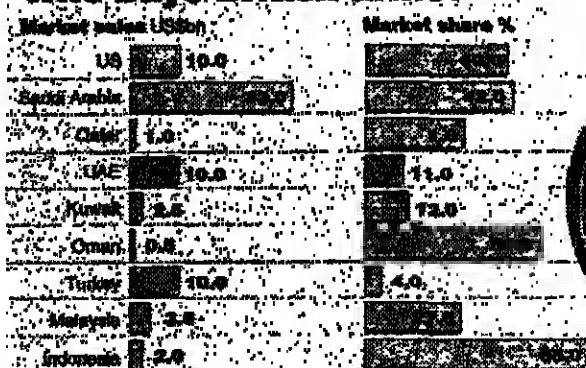
When hidden government subsidies for sales promotion, credit guarantees and commissions are taken into account, more than 40 per cent of the value of UK arms production is exported. Moreover, companies have benefited from profit margins of up to 20 per cent on exports, compared with 8 per cent on Ministry of Defence sales.

Yet the new rules contained a fundamental contradiction for Cook's ethical foreign policy. It was to be carried out by diplomats whose job it is to promote exports. Indeed, Cook appeared to recognise the contradiction, saying that "the Government is committed to the maintenance of a strong defence industry, which is a strategic part of our industrial base..."

Naturally the biggest market for arms is where the risk of conflict is greatest. Last month, Saferworld, an independent think-tank, reported that the Government had approved 3,000 licences for arms exports to countries which should be barred.

As yet unpublished figures for the United Nations Register of Conventional Arms show Britain last year sold 23

Who buys British arms?



outweighed... by concern that the goods might be used for internal oppression or international aggression, or by the risks to regional stability or other considerations."

Yet the new rules contained a fundamental contradiction for Cook's ethical foreign policy. It was to be carried out by diplomats whose job it is to promote exports. Indeed, Cook appeared to recognise the contradiction, saying that "the Government is committed to the maintenance of a strong defence industry, which is a strategic part of our industrial base..."

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As yet unpublished figures for the United Nations Register of Conventional Arms show Britain last year sold 23

armoured combat vehicles and 4 Hawk aircraft to Indonesia. More Hawks are on their way at a time when Britain's credit-guarantee exposure for arms to Indonesia totals \$948 million.

The figures show how important the Gulf remains for arms: last year Britain also supplied 338 missiles to the Arab Emirates, 72 armoured vehicles to Kuwait and 4 warships to Qatar, but with the fall in oil prices, the market will also get tougher.

By far the biggest single market over the next five years will be Saudi Arabia, accounting for up to 62 per cent of Riyadh buys the Typhoon, according to analysts Charterhouse Tilney.

Vickers, meanwhile, hopes to follow up its sale of Challenger 2 tanks to Oman with exports to Qatar, Turkey, Greece, Saudi Arabia and South Africa.

As the salesmen next week show off their wares, one thing is certain: domestic politics, global geopolitics and hard-headed economics mean that the British defence and aerospace industries are entering a critical period.

Source: Charterhouse Tilney Equity Research

Shrinking market

Export value of top 10 arms exporters, US\$bn

US, France, Germany, UK, Italy, Sweden, Spain, Japan, Canada, South Korea

1992 1993 1994 1995 1996 1997

Source: Charterhouse Tilney Equity Research

Quick Crossword No. 8845

Across
1 TV zapper (6,7)
2 Tart (4)
3 In rage (5)
10 Greedy for wealth (10)
12 Unemotional (5)
14 Brigand (5)
15 Remarkable (10)
19 Peevish (5)
20 Party open (4)
21 Sausages baked in batter (4-2-3-4)

Down
1 Dig out (8)
2 Direct — dress — discipline (5)
4 Lured (7)
5 Surpass (5)
6 Treachery (7)
7 Above — finished (4)
11 Cocktail (5) — tennis lob (4,4)
13 Feeble (7)
14 Cast a spell over (7)
16 School — transport (5)
17 Attain (5)
18 Nothing (4)

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saturday

The Guardian

review

Saturday September 5 1998

So what does ex-governor of Hong Kong Chris Patten reveal in the controversial book that was too hot for Rupert Murdoch to publish? From the former colony **John Gittings** on the memoirs of a man who never lost face

I was all right, Jack

The dust will fly when Chris Patten's account of how Britain backed out of Hong Kong a year ago is published in Britain this month. East And West is the book that Rupert Murdoch reckoned would upset the applecart of his commercial interests in China; his publishing firm, HarperCollins was forced to pull out of the deal.

Political memoirs don't usually create such wide international ripples. But Our Last Men in Hong Kong's musings get a four-page going-over in the current New York Review of Books; his words are being pored over in Hong Kong; they are likely to be pirated for an edition in Beijing.

Whatever the mainland and Hong Kong Chinese make of his account of his dealings with the government in Beijing, the New York reviewer reckons that Patten, never short of a vision or two, wants to be regarded as "the Tocqueville of contemporary Asia". Though he says Patten — subject of a Jonathan Dimbleby TV series and a biography — isn't big enough to fill the French historian's boots.

In East And West: China, Power, And The Future Of Asia, Patten has produced a virtuoso polemic to explain just how China should be handled and why most people — the author excepted — have got it wrong. And he also tackles the Asian miracle.

Names are mostly not mentioned but they don't need to be. Bill Clinton gets a reprimand for his policy of constructive engagement. "What is coddling dictators, one year," says Patten acidly, "becomes the sophisticated attempt to make sense of a multi-

faceted relationship the next." In Patten's view, Tony Blair comes over as slightly naive, expecting too much of substance, to emerge from the formal contacts with Chinese leaders at the handover. No doubt the Prime Minister — who visits Beijing next month — will be pondering Patten's stern advice. "You have to be very careful not to pay a price for such a visit," he pronounces, "and then have precious little to show for it."

Patten stood firm when he visited Beijing in October 1992, after tabling his famous plan for speeding up democracy in Hong Kong. He insists that his plan was compatible with what had been agreed with China. The Chinese leadership could only object that it violated the "spirit" of the understandings. The Chinese leadership asked him to respect their face. He, quite reasonably, felt that they should allow him face, too. Instead, they played silly games with "carefully calibrated snubs". Patten went back to Hong Kong where he was denounced as the "whore of the East" and the "tango dancer" (because he had said it takes two to tango diplomatically). From then on, through very complicated negotiations which bored Patten, it was steadily downhill.

But his ire is not really directed at the Chinese, but at those in the west who don't know how to handle the Chinese. In his country retreat in France, Patten explains, he has been practising kowtowing. Banging one's head on the floor nine times takes a bit of doing. Yet senior members of the European Union, he exclaims, not only kowtow with alacrity but even ask: "Must I only bang my head on the

ground nine times? Why not 12?" Patten has his own formula for dealing with the Chinese: if face matters so much, then we should deny it to them unless they play fair. Ration the red carpet treatment; if the Chinese want our goods they'll buy them.

Life in Hong Kong has moved on a long way since last year. People there will find East And West less of a revelation. A full account of Patten's writing appeared in the Sunday Morning Post a couple of weeks ago and didn't cause any shockwaves. Joseph Cheng, the Hong Kong Chinese academic who reviewed the tome, pointed out that however brilliant Patten's strategy

looks on paper, in the end his "confrontation with China has not secured any substantial concession for Hong Kong". He also argued that Patten should have spent less time criticising Asia's authoritarian leaders, and more on how to strengthen Asian civil society.

In another Morning Post review, independent legislator Margaret Ng commented that the book reveals few secrets about Hong Kong's last years under British rule. Nor was she convinced by Patten's confidence that when Margaret Thatcher and Geoffrey Howe reached agreement with China in 1984, they really meant to bring western democracy to Hong

Kong. Here Patten is in a bind — "Don't mention the Tory ministers" — those ultimately responsible for the last 15 years of British control in Hong Kong.

Honourably, Patten believes that Hong Kong deserved better from London, and that British rule in the end "fell below the highest standards of its colonial record in the very last of its significant colonial responsibilities".

He is rightly critical of the "slithering away from the promises on democracy [in 1984]". Britain soon conceded China's argument that policies between London and Beijing for the next 15 years should "converge". From then, he con-

cludes, Britain was on a slippery slope. In a fine Pattenism he declares that "for the next dozen years, all one could hear diplomatically was the squeak and squeal of British boots trying to find a footing in the mud".

He also argues that in 1988 (when Britain backtracked — under Chinese pressure — on its promise to begin direct elections) it would have been much better to defy Beijing. "A more genuinely democratic legislature," he writes, "would have had almost a decade to establish its personality, its credentials, and its public support before the transition to Chinese rule".

Yet who, after all, if not Patten's

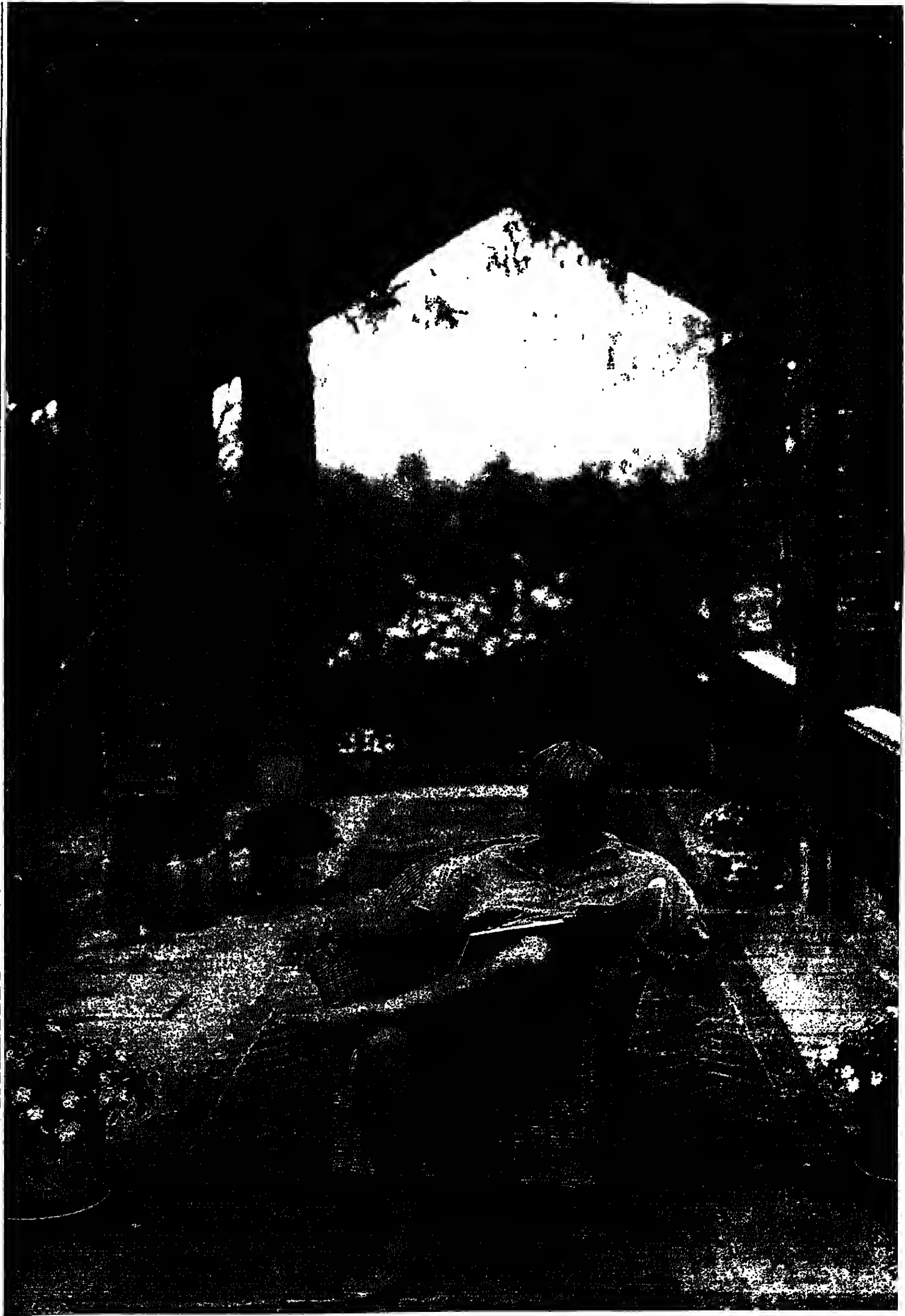
Patten... practising kowtowing in his French retreat

PHOTOGRAPH: ROBIN ALLISON SMITH

ministerial colleagues, took these mistaken decisions? The names Geoffrey Howe and Douglas Hurd do not feature in this context, nor those of Margaret Thatcher and, later on, John Major. Instead, Patten fires his sarcastic salvos at those that he regards as the real culprits, "honourable men with fine minds in London and Hong Kong who had been trained over many years to know what was best for those who they ruled".

So the Hong Kong establishment was to blame,

page 14





Led Zeppelin... lead balloon? Robert Plant (left) and Jimmy Page played Reading last weekend to less than glowing reviews

Should dinosaurs of rock declare themselves extinct?

Yes **No**

Gavin Reeve
Editor
Smash Hits



Phil May
Lead singer
Pretty Things



Dear Mr May, Sorry for the formal greeting, but we were brought up properly here at Smash Hits. Plus, my dad forced me the Stooges, Otis Redding, and the Pretty Things at an early age so I can't be too rude. Do you still have the longest hair in Britain? To the point, Phil, touring at your age? The Guinness Rocklopedia tells me that you were born in 1944, which makes you, let's see, 54 in November. Will your fans be able to ease themselves out of their rock 'n' chairs and down to the gigs? Aren't they all buying Jane McDonald records now?

Music is a primal force at its most potent when the people making it and listening to it are full of energy. Everyone remembers the music from their formative years with incredible clarity and passion. Surely your fans would rather keep their memories — their youth — intact? It's what helped shape them, helped them discover who they were. When they hear Don't Bring Me Down, they're teenagers again. A bunch of old men tottering around on stage, it'll just remind them how long ago it all was.

Why don't you leave the stage to the pretty young things of today and let your fans stroll down memory lane at a more leisurely pace? All the best, Gavin Reeve, Editor, Smash Hits

Dear Gavin, Thank you for your letter and for the embarrassing fluid — I am sure one day I'll find a use for it. It would seem that your premise is that contemporary music is best evaluated on the basis of carbon dating the originator's birth certificate. That unenlightened attitude is as irrelevant as it is unnecessary.

Music is a sensory art. Any secondary visual stimulation is not fundamental to its value or appeal. Ask any blind music fan.

What I think you are talking about, dear boy, is the "selling" or exploitation of music. Long hair, body piercing, major league stage act — all valuable tools in the building of image and perception — but

but that is "the sizzle" not the steak. My generation has fully established who and what it is. That is already set in stone and irreversible. It worked too — wasn't it the editor of Smash Hits who asked if I "still had the longest hair in Britain"? Get a grip, Gavin.

Jazz, blues and R&B all started with a parade of young turks and developed into a lifetime of established practitioners. Rock and pop music is no different, it's just more recent. So, will you be hanging up the Biro when the little hand reaches the big five-0, Gavin? Will you heading for that great Garden Centre in the suburbs and a new life as a "has-been"? I hope not. Life music, art, love — they will never have a sell-by date — and don't you forget it. You wouldn't want to annoy The Pretty Things — longest hair, nastiest temper, remember?

Regards, the Unrepentant Phil May. PS — I still have the longest hair in Britain, Gavin — and I now have the oldest hair as well.

Dear Phil, Glad to hear about the hair, and more importantly, the temper. Grrrr! One thing we share, I'm sure, is a love of music, although you have the great advantage of hindsight and perspective, being more "enlightened" and all.

I agree wholeheartedly with your "sizzle and steak" theory of music. Far too many bands are like crap Christmas presents, beautifully wrapped, but when you undo the bow you are left with nothing of substance. I fully accept that the Pretty Things no longer feel the need to sizzle their steak. My argument would be that a steak, however great, would lose some of its appeal if re-heated 30 years later.

We can all enjoy what your generation gave to the world. We can go into any record shop, any book shop, any art gallery and pay homage. Music, art and love will never have a sell-by date, but with respect, musicians, artists and lovers undoubtedly will. My record collection is full of music that will never age, made by people who are

so far past their sell-by date that even the harest, nastiest rocker wouldn't dare touch 'em, for fear of catching something!

Yours, in anticipation of a snarling reply, Gavin

PS If you didn't tour, you could unrepent at your leisure.

Gavin, I am disappointed in you. Just when your ability to utilise vocabulary had fooled me into forgetting that you were a music journalist (you'd used a verb or two), I am hit by your reliance on semantics to score a point. You aren't using a public Pretty Things punch-up as a passport to peer group puberty are you?

I won't resort to that. I think that in many ways you are missing something fundamental — I don't believe that it is the age (or otherwise) of the artist which provides commitment, integrity and passion in performance or on record — I believe it is the age or length of establishment of the musical form involved. The rawness and purity of the "early years" of jazz, R&B, blues, soul, rock, pop, etc is self-defining, and, Dear Boy, it is all of us original occupants of all of those many different lifts who are "the source of the Nile" for one music or another. Music continually changes, evolves and moves. I was lucky enough to be one of the first in my chosen field. There are no true current alternatives.

Great performance, like great performers, is all about how "hungry" you are. We war babies have remarkable appetites! Plenty of us senior citizens are still present at the feast — Lou Reed, Neil Young, David & the Floyd, dear Arthur Brown (a miracle performer with an audience) and the Pretty Things too. You see, it still matters to all of us, and, sadly, much more than to very many new kids on the block who carry your hopes.

And that's how it is Gavin — just being a pretty young thing is not enough — not for this old Pretty Thing anyhow. You'll learn Gavin, when you're older, perhaps!

See you on the ice.

PS Once you get a taste for that steak, vegetarianism just isn't an option!

Phil, Remember what it was like when you first became interested in music? The first record you bought, the first gig you went to? I'll bet you can. I'll also wager that as your musical knowledge and taste developed, with the seventh

record you bought, the fifth gig you attended, your opinion of what mattered matured.

Smash Hits readers aren't necessarily at that stage yet. Pop music, and all its sizzle is the invitation to a lifelong journey through music.

They'll learn the difference between sizzle and steak, they'll discover gems in Dad's record collection, and when they're 50, they'll argue with the generation that follows them. If the idea of a bunch of 50-year-old blokes on stage appealed to teenagers, then we'd be in real trouble. Just imagine parents getting on with their kids! There'd have been no Boy George, no punk, no Pretty Things, in short, nothing new. You asked me in your first letter what I'd be doing when I'm 50? Hopefully standing up for what matters, just like yourself!

Good luck with the tour, Gavin.

Dear Gavin, It would seem that you have reached the clear and inevitable conclusion that we are all brothers and sisters beneath the skin and to impose rules and regulations is "not required on voyage".

Sure, I remember exactly what it was like when I bought my first record, played my first gig and broke my first heart. I also remember when I played my first Ready Steady Go and we (us and the Stones) were pushing the show's producers to feature our heroes and idols — so, later that year, John Lee Hooker and BB King played the show and also had UK hit records. (Hooker was over 50 at the time!)

I understand that Smash Hits readers may differ greatly from the fans of my (mis-spent) youth — they have stuff in abundance coming at them from every side. Accordingly, this appeal of a bunch of 50-year-old blokes on stage is far more valid.

Frankly, I hate the idea of kids and parents getting off on the same idols, but I see more and more brand product which is specifically designed to appeal to everyone and create this anathema. A lot of the Smash Hits "lives" are a case in point — safe, cosmetic and sterile.

The "best of the past" don't fit into that manufactured environment. I would agree that your readers wouldn't really take to the Pretty Things — we were too extreme for them and always will be. I guess we'll just agree to differ. In my world when you follow a true calling, you follow it for life.

Call me when you need a job (after your 21st birthday). We still employ young roadies. Love from Phil

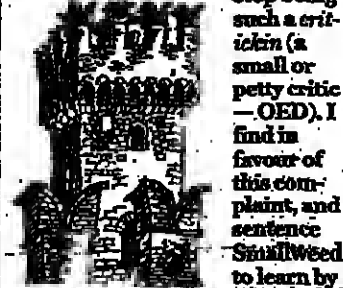
Smallweed



Few concepts are harder for the late 20th century mind to fashion than that of *enoffment*. The fief was, as it were, a basic building block of what we now call the feudal system — the word *feudum*, whose links with the Frankish *feh-u-d*, itself related to the German *Vieli* (castle)...

We interrupt these proceedings for an urgent announcement. *Confering on to the scene, nostrils flaring, pulsant looses imperiously pawing the ground, comes Smallweed's columnist ombudsman* (a post to which he has appointed himself), his picturesque pink portfolio bursting with readers' complaints. I graciously yield my place to him.

An Ombudsman writes: That's a bundle. It's been drawn to my notice that in one recent column, Smallweed disparaged the use of "critique" as a verb. An erudite letter from Bogor Regis points out that the Oxford English Dictionary gives examples of this practice going back over 250 years. Our correspondent further suggests that Smallweed should stop being such a critic (a small or petty critic — OED). I find in favour of this complaint, and sentence Smallweed to learn by



The Readers' Editor on... the use of shocking pictures The naked and the dead

Ian Mayes
Open door



Somebody tell me frankly what times are these what kind of world what country?

TOWARDS the end of last week we published across six columns one of our international news pages a black and white picture showing the charred body of a member of the minority Tutsi community in Congo being dragged through the streets of the capital Kinshasa by — so we said in the caption — "an angry mob". It truly shocking thing about the picture was that the mob, men, women and children, who formed an arc, roared the corpse in the foreground, looked not so much angry as jubilant. Above their heads, thin reminders of a distant normality, the facade of a Bata shoe shop, a public telephone sign.

A couple of days ago we published another macabre photograph from the conflict in Congo. It showed rebel soldiers looking at the site of a grave in which at least 15 murdered Tutsi civilians were said to be buried. A hand poking through the soil was visible in the foreground.

Somewhat the first of these pictures was the more shocking, primarily because the focal point was the body of the person cruelly degraded, but partly, I suspect, because of its reminders of the

heart's column by some eminent solipsist: India Knight, or that Tara person, for instance.

This offence, however, is ungatory compared to Smallweed's failure last week to provide his long-suffering readers with a picture of a bifurcated crenellation, and I order that such a portrait be printed today. That's all, for the moment. But watch it.

Smallweed objects wheezes: Pardon, oh mighty one. I hasten to obey your command. Not in the matter of your sentencing me to learn by heart a column by India Knight or whoever, since that is so cruel that it's bound to be thrown out on appeal; but in the matter of the bifurcated thing, which appears below, left.

To continue Sri Lanka, it is widely asserted, were denied a full test series in England on the grounds that they simply weren't up to it, or as the chief executive of the England and Wales Cricket Board argued in a letter to Thursday's Guardian, they just weren't big enough crowd-pullers. I wonder. The real reason for this past pusillanimity, I suspect, is the fear among English commentators of having to say the names of Sri Lankan players. Ian Botham, in naming the man of the match at the Oval, badly mangled the name of the glorious Jayasuriya, while even David Gower, who normally gets these things right, appeared at one point to think we'd been skittled by someone called Murathuran. The answer, Smallweed suggests, lies in adapting the system now used on the Underground, where a woman's voice announces in jerky syllables the train's destination and its next port of call. Commentators should be equipped with wordbooks of the names of Sri Lankan players. Pressing button number 11 would allow them to insert the name Murathuran, correctly pronounced.

The charge that Radio 3 is dumbing down certainly doesn't apply to the regular morning programmes in which

Joan Bakewell talks to the BBC's Artist of the Week. The best I have heard was the sequence involving Pierre Boulez, which left you without even a demi-semi-quaver of doubt that this is a great man. This week she's been talking to the soprano Barbara Bonney, who recounted on Tuesday that the conductor John Eliot Gardiner had told her to ditch her vibrato, adding: you won't sing for me if you don't. She added that although she'd learned it for opera, the technique was unnatural, an ornamentation, which she didn't much like to.

I had just the previous week bought a CD of songs by Faure recorded by Sarah Walker, whom I've much enjoyed in music other than this, but who here and there unleashes a vibrato the size of a London bus. To my possibly cloth-eared opinion — others, I know, would dissent — this is distracting. I'd like to suggest that, much as earplugs are labelled with brine, with tomato sauce, or whatever, future recordings of these songs be clearly labelled as with or without vibrato. Better still, let Barbara Bonney record them too.



A pedant writes: What on earth is your purpose in foisting upon us the picture of the snark? What on earth have snarks to do with any of this?

Smallweed ripostes: How ungrateful you are. I thought you'd enjoy those floppy ears and that dear little snout.

A pedant responds: I have scant taste for such trivia. But I did enjoy what you had to say on enoffment. Could we have the rest very soon?

Smallweed observes mysteriously: Maybe. You must wait and see.

mal life abandoned so brutally. It drew protests from a handful of readers, one of whom asked, "Would the burnt corpse in the picture have been published if the victim was white? My black friends and myself think not. I was distressed to hear them point out to me that the media in the UK, regardless of political affiliation (including the Guardian) have no respect for the dead when the victim is black. A complaint is being drafted for the... Press Complaints [Commission]."

In my view these remarks do not have a supportable application to the Guardian. Two occasions in recent years come to mind in which the victims of similar acts of abuse and degradation have been white. One was in October, 1993, when a member of the crew of an American helicopter shot down in Somalia, was dragged through the streets of Mogadishu. None of the available pictures of that episode — which I have before me as I write — was used in the Guardian. I don't know why the foreign editor of the paper is so reluctant to use such pictures. One possibility is that they are less disturbing than last week's picture from Congo.

The other example was in March, 1988, when two soldiers in Northern Ireland who drove their car into an IRA funeral cortege were killed by the crowd. We published a photograph of a priest bending over the near-naked body of one of them, making a vain attempt to resuscitate him. This was used prominently on Page 2 of the paper — a deep picture across three columns — as part of a sequence depicting the event from the time the two soldiers realised they were trapped. If anything this treatment invited a much closer involvement by readers than the single Congo photograph of an anonymous and unidentified victim. The decision to use the Northern Ireland pictures had to be taken in the knowledge that they

would almost certainly be seen by relatives of the victims.

The Congo picture was only used after discussion between the duty foreign editor — who that day happened to be our leading Africa expert — and the editor responsible for the whole paper. The latter wanted to know on what page the picture was to be used, whether it would be in colour or black and white, how it was to be presented in the context of the story it illustrated and why it was felt to be so strongly relevant that the risk of offending some readers was worth taking.

"When all that has been considered you are left to make what is still largely a subjective judgment," he said. Another group of journalists discussing the same picture might have decided not to use it (one senior Guardian journalist did not believe that pictures such as this should ever be used).

The section editor was persuaded on this occasion because the duty foreign editor argued convincingly that the picture provided a necessary and shocking epitome of an ethnic conflict, driven by President Kabila of Congo, that threatened most of Africa (as she wrote three days later in an article headed, Ethnic cataclysm looms in Congo, Page 12, August 31). Had it been simply an example of random violence it would not, she says, have been used.

There is another factor. The reporters and photographers who confront these things can only discharge their responsibility by telling us what they have seen and heard. You have to think carefully before you stop them doing that.

The quotation at the beginning is from a poem by Ariel Dorfman in a collection published by Amnesty International in the early 1980s. The photograph discussed appeared on Page 13 of the Guardian, August 28. Readers may contact the office of the Readers' Editor by telephoning 0171 228 9588 between 11am and 5pm, Monday to Friday. Fax 0171 228 9587. E-mail: readers@guardian.co.uk

I was alright, Jack

4 pages 12 backed by the subtle arguments of the Foreign Office mandarins. Sir Percy Cradock, former British ambassador in Beijing and Margaret Thatcher's China adviser, over actually appears but his spirit is satirically invoked. Patten even writes a spoof memo in Percyese, arguing in favour of kowtowing, on the grounds that it would be of assistance in "thickening up relations between our two countries".

Thinly disguised too is the identity of the "senior, retired British diplomat" who allegedly told Beijing in 1993, when Britain was urging faster progress in negotiations, "what our real timing constraints were rather than the foreshortened

dates we had given them".

Names were given, with complimentary epithets, in Jonathan Dimbleby's book *The Last Governor*, published soon after the handover: one senior diplomat was nicknamed the White Rabbit, another described as pathologically stubborn. But it was never clear in the Dimbleby book where Chris's view ended and Jonathan's began. Patten this time has no protective ambiguity.

China, of course, is given extremely bad marks (or, Patten-like, "Marx"). Mao is compared to Pol Pot, and the whole system written off as "corrupt modern Leninism" in the hands of a "sunset Communist Party". But Beijing is unlikely to worry — although a pirated translation will probably soon appear on the Chinese railway bookstalls. The system has already become much more complex. China's diplomats may have read the Hong Kong coverage with interest, but it is yesterday's history. The real villains, in this version, were not in Beijing but in



Governor under pressure... Patten admits that British rule 'fell below the highest standards'

Whitehall. The fact that Patten mentions a few honourable exceptions only proves his rule.

The unanswered question is to what extent Patten's colleagues in the Tory leadership listened to the FCO's "skewed" arguments. Here he becomes diplomatically opaque. He accuses the Office of engineering in "every imaginable sort of way, Minister bureaucratic play" against him.

He doubts whether ministers (Hurd, Ridsford and their juniors) "had much to do with this". But he confesses that "I was reluctant to put this to the test every time". Patten has no doubt about his own sound judgment, however. We are told early on he was "not wholly a tyro" when he arrived in Hong Kong, but a man with some experience of Asia. He had visited Hong Kong before, and China. He alone out of a group of western ministers visiting Beijing in May 1989 (on the eve of the Beijing Massacre) had the wit to ask the Chinese prime minister about the student democracy movement.

And he had chaired the 1990 London Conference on implementing the Montreal Protocol on CFC emissions, where he worked in close co-operation with the Japanese. There could be no better Asian experience.

Patten gives a favourable verdict on his overall performance as governor. "It was a good and decisive administration, and we went on governing right until the end. Few would have predicted this..."

Patten will complain that the half of his book about the future of Asia deserves attention. He has some sharp observations on the way that the west has switched between euphoria and gloom towards the Asian miracle, and the need to meld democratic freedoms with economic liberty. But this is a book by someone who did not stop being a politician because he became a governor, and is not going to stop being one now. The word is that it is both infuriating and fascinating, on Asia, China, Hong Kong — and especially on Chris Patten.

كتاب من الامير

We're all doomed, but I see no reason to worry about it

Marina Benjamin refuses to be depressed about this week's global gloom, and says we should be positive about the millennium

When the expectation of crisis at the last century's end failed to give Oscar Wilde a

sufficiently satisfying frisson, he famously complained: "It's the *fin de siècle*. I wish it were *fin du monde*." Would that he were here to conjure a suitable epigram today. For as this century draws to its close, there's enough *fin du monde* in the air for anyone.

The collapse of global capitalism, environmental catastrophe, toppling monarchs and presidents, the breakdown of technological infrastructure, the boiling of land and sea: these are some of our favourite apocalyptic things. And this summer seems to have alarmed us about all of them.

Judging by the panic currently abroad, it looks as if the doom-sayers might be on to something. For 2,000 years the Book of Revelation has provided a menu for the end of the world. But are we really flirting with the end of the world as Revelation foretold it? Or is the shadow of the End-time providing us with other satisfactions? Could it be that we have ceased taking pleasure in denying the world its prophesied end?

Wilde would have appreciated that, since it recognises that given the choice between struggling on with a bunch of intractable global problems — adult, boring — and wiping the slate clean, there are times when the radical course of action has greater appeal. Infatigable though it may be, our hunger for resolution cannot be met, we begin to long for destruction. Perhaps that

accounts for our endless fascination with the millennium bug. It is difficult to say exactly when the nineties became nervous, but anxiety levels soared with the discovery of this death-watch beetle.

Lurking within our computer networks, it promises to trigger a chain-reaction that will dismantle our global infrastructure. American millenarians have long suspected that the Antichrist might be holed-up in the circuitry of our technologies.

But the Y2K fits the bill of paranoia better than either the universal bar code or secretly implanted microchips. It is capable of generating maximum disarray from a single nerve centre. It will detonate itself the very moment 1999 clicks into 2000, which means that instead of worrying about when disaster will strike, we simply need to decide whether to welcome or fight it.

Lately, barely a day seems to have passed without adding a new catastrophe to the mounting tribulations in store for us. You can expect planes to fall out of the sky and national grids to go down, perhaps irreparably. Add to this the prospect of traffic lights going haywire, hospital life-support systems turning themselves off, banks voiding our savings accounts, and global disaster begins to build. According to some dabblers in prophecy, a second Chernobyl may well await, should our nuclear reactors decide to offer their own toxic serenade to the new era.

What galls us most about the millennium bug is that it resists remedy. Even bug-busters are running scared, with Wired magazine

reporting that a posse of them, fearing the worst, have abandoned civilisation and fled into the wilderness of Arizona. The Bug refuses to yield its mystery. We still have no way of knowing whether our fears of electronic apocalypse are real or imaginary, no way of telling where disaster will strike and where it may be averted. What stops us all being millenarians is that none of us is capable of distinguishing the saved from the damned.

One feature of our present imaginative paralysis is that we are bereft of visions of new Edens, devoid of belief in renovation. Unable or unwilling to pin our hopes on the future, we have taken to fixating over the present.

This summer we trembled at the nuclear arm-wrestling between India and Pakistan and anxiously monitored the mad weather from Athens to Texas, which seemed to prove that the Greenhouse Effect was not simply a ruse cooked up by eco-scientists desperate for government funding. The other two horsemen of the apocalypse got a look-in when a scandal broke over genetically modified foods, amid warnings that the bountiful harvest which Monsanto imagined would feed the over-populated world of the future would be nothing like as fruitful. It would deliver considerably less.

In the past couple of weeks, things appear to have gone from bad to worse. In the aftermath of America's air-strikes against Islamic fundamentalist terrorists, fears are rife that Clinton has only succeeded in igniting a post-modern war of attrition likely to drag on for years. And with Boris Yeltsin failing to preside presidentially over Russia's crisis, share prices across the globe plummeted.

The markets have never been more volatile: for the first time this decade, there was a net flow of money out of American mutual funds — the conduit through which ordinary Americans invest in the stock market. I ought to confess millenarian inclinations of my own. I have been engaged in a millenarian activity: compiling a list of our worldly woes.

Look anywhere in the literature of born-again American doom and you learn that it is through such stock-taking exercises that those intent on matching contemporary events to Biblical prophecies seek to reassure themselves that armageddon cannot be far off. But my point is not about whether the unravelling of biblical conundrums allows us to calculate our proximity to the end of the world. It's about psychology.

What is it about such list-making that has the power to induce in us vertigo, a sense of existing on the brink of things? Is there some dark force at work in the human

psyche, a catastrophe reflex, which wants to insist that reversals of fortune are inexorable and part of the fabric of existence?

When life appears to have been relatively stable for a while, we become less, rather than more, convinced that things will continue as they are. So the longer things refuse to go wrong, the more precarious we feel. For eight and a half years, disaster has held off. And although we construct real-life calamities such as Chernobyl, Black Monday and the hole in the ozone layer as "mini-endings", ominous portents of worse to come, we have survived them.

From the vantage point of now, when even family entertainment films depict humanity's final hour, we have to pinch ourselves to remember that the nineties were not always nervous. The decade opened on a note of relief; the sardonic eighties were behind us and there was a genuine feeling of widened possibility, boosted by our drawing of a line under the East-West enmities of the Thatcher-Reagan era. The new world promised to be a kinder, gentler place. Social experiments abounded, with travellers, ravers and eco-warriors; techno-optimism found the Internet; and there was an explosion in alternative medicine and New Age spirituality. Positive thinking was on the ascent, encouraged by a new emphasis on our common humanity.

And the cold war was over, leaving us free to attempt new ways of existing in the world, without bogymen, boundaries and wars, and new ways of moving forward. On this wave of optimism Francis Fukuyama wrote *The End of History and The Last Man*, arguing that the apocalypse had already happened, neither with bang nor whimper, but with the peaceful disintegration of the Eastern bloc nations — the Velvet Apocalypse. For Fukuyama, this was the decade in which the other millennium of peace and prosperity would arrive as pan-global liberal capitalist democracy.

Fukuyama may well have been flying high on western economic imperialism, but the extent to which the early nineties were animated by genuine hope may be gauged by the horrified reactions to the Armageddonist impulses of David Koresh at the Waco siege. We could no more share his conviction that the world was coming to an end than we could accept him as the seventh angel sent to announce the Kingdom of God. He was just a loony monster.

That was in 1993. So what's changed since then? How did we flip from optimism to pessimism, calm to panic in five years? To some degree, of course, the calen-

dar is to blame. Even if one is enough of a Biblical insider to distinguish the Christian millennium, that thousand-year wedge of paradise between Armageddon and the Last Judgment, from the man-made millennium of numbers, all those zeros do seem ominous. The nearer we get, the louder they signal finality.

With less than 500 days to go, we need to do better, unless we are prepared to capitulate to irrationality. I suspect that the reasons behind our panic at the hint of global problems spinning out of control, beyond political or even religious remedy, are our loss of faith in institutional authority. Politics has forsaken vision for management — and appears to be making a hash of it, judging by last week's meeting of unfortunates, which is how one Russian paper described the talks between Clinton and Yeltsin. The major religions seem to have abdicated from the world. It's not for nothing that Peter Mandelson's millennium Dome Spirit Zone seems destined to remain empty.

Empty spaces can be filled. Our disillusion with national and spiritual leaders can challenge us to imagine new ways of awakening idealism from its Blairite slumber. I believe that imagination has been the real casualty of *fin de siècle*. Though bravery will get us through the next 16 months, we will only thrive beyond them if we allow ourselves to imagine we can.

Marina Benjamin is the author of *Living At The End Of The World* (Picador, £12.99).

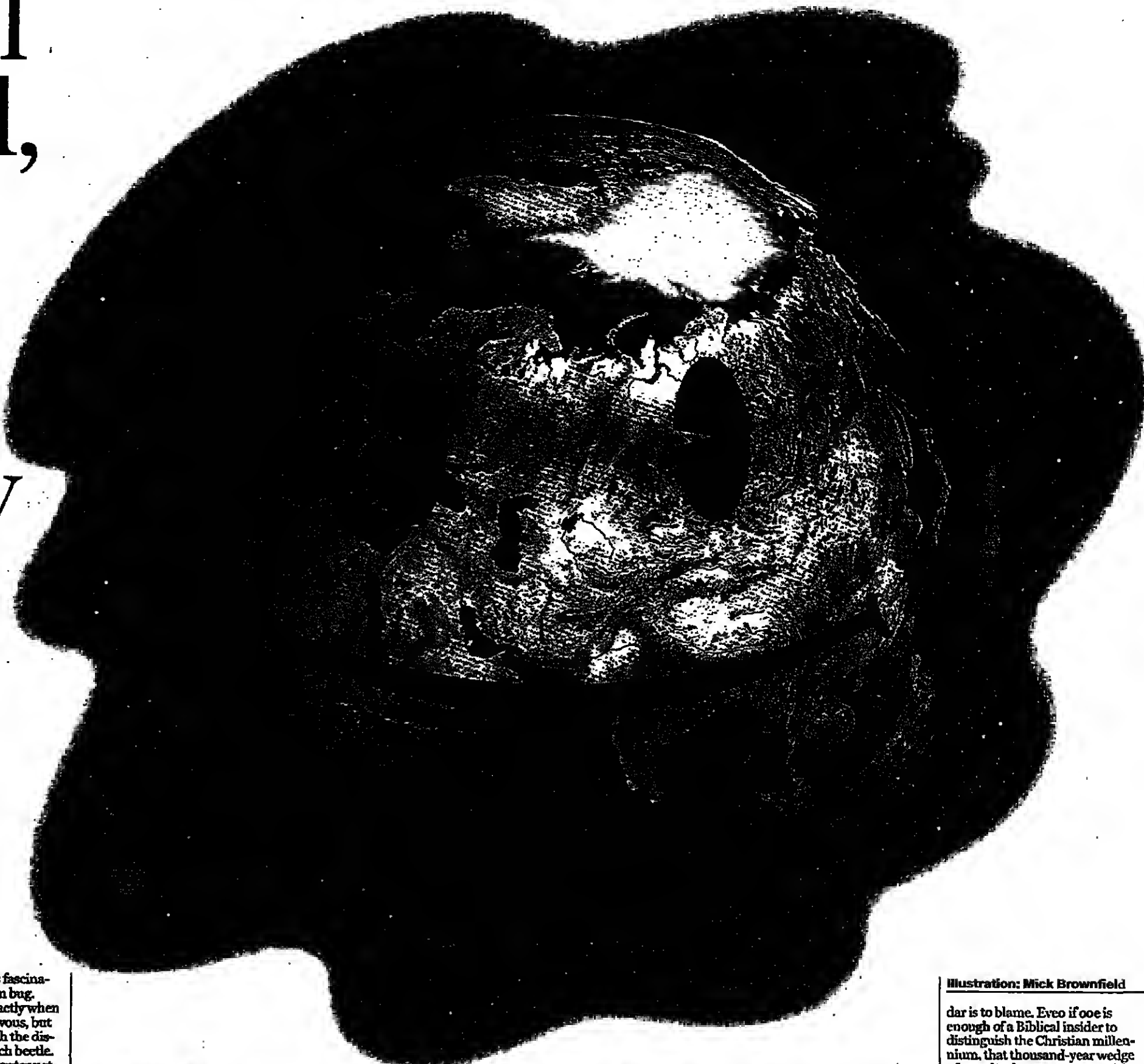


Illustration: Mick Brownfield

Bang to rights

It's set to be a massive hit but how accurately does *Lock, Stock And Two Smoking Barrels* portray criminal life? Great Train Robber **Bruce Reynolds** takes aim

Lock, Stock And Two Smoking Barrels isn't Get Carter, neither is it Performance. The Italian Job or The Long Good Friday. It's not The Great British Gangster Movie, but it is the most audacious debut film I've ever seen. The director, Guy Ritchie, has tipped his hat — on, rather, tugged his balaclava — to all the masters and come out with something that is derivative and innovative at the same time. That might sound contradictory,

but this is a contradictory sort of movie. I enjoyed the film on a cerebral level, but I didn't find myself emotionally involved. I thought perhaps the humour had been added to present a balance of political correctness. Having said that, a lot of things in the criminal world operate on the chaos factor and Murphy's Law — if something can go wrong, it will. In the late fifties my gang would always have two bags in the car: a bag of loot, and

a bag of tools which we would always throw away in the Thames after a job. On one occasion we threw the loot into the Thames instead of the tools. Other times we would mistakenly steal cars which had already been stolen by another gang. But I always have to question the amalgam of violence and comedy in modern films, where you switch from laughing your socks off one minute and being shit scared the next — it can diminish the edge-of-the-seat

effect. There's a robbery scene in *Straight Time* with Dustin Hoffman which I find absolutely riveting, everything in your being is screaming: "Get the fuck out of there!" That's the sort of involvement that isn't there for me in *Lock, Stock And Two Smoking Barrels*. Apart from a couple of splinter-twitching frissons, the violence didn't engage me. I found myself more drawn to the brilliant technical aspects of the film. It might be one of

Tarantino's strays, but it's the dog's bollocks. Ritchie has thrown everything in there: the Italian Job reference at the end with the shotgun on the ledge; the Sergio Leone-style snatches of tinkling guitar music; the brilliant little vignettes like the gun cartridges dancing on the floor. It's probably because Ritchie's got so much in there that he falls short of his target. The cast is tremendous. Vinnie Jones and Lenny McLean are truly menacing. Seeing them



Reynolds — 'The most audacious film debut I've ever seen'

PHOTOGRAPH BY SEAN SMITH

made me think of that game at school — *My Dad Can Fight Your Dad*. Imagine playing that game with Lenny McLean's son: it wouldn't last long.

The film seemed like a series of cameo appearances from everyone who ever trod a prison landing. Various people I used to know are instantly recognisable in these characters, but everything is sharply delineated here.

There are five groups of criminals who are all stereotypes: the rapid softy public schoolboys who grow dope, the big growing Guv'nor ... I've met one or two public schoolboy drug dealers in the nick and just because they went to public school didn't mean they weren't tough.

The violence here is a different ball game to what it was back in my day. We were professional criminals and all professionals have to be ruthless, but violence was mainly out for us because a) it was inefficient and b) it got you a bad press. Although people were executed at various times in those days, punishment usually meant a razor slash or a few broken arms and legs. The cult of the gun has changed all that.

In *Lock, Stock And Two Smoking Barrels*, it's humorous

to see an axe being plunged into someone's back. It arrives with a sigh of relief from an audience who are glad it's not happening to them. The film is a bit cartoonish, a bit shallow, almost a form of *Manga*. I found that things were glossed over a bit, but was constantly surprised by the technical brilliance of the scenes.

The film is a different kind of storytelling to the one I'm used to, much more subliminal and with no central character: it can flash by without registering. I also found the soundtrack a little intrusive: it was geared towards stimulating the emotions as much as possible and didn't always carry the story along.

The dialogue, on the other hand, was great; snatches of it were brilliant. I particularly liked "It's a dog-eat-dog world and I've got bigger teeth than you" and "Ynn are what you owe". I haven't witnessed people say those exact things, but I've heard equivalents in the real criminal world.

This film might not have been made by someone who has first-hand experience of criminal life, but it's certainly been made by someone who has absorbed every reference from the criminal film. He has a lot of knowledge and he's showing off here, walking a tightrope over Niagara Falls.

books



Word-perfect parodist at work on an imitation England... Julian Barnes

PHOTOGRAPH: STEVE PYKE

House of Windsor, Shakespeare, Robin Hood... **Laura Cumming** on a nation that likes to merchandise its history

Heritage slights

England, England
by Julian Barnes
266pp, Jonathan Cape, £15.99

Julian Barnes once wrote a superb essay on the authenticity of English heritage in which he contrasted the nation's horror at the idea of some Johnny Foreigner owning Harrods with its patriotic love of Marmite, Woolworth's and the House of Windsor, all of them shyly imported from abroad. What would happen, he wondered, to the individual identity, so dependent on the national identity, if people discovered that all the other symbols were as hollow, as fake and inauthentic as a ploughman's lunch? To explore this question, Barnes has now invented a fiction, a semi-farceful novel in which England is replicated in miniature on the Isle of Wight.

Sir Jack Pitman, a fraudulent billionaire of dubious origins, buys the island, sacks the grumbling locals and simulates the pick of English heritage in a pocket tourist state. Here the creditworthy guest can do Big Ben, the White Cliffs and Stonehenge in the morning, take in Anne Hathaway's Cottage and Dî's grave after lunch. The misty Cotswolds are just a black taxi-ride away from Brontë Country and Harrods is conveniently located within the Tower of London. Real-life attractions have even been imported: lured by promises of unstinting adulation and income, the Royals can be seen waving from Buckingham Palace for a contractual fifteen minutes each day.

Tempted by this bogus, sanitised England, in which everything works and the very postcards come

prestamped, the world's tourists rapidly reject the original. Then the English start to emigrate to this pure market state, unhampered by Westminster — it has independent EU status — or any other misery-clogged reality. Old England loses its prestige, its economy and its population while Sir Jack laughs all the way to the Pitman-owned bank.

So far, so farical, especially given the ceaseless opportunities for caricature. — Neil Gwynn as an English Carmen with a fresh juice stall, Prior Tuck permanently besting an imitation or, Barnes is a word-perfect parodist, effortlessly mimicking the toffish drawl of the bored and lustful King, the sycophantic cant of corporate management and the gargantuan outbursts of the cartoon-strip magnate. At times the fluency seems slightly inauthentic, as if Barnes had retired to the sofa and let his huge talent do the work. But perhaps this surfeit of comedy bears a metaphor: that Englishness as a quintessence of attributes from Beefeaters to buggery is nothing more than an extended joke.

The longing for authenticity — and the setting for substitutes — is given a serious philosophical perspective throughout the novel. The first section is an extraordinarily delicate portrait of the childhood of Martha, a Pitman executive, whose father left when she was five, the last piece of her favourite jigsaw in his pocket. Not that she necessarily trusts this recollection. "Memories of childhood were the dreams that stayed with you after you woke... a fading after-image of the emotions stirred by such events."

Martha is convinced that history, like memory, is falsification and that nobody can live authentically

anyway. But the actors on the island begin to do just that: Robin Hood scoons the canteen to hunt for dinner in the forest, Dr Johnson becomes so morose that tourists at the Cheddar Cheese Festival formal complaints. Martha summons Johnson for a brusque reprimand but receives only bitter epigrams in response. Johnson's ancient, melancholy wisdom easily eclipses her modern cynicism: it's a beautifully constructed, tragicomic scene.

Comedy is eclipsed, too, in the elegiac final section in which Martha returns to the mainland to find England regressing to a bucolic, pre-war past of bicycles, fountain-pens and dialling "O" for Operator. Four-lane highways peter out into woodland, the seasons reign again — "a cold summer meant much green tomato chutney". It's as false, in its way, as Pitman's England. But it includes exactly what he forgot: the routine business of everyday life. Our memories may be like heritage sites, artificially constructed, but they cherish the ordinary as well as the ideal.

The leap from semi-farce to exquisite lyricism is abruptly jarring, as if Barnes were sacking Pitman and his replica England. But there is a final scene in which the two are resolved. At a village fete, Martha watches the children enjoying the fancy-dress parade. "They saw all too easily that Queen Victoria was no more than Ray Stout with a red face and a scarf around his head, yet they believed in both Queen Victoria and Ray Stout at the same time." Forget the obsession with authenticity: a willing but complex trust in reality is all you need.

To order a copy of *England, England* at the discount price of £12.98 (plus 99p p&h) call the Guardian Culture Shop on 0500 900102

Fiction in brief

Coast To Coast, by Frederic Raphael (Orion, £16.99)
In which the master of snappy, brittle dialogue turns his gaze on a long-married and apparently soon-to-be-divorced couple. Barnaby Pierce, a highly successful sitcom writer (the creator of *The Stinkinsons*), and his wife, Marlowe drive from New England to Los Angeles in a vintage Jaguar intended as a wedding gift for their son. Along the way, they excavate their relationship in minute, painful detail, opening old wounds, trading infidelities, rehearsing old battles and staking out their territory for the future. But if their relentless, brutal sparring seems depressing, wait until they hook up with their dysfunctional children and a melange of former colleagues and paramours. Blandly enjoyable, and filled with some really terrifically hateful conversations, this is an accomplished if ultimately unengaging collection of scenes from a marriage that more people than care to will recognise.

The Ex Files: New Stories About Old Flames, edited by Nicholas Royle (Quartet, £7)
Just been binned? Then take comfort in this collection of variations on a rather familiar theme: the angst and misery that accompany the end of a relationship. Luckily, however, *The Ex Files* don't hang on endlessly about treachery and the nightmare of dividing your CD collection in the manner of real life. Instead, there are some splendidly ingenious twists and reimaginings, including Russell Celyn Jones's "Statusphobia", the tale of a rejected husband literally unable to stand up on his own two feet; Michael Marshall Smith's poignant story of a crime writer haunted by the ghosts of times past in "Enough Pizza"; and the Guardian's very own Nick Lezard's wry exploration of what you do when self-love breaks down. Plus Eliza Segrave, John Burnside, Geoff Dyer and Nicholas Shakespeare, to name but a few.

A History of Silence by Barbara Neil (Macmillan, £16.99)
Barbara Neil has always had a little difficulty breaking free of comparisons with writers like Joanna Trollope and Mary Wesley to achieve the "literary novel" tag

Heard the one about the comedian who wrote novels, asks **Alex Clark** Love with a good punchline

Blast from the Past
by Ben Elton
271pp, Transworld, £15.99

The success of *Popcorn* the play has obviously left its mark on Ben Elton the novelist, and it comes as no surprise that his latest book started life on stage, enjoying a run of a few weeks earlier this year at the Yorkshire Playhouse. In fact, *Blast from the Past* reads like nothing more than a script or a screenplay, its action set more or less in one room, during a few hours of one night, with past history simply being inserted through flashbacks and reminiscences. What this means is

plotted, the dialogue is punchy, and the whole thing rolls along so nicely that you never have to feel that you're reading a book at all.

We would all be disappointed if Elton didn't take on a few issues, so the appearance in the opening pages of a former Greenham Common woman, now an Equal Opportunities worker at Camden Council, her lunatic stalker, and a US Army General is a welcome sight. In short, the woman, Polly, is being terrorised by Peter, whom she has named "The Bug", and who suffers from the delusion that they enjoy a long-term relationship, conducted mainly by him hurling abuse at her from phone boxes and standing around outside her house in the middle of the night. During

one such fun-filled night, General Jack Kent turns up, sixteen years after his illicit, ideologically incongruous and largely sexual affair with Polly has ended — dropping by, we are given to believe, to rekindle the dying flames of love.

What can one say? Elton handles his characters doggedly through some rather static conversations, in which they rehearse old arguments about pacifism versus militarism, men versus women, America versus England, shochorn-ing in as many jokey asides as possible (few of which work on the page because they are essentially stand-up observational comedy) and cranking up the tension whenever possible. The ironies come thick and fast: peace woman's life

has been devastated by an agent of unchecked aggression, not once but twice; shock, horror — political and ideological differences don't stop you wanting to have sex with someone; even pacifists sometimes want to kill people, and army officers sometimes keep the peace, etc. The twist at the end of the novel, although undoubtedly dramatic, is more of a shock because it jars with everything that has gone before, than because of any genuine revelation it provides about the characters or their motives.

That aside, there's no harm in a comic caper of this sort, and Elton's fans will probably find much in it to make them chuckle and ponder. After all, it keeps the pot boiling.

Matt Wolf eyes Britain's future 2022 vision

51st State
by Peter Preston
273pp, Viking, £15.99

As what-if premises go, Peter Preston's debut novel occupies the realm of what's virtually there-already. Preston's conceit is immediately clear from his title: in a grim, dispirited 21st-century Britain some three decades on from Tony Blair, England is annexed to America as a 51st state.

So what else is new, one thinks at first, given a media climate (not least in *The Guardian* under Preston's erstwhile editorship) that has been telling us for years that this country is little more than an American outpost? All *51st State* can hope to do, it would seem, is impress us by degree: not five TV channels plus the extant cable outlay but some 201; not just a tottering monarchy but, worse, an irrelevant lot of "dysfunctional... stewed at the back of the shelf". It's Preston's view of a colonised Britain that it looks much like today only more so, though perhaps only a Guardian veteran would get in a gibe early on at "that old creaking giant of a media conglomerate" otherwise known as News International.

Some of the gags are ones readers might see coming. The BBC, unremarkably, is found to be in thrall to costume drama, albeit of the 1950s variety (whatever that might be), not the Jane Austen kind. The American president, meanwhile, is an inevitable caricature who speaks a sally, mostly ungrammatical patois to suggest that the US may eventually be run by the likes of Billy Bob Thornton. (The book's most frequently used word must be "ain't"). For every good barb — the Duchess of York and Covent Garden both suffer delicious (if entirely separate) fates — exists a recycled one: an "Oedipus wrecks" line right out of Woody Allen's share of the 1989 anthology film, *New York Stories*. And why use a jokey idea once if it can be made to work again? George-

town is "Highgate on the Potomac," while Camelot many pages on gets to be "Hampstead on the Pacific".

Far more entertaining is Preston's skilful adherence to a novel of political skulduggery and intrigue of a quite conventional sort. *51st State*, after all, isn't set far enough in the future to wow us with a vision, prophetic or otherwise: Preston makes explicit that this is the year 2022 as unimagined by Hollywood — "a creeping accretion of the present" — not a jolting view of what is to come. But with a flair Jeffrey Archer or even Michael Dobbs might admire, Preston understands the boardrooms and bedrooms that make the Establishment tick. Long after the comic arsenal is running low, one is pulled along by a narrative that wastes no time falling journalists into the stew of misadventure.

The characters' names could have come out of a current-affairs magazine: Warner and Michaelson among the Brits, "Wild Bill" Angeli and Pedro (Paddy) Bordon among the Yanks, alongside a possibly gay aide-de-camp, Papadopoulos, who goes by the sobriquet of Papa Pop. The women are unusually vivid, even if some may flinch at a post-Thatcherite single-mindedness that adds sex to the thrust to succeed. There's Julie Ekpo, a Nigerian-born tabloid reporter possessed of fierce instincts and initially divided loyalties. And her nemesis-turned-friend, Jenny Warner, a politician's wife whose eventual lesbianism is her response to a loveless England that can't even keep up its libido.

Will some chafe at Preston's portrait of a glum, blighted, referendum-happy land given over to red, white and blue shoulder bags for the ladies and known as USA East? A determined nodding of heads in agreement may be the view from the outset of those who find the novel a confirmation of their worst fears rather than a sustained jape or lampoon. For all its cunning narrative imaginings, *51st State* never seems that far removed from fact.

Matt Wolf is a London correspondent for AP, the American news agency.



Family matters... Barbara Neil

that her books, with their serious themes and emotional complexities, seem to demand. This might be the novel that does it: the story of two sisters unable to speak of the sexual abuse, at the hands of their natural father, that punctuated their childhood. Following one of the sisters, Robbie, to Louisiana, where she is to treat an old man crippled by a stroke, Neil cleverly explores the dangers and enticements of examining your past, and the network of silences and deceptions that bind together the surviving members of a traumatised family.

Mona in the Promised Land, by Gish Jen (Granta, £5.99)
Gish Jen has an enormous amount of fun with the cultural collisions that ensue when a Chinese girl grows up in the promised land of America in the sixties and seventies. Mona Chang makes great capital out of her Orientalism, telling her schoolmates that she is adept at karate, that women get pregnant with tea in China and that she is fluent in Chinese ("Shee-veh. Ji-nu," she says — "that's rice gruel and soy sauce to you"). There's even more confusion when she decides to convert to Judaism to get pally with her friend Barbara Guggelstein and to suck up to Rabbi Horowitz, much to the consternation of her parents, who run an American-style pancake house. A brilliantly witty tale of assimilation or the lack of it, this is the second novel from a really talented writer.

Need to kill a friend? Amsterdam is the place, discovers **John Keenan** Foreign affairs of the heart

Amsterdam
by Ian McEwan
178pp, Jonathan Cape, £14.99

Gazing out of the window from an speeding train, a character in what should be a splendid novel notes the dismal progression of factories, housing estates and stalled traffic and concludes that "the human project was not just a failure, it was a mistake from the very beginning". McEwan comes close to cooing with this despairing vision. He is a noted chronicler of our capacity for brutality, selfishness and cruelty. From incest to cannibalism he has left no taboo untouched in his quest to rootle out our darkest desires. In *Amsterdam* the tone is light, but the accent nevertheless is on discord, betrayal, selfishness and death. Clive, a famous composer, and Vernon, the editor of a prestigious



Master's touch... Ian McEwan

but unsuccessful newspaper, are old friends, together feeling the first worrying twinges of age and infirmity. As in all friendships, there is a giver and a taker. Clive gives, Vernon takes. When Vernon fell ill, Clive visited every day; when Clive twisted his ankle, Vernon asked his secretary to drop off a second-hand present. This lack

of appreciation gnaws at Clive's heart, until Vernon seems not merely egotistical but a monster. Clive never understands that his overwhelming need to bestow has found its match in his friend's bottomless ability to accept. The two men have in common a former mistress, Molly Lane, whose death sets in motion the novel's fairly improbable events. For Molly had many lovers, one of whom is now a Europhobic foreign secretary on the verge of taking over as prime minister. Years ago Molly had photographed this man in drag and when Vernon gets his hands on the prints he seizes his chance to boost his newspaper's ailing circulation, enhance his glory as editor and bring down the hated politico. Clive regards this as a base disclosure of Molly's antic spirit. It is Vernon, not the foreign secretary, who must be eliminated. Vernon, meanwhile, has a reason to despise Clive, a cultural

snob who puts his muse above all else, even to the point of abandoning a woman whom he could have saved from rape rather than risk losing an idea for his cherished symphony. Clearly, Clive has forfeited his right to be regarded as a fellow-being. Both men decide to do away with the other in Amsterdam, where the attitude towards euthanasia is notoriously relaxed. McEwan manages the unwieldy plot with a master's touch. His greatest skill lies in the subtle nuances of characterisation — how friendship is fuelled by power and competition, how the meaningless victories and defeats of office politics take place in an atmosphere of cheerful hypocrisy and how love affairs, friendships and marriages, never really come to an end, even following the most final of closures. It is in the exact rendition of these small details that this brief novel delivers its considerable delights.



The right to language... from remu to rangitiratanga, Maori words are included in the groundbreaking Oxford Dictionary of New Zealand English

Forget the linguistic wizards of Oz. New Zealanders like Emily Perkins are having their say

Word in a new chum's ear

The Oxford Dictionary of New Zealand English
ed Harry Orsman
966pp, Oxford, £90

A recent cartoon in London's Evening Standard depicted a prisoner in a dungeon inquiring of his guard, "Why do they call it the Encyclopaedia Britannica?" To which the guard responds, with lightning wit, "Would you buy the Encyclopaedia Britannica?" That is it — that is the joke, which manages to be unfunny as well as racist. And yet maybe the guard has a point. Who, aside from a few armchair anthropologists and the Aborigines themselves, is going to be interested in their encyclopaedia?

A sceptic could ask the same about the *Oxford Dictionary of New Zealand English*. The result of over 40 years' work by its editor Harry Orsman (it started life as a doctorate thesis), this is the most comprehensive record of New Zealand words and phrases to date. From Aotearoa to Nirezillun to Zealandia, the compilation on historical principles of 6,000 headword entries and 9,300 separate subentries reads as an intriguing, random overview of New Zealand's past and present.

Maori words are included with, where possible, examples of all early spellings: the rimo tree was also known as demo, timo, chim, rema, remo and remu. The loan words are mostly plant names, but there are widely used phrases too, and a previously contentious word, rangitiratanga (the Maori version of the Treaty of Waitangi granted tino rangatiratanga or chiefly authority, to the Maori, but the English version made no mention of it and the authority was presumed ceded) is translated definitively here.

Whaling provides a few juicy words, happily for whales (though sadly for us) now obsolete — slungullion is the offal, which the whaler might have left beside the sheers after cutting in. Whalers were followed by the settlers, shagrooms and squatocracy with their paddocks, gummies and cowspanking. Goldmining, farming, sport and prison cultures have all contributed abbreviations or colloquialisms specific to New Zealand (you don't want to be a sexo or kidfucker in Paritutu, unless you're cunning as a shit-house rat). These, needless to say, tend towards the macho, and it's a country where a milkbar cowboy has traditionally had the advantage over a pillion pussy, though neither breed survived the 1950s.

As Orsman writes in his introduction, "Pioneer immigrants... had to cope with 'bush', 'creek' and 'gully' replacing 'woods', 'brook' and 'vale'." The New Zealand words sound harsher, wilder — this is not a place for socks. Still, for Jimmy Grants from Pomagaha things could have been worse — the early New Zealanders called immigrants "new chums" (however ironically), while Newfoundlanders, another isolated population, have always distanced any visitor with the title CFA (Come From Away).

Orsman and his researchers have trawled letters, journals,

newspapers and countless books of fiction and non-fiction to support the entries with 47,000 quotations. Newspapers are much in evidence as sources, indicating the willingness of New Zealand journalism to embrace colloquialisms. A heading in Wellington's Dominion from 1995, "Police Hunt Sicks", is followed by the explanatory: "A police hunt for an extremely sick individual who trashed a Whangarei woman's home and pinned her goldfish to the wall with butcher's knives continued last night." Also that year the same paper informed us of Thihape Gumbboot Day, "the day when the world gumbboot throwing record is annually under threat". Funny how you build up a picture of a place, eh?

Slang makes up a big part of the language and there has often been a paucity of written sources to support the definitions. In these instances, oral evidence may have been noted, as in "voot, v. To have sexual intercourse (with)". 1941 root first heard by Ed. at St Patrick's College, Silverstream.

But it's not all as rough as guts. Literary fiction gets a fair suck of the saw, too. The quotations range from Denis Glover to Robin Hyde, Alan Curnow to Katherine Mansfield, Keri Hulme to Janet Frame — and illustrate the wide-spread assimilation of some Maori words as well as the influence of the elements and landscape on the language.

The respected novelist Maurice Gee, so the story goes, received some galley proofs back from his UK publishers with a particular

amendment. A family which "owned a back in the Souds" owed thanks to the copy editor, owned "a beach in the Souds" — a giant leap in social standing. Gee corrected the word back to back — a small unpretentious holiday hut familiar to New Zealanders of all classes — but the finished copies went out with the family fortunes raised forever. The point is not that, if only publishers had had access to this dictionary before now, New Zealand novels might have been printed more accurately. It is that a small, isolated country has few opportunities to present its language and perspectives to the larger world: while hardcase Kiwi children may grow up eating lamingtons and pumpkin pie and snow at Christmas, Fine — all part of acquiring curiosity about the world, which usually culminates in an Overseas Experience. But there is also a satisfaction in imagining that a non-New Zealand reader might be sent to the dictionary to decipher exactly what is meant by "rip, shit or bust" — though it might be self-explanatory. *The Oxford Dictionary of New Zealand English* is a fascinating document. From the historical (Girl's War, pre-fleet, speeler) through the natural world (bush alone requires seven and a half pages, with combinations covering another eight), to still-current phrases like crack a fat and demo party, this is a thorough and accessible guide. If there is any disappointment, it is the absence of words such as mahims, muntah, gruts and choice plus, the meanings of which

are known to any New Zealand under forty. Perhaps Orsman, clearly too fuck-knuckle, will include them in his forthcoming *Dictionary of New Zealand Slang*.

There is the lasting question of New Zealand identity — an identity that, despite assertions of arrival ("I'm all grown up now") is still being forged and worried over, mirror-gazing like any adolescent. Will New Zealand remain an Australia's boring cousin, a place too engrossed with sheep, horses, bush etc to come up with "high-octane linguistic innovation" as one recent editorial had it — the conservative land of "Ladies bring a plate"? What about the romantic, uncomplicated South Sea islands, a vision only believable if you half-close your eyes and murmur like mantras words you probably do not know the meanings of: inanga, pipirihwata, kerewai. The staunch Man Alone hasn't loosened his grip yet, though he's metamorphosed from a Harvey Keitel type who's taken the blanket to a bloke going solo in a cab, all cock and ribs like a mustache's dog. Will one of these old, surely outdated incarnations of New Zealand hold true?

Or, with the speed of development and openness to influence that the *Dictionary* illustrates, perhaps a new language — a New Zealand English influenced by US, American, urban and rural Maori, Pacific Islanders, Asian immigrants and returned travellers — will continue to develop and mutate, from the schoolyard to beyond. Oath mate, you never know.

Emily Perkins's novel *Leave Before You Go* was published by Picador earlier this year.

The Loafer

Poor Bret Easton Ellis. After a round of profiles and interviews in which the self-styled bad boy bemoans his lack of money, success and popularity, comes the news that Leonardo DiCaprio has pulled out of the forthcoming film version of *American Psycho*. Presumably, it didn't quite fit the clean-cut image, and the Titanic star has gone off to start work on *The Beach* instead — backpacking is so much nicer than torture and mutilation. It's unlikely that DiCaprio or any of his ilk will be auditioning for the part of a hobbit or Gollum in a mooted screen adaptation of *The Lord of the Rings*, to be filmed in New Zealand, the closest thing to Middle Earth that the world has to offer.

Stephen King, over here to promote his new novel *Bag of Bones*, took time off to watch cricket at Trent Bridge with his publishers. Sadly, the match was abandoned on account of rain. No matter — the legendary Dickie Bird was on hand to show the VIPs round, and a good time was had by all. The only dark cloud — apart from the rain — came as a mystified Bird was heard to remark "Who on earth was that?"

The Borders juggernaut rolls on, with a press release announcing a "spectacular calendar of events" to celebrate the Oxford Street store's grand opening in September. The highlight of this piece of hyperbole must be the "rare appearances by Irvine Welsh and Richard E. Grant", two figures hardly renowned for their shyness or reclusive tendencies, and whose ubiquity threatens to eclipse their talent. Coming a close second is the promise of *Maevae*

Binchy and Billy Bragg, a double bill the like of which London has surely never seen before.

It's been a good week for curious correspondence. The first missive comes from the tragically unpublished poet Andrew Tait. Readers might remember that Tait went on hunger strike last year in an attempt to attract a publisher for his magnum opus, *Beauty is to the I of the Beholder*, which tells the story of "the soul's confrontation with the forces of twentieth century obsidian darkness". Clearly, Tait got peckish, because this year he threatens to drink disinfectant on National Poetry Day if no eager editor is forthcoming. "I have chosen a slow way to die in order to try and expiate my bad thoughts for certain poetry publishers over all these years" he glooms. Resisting the temptation to lob a bottle of Dettol in a jiffy bag, the Loafer simply points to a cautionary tale: that of the late Jeff Bernard, who threatened suicide under a hard-hearted lover's bedroom window, and was rather taken aback to find a large bottle of sleeping tablets winging its way to him through the air, amid cries of "Go on then, do it!"

Another peculiar letter comes from the organisation Veda Shield Tantra Shield, whose letterhead places them at the forefront of International Actio for the Non-proliferation of Vedic and Tantric Power. Quite right, too. They send a vile and scurrilous limerick, the subject of which is omelette than Booker Prize winner Arundhati Roy. Malicious, libellous and far too filthy to print in a family newspaper — and worse still, it doesn't even scan.

Martin Wainwright on't truth about poets and other folk up North

From Yorkshire to the moon

All Points North
Simon Armitage
246pp, Viking, £14.99

I must be trying to come from part of Britain with no real image, like Kettering perhaps or the mysterious empty spaces which make up Lincolnshire. But there are disadvantages too in having your DNA set in everyone else's mental coörcer, as happens to those of us from Yorkshire.

One of them is the lure of such a distinctive type to native writers, caught between the genuine appeal of supposedly "Northern" attributes and the fact that they are what the outside world insists we are like. The familiar omelette of quirky bluntness duly bounces around in Simon Armitage's look at his home patch where "England tucks its shirt into its underpants".

It probably isn't the fault of the Huddersfield Poet that this phrase was skewered from 240 pages — full of much more original material — by a blur-writer with the usual kestrel's eye for a pithy summary of Up North. But you can correctly judge rather too much of this book by the rest of its cover: an archetypal "Yorkshire" pair sat in a gum parody of *The Glass of Absinthe*, with a oom-brewed condiment bottle in place of Degas' drink and a most uncivil light-fitting on the wall.

The effect will be popular but also a pity, in so far as it dilutes the originality of other Armitage images, which have made him such a deservedly popular poet. I like him when he watches Jupiter from Robin Hood's Bay and uses string, two conkers, a protractor and his watch (what wonderful pocket contents) to measure the distance to the moon.

Armitage also has a distinctive, what you might call post-Methodist approach to the Pennine valleys, which makes a refreshing change from traditional lays about independent, yeoman qualities and hard graft. I can't vouch for its complete absence, but the word "chapel" doesn't figure much. When someone of Armitage's age sees a church in West Yorkshire, they assume in his words that "It's probably a discount centre or an architect's house".

This isn't my view, any more than I'd accept his contention that his own Colne Valley had a "long pleasant afternoon oap" in the 1970s when everyone automati-

cally voted Liberal because the local MP Richard Wainwright "was a good man and that was all anybody needed to know". I must declare a filial interest, but also knuckles permanently misshapen by knocking oo just about every door in Marsden, oo doubt including the Armitages', as really ferocious battles raged over majorities like 187 and 719.

That experience overturned a lot of false assumptions — political parallels of cliché about the North — especially the idea that Liberals are too nice to win in a rough game like politics. But I can see how differently it seemed to Simon and his teenage mates, whose twist on Mrs Bottomley's Syringe, in honour of the then secretary of state for health.

Armitage also draws great strength and credibility from his years as a probation officer, which have helped to give his poetry depth. A short passage on the morning drill for the bail intervention officer at Oldham magistrates court, with a convincing ear for the crude repartee between officers and cells, speaks volumes about petty criminals and the police.

This is much better than knocks at predictable aunt sallies like Harvey Nicks in Leeds or the enormous HQ in the city of the national health service, with its strange rooftop device. Calliope & Co unusually desert Armitage as he struggles to compare this prong to a crucifix or a crow's nest. It is locally known as Mrs Bottomley's Syringe, in honour of the then secretary of state for health.

The recycling element of the book also comes as a bit of a disappointment, with slabs of radio and TV script inserted in a practice more familiar in posthumous collected works. This jars in a similar way to bits of oonsense from the newspapers scattered about under the heading *News Just In*; it also weakens some of the poet's images through repetition.

One example is the annoying colonial concept of Armitage's that the M1 "does an emergency stop" as its northern end in Leeds. The correct view is that the M1 starts from Leeds and does an emergency stop in Hendon (doesn't the very name give you the creeps?). Instead of speeding us Yorkshire types onwards in our mission — so ably assisted by Armitage — to dominate the world.

The Taliban are the servant of two masters, says **Hugh Carless** — Allah and the oil companies

Bad for women, good for motorists

The Taliban: War, Religion and the New Order in Afghanistan
by Peter Marsden
182pp, Zed Books, £12.95

Four years ago a new phenomenon erupted in Afghanistan: the Taliban. By religion they were strict Sunni Muslims; by race, Pushtun (Pathans) who comprise 40 per cent of the Afghan population; by origin, young militia men recruited from Islamic schools, often the Afghan refugee camps of Pakistan, enjoying the support of Pakistan, Saudi Arabia and certain oil companies, they appeared by May 1997 to have gained control of all the main towns of Afghanistan.

They were then recognised as the government by Pakistan and Saudi Arabia. Although they temporarily failed to hold Mazar-i-Sharif in the north, they imposed their strict interpretation of Islamic Sharia law over two thirds of the country. Their social policies are harsh, particularly for women. Their successes alarmed Iran, Uzbekistan and Russia.

Peter Marsden is a Middle East specialist who has worked for the past eight years with the British Agencies Afghanistan Group. His timely and objective book describes the proxy and civil war fought for the control of Afghanistan and, thus, for access to the trade, oil and gas of the young Central Asian



Good working order — a Taliban militiaman checks his AK47

republics. It traces the rise of the Taliban as a revivalist Islamic movement and analyses their puritan social and gender policies and the tensions which have consequently arisen between them and the United Nations and other humanitarian relief agencies working in Afghanistan.

As a military force, the Taliban had their origin in Kandahar,

which they captured in 1994. They soon gained adherents in the Pushtun heartlands in the east, south and south west of Afghanistan. In 1995 they took Herat and, in 1996, first Jalalabad and then Kabul, the capital, which had been held since 1992 by the Tajik-led Mujahadin (anti-Soviet resistance). Herat and Kabul had for centuries been relatively cultured Persian speaking

cities and in both the harshness of Taliban rule would seem to have been particularly severe.

In 1997, Taliban troops crossed the Hindu Kush range and advanced to Mazar-i-Sharif. But here, they were counter-attacked by troops of the Northern Alliance of minority races — Uzbeks, Hazaras, Tajiks and Ismailis — and most of them were driven back over the

Hindu Kush to a front-line which ran just above Kabul. However, in July 1998, the Taliban mounted a further offensive in the north, capturing Mazar-i-Sharif and other urban centres and splintering the Northern Alliance.

Last autumn, a consortium of oil and gas companies, including the US-owned Unocal and the Saudi Arabian Delta Oil, announced an agreement to build a US\$2 billion natural gas pipeline from Turkmenistan through Afghanistan to Pakistan, with security guaranteed by the Taliban. The victorious Taliban are now likely to demand recognition from the UN and the Western powers.

Under the Taliban, urban life has assumed a rustic simplicity. The Department for the Promotion of Virtue and the Prevention of Vice requires men to grow beards and wear turbans and women to don the burqa (full length veil) when going out. Education and employment for women have been curtailed while music, chess, television and kites have been banned.

This book deserves attention as a first study of an Islamic phenomenon which is repressive in its social and racial policies, and as hostile to Western, as it is to Communist, values. The military success of the Taliban seems likely to have far-reaching consequences for Russia and Iran as well as for central Asia.

Hugh Carless is a former British ambassador.

arts

He created the horror movie, and then his life became one...

Jonathan Jones on the troubled life and times of James Whale, creator of *Frankenstein*

It was undiluted Hollywood Gothic, a scene straight out of *Sunset Boulevard*. The House on Amalfi Drive in Pacific Palisades, an expensive suburb between Malibu and Santa Monica, had been quiet for years except for some parties the owner gave around the pool. He was said to have been a big studio director back in the thirties. On May 27 1957, James Whale directed himself in one last scene. He gave his housekeeper the day off and waited for his lover, Pierre Roegel, to go to work. Then he went to the pool and threw himself into the shallow end. The coroner concluded the blow to his head did not kill him, so he must have deliberately swallowed water to drown.

"Now there was real horror," said Boris Karloff, whom Whale made a star in his 1931 classic *Frankenstein*. The way the director ended his life recalls the scene in *Frankenstein* where the childlike monster meets a little girl beside a lonely lake. She invites him to play with her, the only moment of humanity he ever enjoys. His terrible face cracks into a grin as they throw flowers on the water. Then in his excitement he picks her up and hurls her in too.

In a forthcoming film it's James Whale who's the outsider haunting the fringes of American society in the dreary, conservative 1950s. Ian McKellen stars as Whale in *Gods And Monsters*, a fictional account of

the director's last days that's to be released in October after a huge critical triumph at this year's Sundance festival. Based on the novel *Father Of Frankenstein*, by Christopher Bram, the film suggests Whale staged his death like a scene from one of his films. Horror writer and film-maker Clive Barker is executive producer, but anyone expecting a slice of Barkeresque splatter will be disappointed. Nor does *Gods And Monsters* mimic its subject's style, like Tim Burton's *Ed Wood*. It's a sensitive, scrupulous film set alight by Ian McKellen's passionate identification with Whale.

"For me it was a very alluring part," McKellen said. "James Whale was an Englishman abroad; he was a gay man in Hollywood. I've been these things in my life." This is James Whale as Ian McKellen, a performance tipped for an Oscar nomination which, with his role in the forthcoming *Apt Pupil*, has established him as a major screen actor in America. Lynn Redgrave is also hilarious as a Teutonic servant who asks, after they watch Whale's *Bride Of Frankenstein*: "How could you work with that horrible monster?" Whale's desire to die is triggered by a stroke that has left him with an incontinent memory of his divided life. As he tells an interviewer how his father taught at Eton, his uncle was a bishop and he was educated at Harrow, he has a flashback of himself as a boy going to work in a factory billowing with smoke.

James Whale was a man who reinvented himself absolutely and convulsively. Born into a large working-class family in Dudley in 1889, he was a cobbler and panel-beater until the first world war gave him the chance to become an infantry officer. He went to the Western Front, was taken prisoner, starved in an amateur theatricals at an officer's prison camp, and returned to Britain with a new patrician accent and confidence. He became part of a London theatrical generation that included John Gielgud and Elsa Lanchester. His most successful West End role was as Herrick Crispin, the syphilitic maniac son of Charles Laughton in the 1925 play *Portrait Of A Man With Red Hair*, in which Laughton kidnaps and tortures a young couple for pleasure.

In 1930 he found himself in Hollywood directing the film of the first world war play *Journey's End*. He was just what the studios needed, an experienced theatre man who could cope with the new talkies. Universal put him on contract and he gave them some of their biggest hits — *Frankenstein*, *The Invisible Man*, *Bride Of Frankenstein*, *The Old Dark House*. Yet by the end of the decade Whale was finished in that town. He retired in 1941 and whiled away his time painting and smoking expensive cigars until the day he was found at the bottom of his pool. McKellen brilliantly captures the sensibility of Whale, a working-class boy posing as an aristocrat. His public persona is controlled and witty, but this mask dissolves before our eyes to expose a vulnerable, Karloffian creature: Whale as simultaneously *Frankenstein* and the monster.

Whale's death became a Hollywood mystery when his business manager pocketed the suicide note. The film returns to the mystery, introducing the fictional character of a big, dumb ex-Marine pool-cleaner who, in Whale's eyes, is the *Frankenstein* monster come to kill him. Even though the note has long since passed into the public domain, with its wistful farewell — "I've had a wonderful life, but it's over" — many feel Whale was indirectly murdered. The killers are easy to pinpoint — the studio execs who treated one of the most original directors ever to work in Hollywood as a B-feature hack. The question is why.

The grimmest possibility, suggested by film historian Vito Russo in *The Celluloid Closet*, is that Whale was driven out of the studios and isolated in Hollywood because from the moment he returned from the war to the day he died, he never concealed or apologised for his sexuality. In *Gods And Monsters*, Whale is contrasted with the closeted George Cukor, director of *Gone With The Wind*, whom he embarrasses in front of Princess Margaret by describing them both as queens. "Whale wasn't in any sense a gay activist," says McKellen, "but his example is one that hasn't been fol-



Watch that ash, dear... Whale attends to Boris Karloff on the set of *Bride Of Frankenstein*. Below, left and right, *The Invisible Man* and *Showboat*

PHOTO: BFI

lowed. Today there's Anne Heche, but there are no men in Hollywood who are out. The fact that Whale was gay and has a gay sensibility is pretty obvious when you look at the movies; they're full of camp jokes which you either get or don't get."

Whale lived for over two decades with producer David Lewis. They attended premieres and parties as a couple. "This was possible because the public didn't have much awareness of what directors did," says McKellen. "The director was very much a studio employee." In the forties there was strong pressure on David Lewis to leave his friend at home. The biopic portrays Lewis as an equivocating timeserver who sees Whale as an entertainment.

The downfall of Whale coincided with the end of Hollywood's most unregulated era, whose most prodigious birth was the horror film. Dangerous subjects were presented as big-budget, family entertainment. Universal, the studio founded by Carl Laemmle in 1917, specialised in horror in the silent era with Tod

Browning directing Lon Chaney, "the man of a thousand faces", as *The Hunchback Of Notre Dame* or a limbley man, but it was in the thirties that Laemmle's son, Junior, hit on the formula of horror melodrama. Other studios competed by exploring disfigurement, necrophilia, erotic obsession and the revolutionary carnival of *Tod Browning's Freaks* (1932), so controversial it almost killed the genre. Yet the most intelligent horrors were the ones made by Universal, and the studio's best horror director was James Whale. His biographers insist on the flexibility of his talent, pointing to forgotten comedies and his 1936 film of *Showboat* with Paul Robeson. But Whale's horror films are his claim to a place in the pantheon of great directors; he was the auteur of the genre, up there with Murnau and Hitchcock.

Horror gave James Whale the freedom to put his sexuality on screen. His mad scientists reject marriage in favour of strange nocturnal pursuits. Henry Frank-

enstein's fiancée, who hasn't seen him for months as he works in his solitary tower doing strange things with men's dead bodies, laments how "on the very night of our engagement he told me of his experiments." Henry asks a fellow scientist if he has ever desired to "do something dangerous." In *Bride Of Frankenstein* the ultra-camp, even madder scientist Ernest Thesiger proposes to usher in "a new age of gods and monsters" when men will reproduce themselves without women.

The greatest of them all, *Frankenstein*, is also about betrayal. Having created a monster that needs him, Henry Frankenstein spurns it — "Take it away! Take it away!" he tells his servant — as a closeted film star might reject a lover.

Yet the outsider who moves us most is the monster. In the most breathtaking scene in all his films, Whale summons up society's most lurid fears of strangers. The studio wanted to edit the scene with the lake, frightened it suggested a paedophile murder, but when they made the monster's actions less explicit they seemed more potentially disgusting so Whale's version was restored. The child's father carries her body through the town and arouses a vengeful mob. As they burn the monster to death, Whale makes us empathise with a child-killer.

The dangerous thoughts of James Whale were licensed in the eccentric world of Universal studios. The Laemmles ran Universal as a family — literally, so that in the early thirties all Carl Laemmle's non-English-speaking Jewish relatives from Europe were given jobs as extras. It couldn't last. The studio lost money, and in 1936 Universal was taken over by a business consortium. Whale was harassed over budgets and completion times and his biggest film to date, *The Road Back* (1937, a sequel to *All Quiet On The Western Front*) was hacked about in the cutting room to appease Nazi complaints. Universal made him

serve out his contract on cheap fodder, and he worked on increasingly weak films culminating in *Green Hell* which one of its stars, Vincent Price, described as "about five of the worst films ever made."

James Whale's films are torn between self-invention and a deadly imprisonment in the past. *Frankenstein's* monster is a creature made from dead men's bodies. The *Invisible Man* (1933) is a bandaged freak who unwraps his gaze to reveal a space where his jaw should be. "He's got some terrible injury," says his landlady. The image is of a first world war shell injury, as is the crudely sutured face of Boris Karloff. *Frankenstein* even begins with a trench-like grave in a barren setting that suggests no-man's-land. *Gods And Monsters* places these images at the heart of Whale's imagination. McKellen sees visions of dead comrades beckoning him to join them in

the trenches, and his swimming pool is choked with bodies.

Hollywood was also a no-man's-land. It allowed Whale a freedom he could never have attained in England, accepting his credentials as upper class, and giving him the money to protect himself and his lover from scrutiny. "He liked the money, he liked the weather," says Ian McKellen. But freedom gave way to a void when the studios suddenly had no use for him. He broke up with David Lewis and gave pool-side parties for boys. The stroke that led to his suicide was misdiagnosed as depression, and in a *Frankensteinian* irony, the hospital gave him unnecessary electric shock treatment. In the end, James Whale paid a high price for his survival of the first world war and his glory days in liberal thirties Hollywood. As *Gods And Monsters* and Ian McKellen's performance makes plain, James Whale was not just the founding father of the horror film but of a cinema of difference that has yet to find its place in Hollywood.



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European Championship: Group One,

Wales falls a little flat and finds no comfort in a home from home

Ian Ross on Bobby Gould's problems before tonight's match at Anfield

WALES must tonight produce a performance to defy logic. Indeed, if victory is to be theirs, it may also have to beggar belief.

Glorious though the prospect of opening their Euro 2000 campaign against Italy at Anfield may be, it seems to represent a pitfall rather than a springboard.

The decision to stage such a prestigious fixture in England would seem to have pleased more Italians than Welsh, the dissenting voices claiming that to overlook Wrexham's Racecourse, or Swansea's Vetch Field while Cardiff's National Stadium is being renovated is to surrender an advantage.

The first to voice his concern was Wales's all-time leading goalscorer Ian Rush, and he will not be the last should Italy's new era under Dino Zoff open with a victory.

"By playing what is obviously a crucial game not in Wales but on Merseyside, we may have handed the initiative to Italy before a ball has even been kicked," argued Rush. "You have to ask yourself a simple question — would Italy prefer to play at a packed small ground in Wales or a half-empty Anfield? I think most football people will know the answer."

And half full Anfield will be tonight. By yesterday afternoon 28,000 of the 45,000 tickets remained unsold.

"I would rather play at Colwyn Bay or Merthyr than at Anfield," added the captain Gary Speed. "I like Anfield and it is a super stadium. But

I am not alone in saying that for this type of match we would prefer to play in Wales."

Not that the Wales coach Bobby Gould is unduly concerned with the make-up of the crowd — he has quite enough problems with the make-up of his team.

With West Ham United's John Hartson and Benfica's Mark Pembroke ruled out because of injury, Gould's already limited options have been hacked back further. Even so with Ryan Giggs and Nathan Blake likely to play upfront, there may not be room for the seasoned veteran Dean Saunders.

Gould often likes to preach caution but he would not be alone in believing that this particular occasion possibly cries out for the gung-ho approach of yesteryear, when the Welsh motto seemed to be: "Attack wildly and if we lose, well, never mind."

With the group also containing the talents of Denmark and Switzerland, along with the banana skin Republic of Belarus, Wales will be required to start brightly. Predictably, one of Gould's assistants the churlish Neville Southall believes they will do just that. "Everyone expects us to get battered but we are going to turn up and we are going to win this game," he said.

Italy's league season does not start for a week and some players have just returned from holiday. "If Wales cause us any problems it will be on a physical level because none of us can say we're in peak condition, even though we've worked a lot over the last few days," said Fabio Cannavaro.

WALLES (possible 5-2-1-2): Jones; Robinson, Williams, Symcox, Coleman, Raftery, Savage, Speed, Hughes, Blake, Giggs or Saunders.

ITALY (possible 4-4-2): Peruzzi; Torigliani, Cannavaro, Frust, Sereno, Albertini, G. Baggio, Di Biagio, Fuso, Vieri, Del Piero or R. Baggio.

England embark on the quest for Euro 2000



Fishing for facts... England's coach Glenn Hoddle is cornered by the press pack on the shores of a lake in Stockholm

PHOTOGRAPH: SHAWN BUTTERILL

Owen ready to rock and roll

David Lacey in Stockholm finds Hoddle at pains to deny that Adams's injury is a fabrication

MICHAEL OWEN has been greeted here like Michael Jackson and tonight the 18-year-old Liverpool striker will have an opportunity to put England's poor record in Sweden straight. The last time England beat the Swedes on their own soil the Beatles, along with their footballing equivalent, George Best, had barely gone into orbit.

Not that the present England side will care much about 1965 and all that as they begin qualification for the 2000 European Championship. Glenn Hoddle is far keener to revive the spirit of his team's progress in the 1996 World Cup, which owed much to the strength of England's performances in potentially difficult away matches.

If England can reproduce the patience and discipline they showed in Georgia, Poland and Italy then a first win in Sweden for 33 years will be well within their grasp.

Alan Shearer, who missed the qualifiers in Thiliet and Rome but played superbly in Chorzow, will captain the team tonight and stands to benefit if the attention devoted to Owen off the pitch is shared by Tommy Soderberg's defenders.

Victory for England would not only give an immediate boost to their chances of making the European Championship in Holland and Belgium, it would also save any disappointment lingering on after the second-round World Cup defeat by Argentina. And it would also provide some much-needed rationality after a singularly bizarre build-up.

Hoddle's stock with the media, though not with the country, has never been so low after the publication of the World Cup memoirs which left reporters feeling they had been led up a muddy garden path. This morning, moreover, Eileen Drewery, the England coach's faith healer and guru, will be interviewed on satellite television, presumably the Sci-Fi Channel.

Yesterday the tortuous tale took a further twist when Hoddle reported that Tony Adams, who represents half the current membership of England's Book of the Month Club, was doubtful for tonight's game with "a tweaked ankle ligament". Such is the England coach's record on being open about injuries that the statement was greeted with the sort of incredulity once accorded to any sentence by Richard Nixon that began with the words "Believe me."

"You like to keep the opposition guessing and waiting," said one scribe. "Is Adams really injured?"

"I'm not even going to bother to answer that," Hoddle replied stiffly.

In fact he looked too world-weary to waste energy trying to fool the opposition; perhaps he had stayed up reading his book. Either way Adams will have a fitness test today and should he have to drop out the obvious solution would be to move Gareth Southgate to the middle of the back three and bring in Martin Keown on the right.

Losing Adams from the defence, having already been denied the midfield services of the suspended David Beckham and the injured David Batty and Nicky Butt, would

further test the depth of Hoddle's squad. Liverpool's Jamie Redknapp is expected to fill the midfield vacancy.

Everything, for the moment, comes back to Owen. It is astonishing how quickly a football scene can change. At the beginning of the year there was a serious debate about whether Owen should be in the World Cup squad, then the argument switched to whether or not he should be on at the start of matches. Now, after his goal against Argentina, the only doubt concerns the precise time he will score.

Hoddle is worried that a bandwagon now losing control will overturn at the first bend. He is not concerned

about the pressure on Owen to succeed, but still feels that people's expectations are running dangerously high.

"It's impossible for any player, especially if he's a goalscorer, to go through the season scoring left, right and centre," the England coach warned yesterday.

"Every player will have a dip in form, and when Michael has a dip everyone will say, 'Oh, something's happened to him'. That's unfair because there has never been a player who has gone through a season getting nine out of 10 in every single game."

That said, an awful lot depends on Owen getting his marks. Already his speed and finishing are threatening to dominate England's qualifying group. Bulgaria, who visit Wembley next month, will watch the Sweden match with anxious eyes, and Luxembourg, England's opponents in the Grand Duchy four days later, will trust that Owen's predicted loss of form arrives at roughly the same time.

A victory for Hoddle's team now, whoever scores, would establish them as favourites to win Group Five, for neither the Bulgarians nor the Poles, whom England do not play until March, would fancy having to win in Sweden to stay in touch. And Hoddle, while he

acknowledges a draw as a satisfactory option, clearly believes his side can win.

Certainly Sweden look beatable. A thigh injury has deprived their attack of Kenneth Andersson and their defence looks one-paced. The principal danger could come from Par Zetterberg on the right and much will depend on Paul Ince curbing the influence in midfield of Stefan Schwarz.

Yet all could turn on the effect of one of yesterday's local headlines: "Shearer in Owen's shadow". Dangerous words indeed, especially at the end of a week which began with Shearer glaring back down the pitch at St James' Park as the teenager went through Newcastle's defence as if it wasn't there; well, it wasn't, was it? Sweden could pay for that result, and to England's profit.

Goals by Liverpool's Jamie Carragher and West Ham's Frank Lampard, with a late penalty, gave England a 2-0 victory over Sweden in yesterday's European Under-21 qualifier in Sundsvall.

SWEDEN (4-4-2): (probable) Hedman, Nilsson, P. Andersson, Bjorklund, Karmark, Zetterberg, Schwarz, Marlow, Lundberg, Larsson, Pettersson.

ENGLAND (3-5-2): (probable) Seaman, Southgate, Adams, Keown, Carragher, Anderson, Redknapp, Ince, Scholes, Le Saux, Shearer, Owen.

Referee: P. Collina (Italy).

Leader comment, page 8

Ukraine to test Russia at last

RUSSIA and Ukraine meet for the first time today in the opening round of their European Championship qualifying campaign in Kiev.

The Group Four tie finally sets up a showdown the Ukrainians wanted in 1992 to settle which country would inherit the footballing mantle of the former Soviet Union. Russia refused a play-off but won the day through some smart backroom negotiations with Fifa.

Many Ukrainians witnessing Russia's economic turmoil and conscious of the Russians' failure to reach the World Cup finals for the first

time in 20 years, believe their time has come. To add further interest, Russia's squad is peppered with native Ukrainians, many of them forced to throw in their lot with Russia as a result of a Fifa ruling.

Russia's coach Anatoly Byshovets, the former Soviet trainer, was born in Ukraine as was the captain Viktor Onopko, their most-capped player, and the Rangers winger Andrei Kanchelskii.

On the Ukrainian side much will depend on the Dynamo Kiev captain and playmaker Yuri Kalitvintsev, born in Russia and schooled at Dynamo Moscow.

So far, Zoff has been keeping everybody guessing. Earlier in the week, it seemed that he would favour Baggio, who still looks the more in form of the two. However, at Italy's final training session at Coverciano, near Florence, on Thursday, Zoff confused the issue by putting Del Piero alongside Lazio's new £17.5million signing Christian Vieri, with Baggio in opposing reserve team.

When Zoff was asked for clarification, he replied: "I have a pretty clear idea of my team but there could be one or two areas of doubt, except that what is an area of doubt for you may well not be for me. For me, more than the

names, what counts is to have a balanced side."

Zoff comes from Friuli in north-eastern Italy where industrious, hard-working

and then to Juventus (1988-90) and Lazio (1990-94), Zoff's sides nearly always used a variant on 4-4-2, producing solid sides and good results.

He took over a club that was close to the relegation zone, having picked up only 23 points from 18 games, and lifted them to fourth after a

run of nine wins, five draws and only two defeats.

When Italy appointed Zoff last month he suggested that there would not be enough time to experiment with new players given that tonight's game comes a week before the Serie A season starts. Yet uncapped players such as Mi-

chale Serena of Atletico Madrid, Eusebio Di Francesco of Roma, Salvatore Fresta of Inter, Jonathan Bachini and Giuliano Giannichedda, both of Udinese, are all possible starters.

One of Di Francesco, Bachini and Giannichedda may find a place in a midfield which should otherwise be filled with Demetrio Albertini, Luigi Di Biagio and Dino Baggio.

In defence, Zoff has clearly opted for change having dropped Milan's Alessandro Costacurta, who was often used as a sweeper by Maldini.

The new-look central defence should comprise Fabio Cannavaro, one of the few Italians to emerge from France 98

with an enhanced reputation, alongside Fresta.

The former Fiorentina and Sampdoria player Serena comes in at left-back in place of the injured Paolo Maldini, who hands over the captain's armband to Albertini. Moreno Torricelli, who joined Fiorentina from Juventus, is favourite for the right-back berth although he did not play in any of Italy's five games at France 98.

In goal Juventus's Angelo Peruzzi, ruled out of the World Cup by a late injury, returns in place of Gianluca Pagliuca.

It may be a half-fit, new-look Italian team, but they should still have too much know-how for Wales.

Zoff walks the thin blue line but keeps his powder dry

Paddy Agnew in Rome finds Italy's coach giving little away in Del Piero-Baggio debate

CESARE MALDINI may have gone but he has left his successor Dino Zoff with the thorny dilemma of whether to play Roberto Baggio or Alessandro Del Piero in attack.

The question which prompted heated discussions in every Italian bar and restaurant in the summer has resurfaced for Zoff, who tonight opens his coaching account when Italy line up against Wales at Anfield.

During France 98, Maldini resolutely ignored the advice

of everyone from his local postman to the Prime Minister Romano Prodi calling for Baggio, Internazionale's new signing, and Del Piero to play together. Maldini kept faith with Del Piero and excluded Baggio, even when it seemed obvious that the 23-year-old Juventus striker was well below his best.

For that decision, almost as much as for the negative manner in which Italy lost to France on penalties in the quarter-finals, Maldini was dismissed within 10 days of returning from the World

Cup.

So far, Zoff has been keeping everybody guessing. Earlier in the week, it seemed that he would favour Baggio, who still looks the more in form of the two. However, at Italy's final training session at Coverciano, near Florence, on Thursday, Zoff confused the issue by putting Del Piero alongside Lazio's new £17.5million signing Christian Vieri, with Baggio in opposing reserve team.

When Zoff was asked for clarification, he replied: "I have a pretty clear idea of my team but there could be one or two areas of doubt, except that what is an area of doubt for you may well not be for me. For me, more than the

names, what counts is to have a balanced side."

Zoff comes from Friuli in north-eastern Italy where industrious, hard-working

and then to Juventus (1988-90) and Lazio (1990-94), Zoff's sides nearly always used a variant on 4-4-2, producing solid sides and good results.

He took over a club that was close to the relegation zone, having picked up only 23 points from 18 games, and lifted them to fourth after a

run of nine wins, five draws and only two defeats.

When Italy appointed Zoff last month he suggested that there would not be enough time to experiment with new players given that tonight's game comes a week before the Serie A season starts. Yet uncapped players such as Mi-

chale Serena of Atletico Madrid, Eusebio Di Francesco of Roma, Salvatore Fresta of Inter, Jonathan Bachini and Giuliano Giannichedda, both of Udinese, are all possible starters.

One of Di Francesco, Bachini and Giannichedda may find a place in a midfield which should otherwise be filled with Demetrio Albertini, Luigi Di Biagio and Dino Baggio.

In defence, Zoff has clearly opted for change having dropped Milan's Alessandro Costacurta, who was often used as a sweeper by Maldini.

The new-look central defence should comprise Fabio Cannavaro, one of the few Italians to emerge from France 98

with an enhanced reputation, alongside Fresta.

The former Fiorentina and Sampdoria player Serena comes in at left-back in place of the injured Paolo Maldini, who hands over the captain's armband to Albertini. Moreno Torricelli, who joined Fiorentina from Juventus, is favourite for the right-back berth although he did not play in any of Italy's five games at France 98.

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'I have a pretty clear idea of my team but there could be one or two areas of doubt'

people are not given to locumacy and "likes to let the results do the talking".

He seems sure to begin with a 4-4-2 formation tonight, as opposed to the more traditional 5-3-1 with sweeper used by Maldini. In successful spells as coach, first to the 1988 Italian Olympic team

Zoff's Olympic team qualified for Seoul. At Juventus he won both the Uefa and Italian Cups and in his best season with Lazio he led them to third place in Serie A. When the Czech coach Zdenek Zeman was sacked by Lazio in January 1997, Zoff was called back to put on his tracksuit again.

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Football

Remember Freddie Steele? He was scoring against the Swedes when England had no fear of becoming turnips

David Lacey



FREDDIE STEELE was one of England's leading centre-forwards in the mid-to-late Thirties. He was strong in the air and this, combined with the accuracy of the crosses supplied by Stanley Matthews, produced many a goal for Stoke City.

After the second world war Steele managed Port Vale and took them to the semi-finals of the FA Cup in 1954. In the

same season Vale won promotion from the Third Division (North) with one of the best defensive records in the league's history. Just 21 goals conceded in 42 matches.

The reason for recalling Steele now, however, has nothing to do with his managerial prowess or his ability to organise a defence, or even his playing record with Stoke. No, it is simply the fact that Freddie Steele was the last England centre-forward to score in Sweden.

He did so in the spring of 1937 when England won 4-0 in Stockholm. Earlier on that Scandinavian tour they had beaten Norway 6-0 in Oslo, and they finished by routing Finland 9-0 in Helsinki. On happy, innocent days.

Since then Sweden has been a graveyard for England strikers. The few goals they have scored have come from wingers like Tom Finney and John Connelly or midfielders such as Alan Ball and David Platt.

Platt's goal in Stockholm in the 1992 European Championship briefly raised English hopes after a leaden scoreless draw with Denmark and France in Malmö had led to questions in the House about the impotence of Graham Taylor's attack. Then the Swedes scored twice. England went out, and the turnip legend was born.

That match also marked the end of Gary Lineker's international career. He was one of the players who had put a United States team, some of

whom were more accustomed to playing indoor football with smaller nets. Nevertheless, Robson gave Dixon a further chance, which he blew as Sweden won a low-key friendly 1-0.

Dixon's misfortune was in coming along just as Lineker's partnership with Peter Beardsley was bearing fruit. At another time he would surely have won more than eight caps.

That had been Steele's fate. Welcomed as another Billy Dean he played only once more for England after Stockholm. Tommy Lawton was on the way, followed by the war.

So what is it about Sweden that cramps the style of England centre-forwards — or, if it comes to that, Scandinavian

as a whole? Remember Graham Taylor's cry of anguish when his team about to lose a crucial World Cup qualifier 2-0 to Norway in 1983. "Carlton!" he screamed at Palmer. "Carlton! Get it over the top, get it to Les...!" Les Ferdinand and Teddy Sheringham, who eventually gave way to Ian Wright, led the England attack that night. That is to say they hung about near the Norwegian goal while the weeds of World Cup failure were sprouting at the other end.

TAKEN together, Sweden and Norway have hardly been a barrel of laughs for England team, or those in charge of them, over the last two de-

labeled Turnip II, even if he has been dug up over his World Cup book.

In any case, what matters will not be the feelings of an England coach who is as disliked by reporters as he is by the public, but the extent to which Alan Shearer and Michael Owen manage to break a Swedish hex on England strikers which has now lasted for more than 60 years.

This week Shearer said he had been the intended substitute for Lineker in 1992 but that Taylor had then changed his mind and brought on Alan Smith instead. That was a good match to miss and if Shearer scores tonight he will surely begin to see the turnip in a new light.

Group Three: Sweden v England

Anderton still keeping the faith

Roy Collins hears how Glenn Hoddle's belief and a German surgeon's skill put 'Sicknote' firmly on the road to recovery

DARREN ANDERTON looks and plays like a man who could be knocked over by a stiff breeze. Much as he loathes what he hopes is his fading nickname, Sicknote, it has always perfectly suited the skinny, fey-looking, short-sighted winger who one can imagine turning up for England duty waving a note from his mum to be excused training.

Anderton, 26, who plays wearing contact lenses, has started only 27 games for Tottenham in the past three seasons, though during periods of remission from his groin injury, he managed to represent England in both Euro 96 and this summer's World Cup. Now, thanks to the faith of the England coach Glenn

'I've had three years in which I've hardly played. I'm only happy when I'm playing. Just ask my girlfriend'

Hoddle, the apparent healing powers of Eileen Drewery and, more importantly, the skills of a female German surgeon, he feels he has been restored to full health.

Anderton is sure of a place against Sweden in Stockholm today. Hoddle having shown remarkable confidence just to take him to France 98, let alone playing him in every match. Anderton appreciates the risk taken by his coach. He says: "It was a gamble by Glenn because of the history of my injuries and the way I'd broken down so many times. I felt I was on trial in the first couple of games in France but, in the end, I think I did okay."

"It's been so hard to get over the World Cup, though. It all finished so suddenly and I was shattered physically and mentally."

"Now, though, my confidence is sky high. Glenn was one of my heroes when he was a player and it gives me great self-belief that someone

I idolised picks me and believes in me. I've had three years of hell in which I've hardly played and whatever people say about me, I'm only happy when I'm playing. When I'm not, I'm miserable. Just ask my girlfriend."

So delighted is Anderton to be part of the England scene that he is even happy to share his feelings with the press. Most of his team-mates would sooner make a dental appointment with Mad Frankie Fraser.

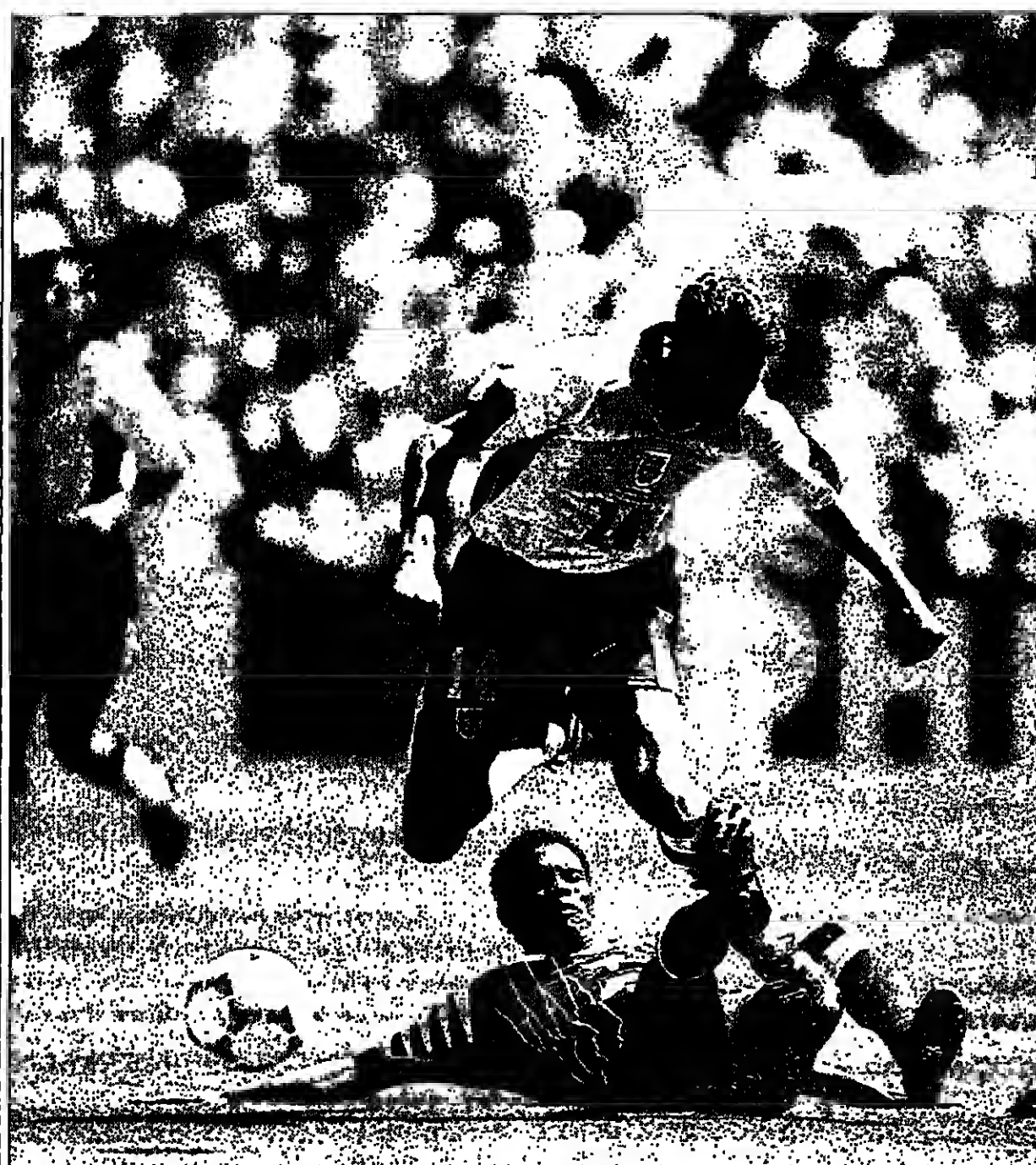
The England captain Alan Shearer accepts that interviews go with the territory but treats every question as though it were an unplanned grenade rolled under his chair, his piercing eyes darting around like frightened mice. Others, like Teddy Sheringham, sit arrogantly, baseball cap on backwards, as sullen as someone helping police with their inquiries.

So it was refreshing to hear Anderton speak openly about his injuries and the problems at Spurs. He admits: "We were shocking in the opening two games and the reaction from fans was only to be expected when a club like ours loses their first two matches."

"But before the Everton game we changed a few things. The players had a meeting and we felt it would be best if David Ginola pushed forward because he is not the best at tracking back from midfield. Fortunately, Christian Cross was thinking on the same lines."

The victory at Goodison Park does not guarantee that Gross will still be manager at the end of the season, or even for the next game. Anderton, who admits that many of the things written about Cross are neither nice nor fair, says that he has the backing of most of the players. He points out, however, which is something Hoddle would do well to digest, that "no manager ever gets 100 per cent support from everyone in the squad."

Spurs fans may feel justified in being aggrieved that Anderton has spent almost as much time in the white shirt with the three lions these past three years as in the white shirt with the cockerel emblem. He believes he has assuaged any guilt by expressing loyalty to Tottenham when Manchester United showed interest in him. He



Taking a tackle... Darren Anderton is brought down against Tunisia during France 98

PHOTOGRAPH: ROSS KINNAIRD

also points out that he was "under Tottenham's care" when a seemingly simple hernia problem was allowed to develop into what, at one point, looked to have become a chronic injury.

"In some ways, Tottenham used me as a guinea pig. They sent me for keyhole surgery and they had me back playing in two-and-a-half weeks. Then I broke down and it was discovered that I needed another

operation." The seemingly endless cycle of surgery, comeback, breakdown, surgery was only ended in February when, on the advice of Jürgen Klinsmann, Anderton flew to Germany for an operation by the eminent surgeon.

Now, he says, he feels in better physical shape than for the past three or four years. He still does not look like a player who is a convert to creatine, the muscle-building

supplement discovered by British athletes and now popular among footballers like Ian Wright, among others.

Hoddle is unlikely to pick him in his new Spurs role in the centre of midfield. Although Anderton enjoys playing there, David Batley is not. He may appreciate the need to get stuck in when fulfilling that role but, he admits, "I'm not very good at it. Besides, England have got a

lot of candidates for that position."

At least, unlike most of England's players, Anderton has happy memories of playing against Sweden. In June, 1995, he scored a spectacular last-minute goal to earn an unlikely 3-3 draw at Elland Road in the Unibro Cup. "We were lucky to get a draw," he admits, though you feel England would be delighted by another today.

The day Taylor's side began to become unstitched

Joe Bernstein on how England's wings were clipped in a 1992 defeat which marked the beginning of the end for their manager

THE immortal headline "Sweden 2 Turnips 1" which screamed across the back page of The Sun on June 18, 1992 sounded the death-knell for the manager Graham Taylor.

The 2-1 defeat in Stockholm eliminated England from the European Championship without a win, while the hosts progressed to the semi-finals. Taylor's actual end came 18 months later.

It also marked the end of Gary Lineker's international career, ignominiously substituted by Taylor with the match in the balance at 1-1 and the striker one goal away from equalling Bobby Charlton's scoring record of 49 goals for his country.

Alan Smith, the Arsenal striker who started his career alongside Lineker at Leicester City, was the man who replaced him with England on the back foot against a Swedish side who simply outpowered a Taylor team lacking inspiration.

Watching from the bench, Smith was in pole position to see England's chances slip-

ping away after David Platt had given them an early lead which lasted through to half-time.

"We went into the game with goalless draws against Denmark and France. Confidence wasn't exactly brimming, but we thought we could pull it out the bag," recalls Smith.

Taylor picked a team to win the match and included two wingers. The problem was he did not have any wingers of true international quality available so it was left to Tony Daley and Andy Sinton to get behind the Swedish defence and provide the service for Lineker, still a world-class, if ageing, striker.

The selections of midfield Alan Smith, the workhorse Carlton Palmer and a Neil Webb lacking in pace in the starting line-up also raised eyebrows, particularly as Alan Shearer was left out and the top division's leading scorer Ian Wright had not even been named in the squad.

Even so, Smith says: "It all started so well with David Platt scoring. The team alarm

bells began to ring in the 10-minute spell before half-time. Sweden started pushing us back and Lineker couldn't get the ball." Roared on by their



Last cap... The end of the road for England's striker Gary Lineker

fans — "The image of Swedish supporters being passive isn't true," remarks Smith. Sweden firmly took the initiative after half-time and levelled through Jan Eriksson from a 51st-minute corner.

Then came the decision which was to cause debate for years to come.

"Graham Taylor told me to start warming up," says Smith. "I thought I was going to play up front with Gary, but instead he came off. I didn't think of the repercussions at the time — I was totally focused on what I had to do."

"But we were really up

against it and I hardly had a kick when Tomas Brodin put them in front. After that, their tails were really up and we never looked like scoring," he added.

"I don't know what Graham Taylor could have done differently. But maybe we were short in the wide departments to test their defenders."

Graham Taylor would later say that his mistake had been in not taking off Lineker in the previous match against France, arguing that he could have then brought him back revitalised for what would be the all-important clash against the Swedes.

The difference between then and now was that in 1992 England needed to win. Tonight a draw will be a creditable result. "I expect Sweden to come out and attack, and our key man will be Tony Adams. Sol Campbell and Gareth Southgate to withstand the onslaught," says Smith.

"The secret will be to keep it tight to silence the crowd, nick a goal — and this time hold on to it. Once their fans get behind Sweden and their team is on top, it will be very hard. We found in 1992 how difficult it is to swim against the tide."

Villa poised to land Merson for £5 million

Ian Ross and Peter White

PAUL MERSON's future at Middlesbrough looks anything but secure this morning despite the best efforts of the manager Bryan Robson to pour oil on troubled Teesside waters.

Last night, after a day of speculation, counter-speculation, denial and counter-denial, it was still unclear whether Merson would be wearing the red of Middlesbrough or the claret and blue of Aston Villa when he returns to domestic football next week.

What is certain is that the 30-year-old utility player will meet Robson immediately upon his return home from Sweden.

Yesterday it was reported that Merson was to leave Middlesbrough just 13 months after his arrival from Arsenal in a £4.75 million deal. It was claimed that he would sever his ties "within the next 24 hours" and that one of the reasons behind his expected departure was a deteriorating personal and professional relationship with Paul Gascoigne.

By lunchtime Robson was informing anyone who would listen that Merson was happy and that talk of him being sold was "sheer rubbish".

He added: "I have not got it in my mind to sell Paul. But if you buy comics you get comic-book stories. I

spoke to Paul on Thursday night and he was fine and happy. There was no suggestion at all that he was unsettled at the club."

But four hours later it became clear that Merson was to be the target, willing or otherwise, of a bid of around £5 million from Villa.

Although the Villa manager John Gregory steered clear of publicly proclaiming his interest in a player who signed a new five-year contract 10 weeks ago, he did reaffirm his desire to strengthen his squad, sooner rather than later.

"It is no secret that I would like to bring in two or three players," he said. Gregory certainly has the financial clout to entice Merson away from Middlesbrough should Robson eventually decide to sanction him off.

Robson's fear of losing another high-profile player is understandable. He has signed, only to lose, a wide variety of household names, notably Fabrizio Ravanelli, Emerson and Juninho.

Everton hope to complete the lease signing of the Italian striker Igor Protti next week. Negotiations between them and Lazio are nearing a conclusion and the Everton manager Walter Smith believes that he may have tied up a deal in time for Protti to make his debut in next weekend's Premier League game at Goodison Park.

Fowler in line for Liverpool squad to travel to Kosice

ROBBI FOWLER, the Liverpool and England striker, may make his first-team return for his club's UEFA Cup visit to Kosice on September 15.

Fowler made a surprise comeback for Liverpool reserves at Leicester this week and is likely to be on the bench at least in Slovakia. He may even figure next Wednesday as a substitute in the Premiership match against Coventry at Anfield.

Fowler yesterday said of the theory that two out-and-out goalscorers cannot play together: "Let's just say the partnership with Michael Owen will be interesting. He is playing really well and I have always had confidence in my ability to score goals. But sometimes people forget that I create goals too."

Owen, meanwhile, is wanted by Lazio who have reportedly offered Liverpool £2.5 million just for the right to have first option on him if he ever decides to leave.

Coventry City have renewed their efforts to sign

the Wolves winger Steve Froggatt for around £1.5 million. The Sky Blues have had one offer for Froggatt turned down by Wolves, whose manager Mark McCree said: "Coventry's manager Gordon Strachan has asked me a couple of times about Steve. I told the board and we declined the offer, but Gordon has now asked if we would consider a final offer."

The Birmingham winger Peter Ndlovu has had surgery that may sideline him for the next nine games. The Zimbabwe international had the operation after his knee locked during training.

Dundee United yesterday paying compensation to the manager Tommy McLean and Paul Sturrock has left St Johnstone to succeed him. United are next to the bottom of the Premier League with only one point from four games.

Queens Park Rangers have parted company with their chief executive Clive Berlin in a move thought to be part of a cost-cutting exercise.

Performance of the week



Michael Owen (Liverpool), whose finishing against Newcastle United on Sunday brought him a hat-trick and Arnes Gullit an early headache

AN Other

A wing-back more than 40 years before the term was invented, this swift, dedicated defender never left his northern shore except to play in away matches. He won 43 caps and several times led his country with distinction. Altogether he played nearly 600 league games for his club and later went into management. Now he is better known as the man from Auntie. Last week: Alvin Martin. West Ham United, Leyton Orient.

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Racing

Tamarisk has sound Cup claims

RON COX

NO CLEAR winner has emerged in the race to be champion sprinter this season and with the prospect of heavy rain changing the ground at Haydock overnight, today's Stanley Leisure Sprint Cup is fraught with problems for the punter.

The Elnadim we saw winning the July Cup would be an automatic choice on similar fast ground. But he had his problems prior to the Nunthorpe and ran no sort of race at York — over an unsuitably fast five furlongs admittedly.

The vipers are not good for John Dunlop's colt again. He is poorly drawn and will not run if the ground does turn soft.

The July Cup is usually the race which provides the best pointer to Haydock, though, and since placed horses at Newmarket have a good record here it seems reasonable to row in with runner-up Tamarisk.

Again, soft ground would be a worry. Champion withdrew Tamarisk from the Cork And Orrery Stakes under such conditions — but there is a Group One sprint to be won with the Green Desert colt, who is unlikely to find Elnadim in the same form as at Newmarket when he is beaten two lengths.

Indeed, Tamarisk may have more problems with July Cup fourth Arkadian Hero, who was breathing down his neck from an unfavourable draw.

The pair have also clashed at Lingfield in May when Tamarisk ran on an easy two-and-a-half-lengths winner. Arkadian Hero did not enjoy the run of the race that day and is

10lb better off, but Tamarisk was still finding his way after an abortive run in the 2000 Guineas and will be in better shape now.

Arkadian Hero could not find the pace to trouble Lochangel in the Nunthorpe and finished eighth, three places ahead of Elnadim.

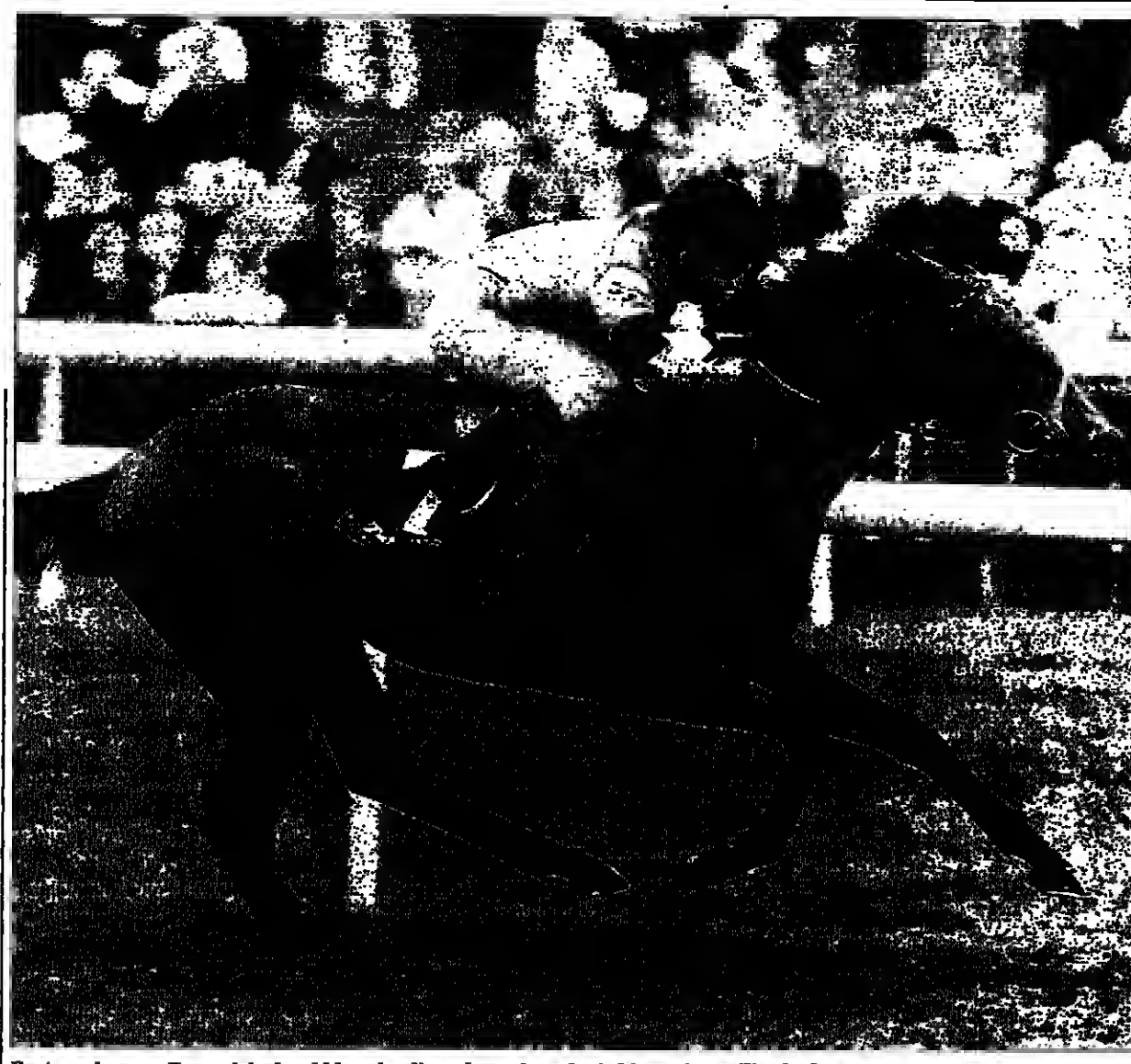
Trip, track and going were ideal for Lochangel at York, but she is less effective over a stiff five furlongs and is likely to run out of gas over today's six — her brilliant half-sister Lochsong was beaten here in 1996 after winning the Nunthorpe the previous month.

Backers anticipating soft ground have warned to Tamarisk this week, not surprising given his victory in the Cork And Orrery, in which he had Andrew's three-quarters of a length back in third and Cretan Gift another half-length away fourth.

Promoted to second place behind Royal Applause on the basis of his last year, Tamarisk has not been given a hard time of it this year. His recent poor effort in France, when he reportedly became dehydrated on a very hot day, is probably best ignored.

Bolshoi was the hard-luck story in the Nunthorpe, doing well to finish sixth after rearing up leaving the stalls and getting well behind. A strong late finish is his trade mark, and he was far from disgraced in the July Cup (seventh) on a rare attempt at six furlongs.

With Kieren Fallon on board for the first time, Bolshoi could bounce right back to form. But provided the ground remains good, Tamarisk (3.30) and Arkadian Hero could fight out the finish. On soft going, Stewards' Cup winner Superior Premium may be the value from his stands' rails draw.



Fast worker... Tamarisk should be a leading player in today's big sprint at Haydock

PHOTOGRAPH MARTIN LYNCH

Red Ramona rates the best bet

RON COX

ROGER Charlton and Tim Sprake, the trainer/jockey team bidding for sprint honours with Tamarisk, supply the best bet on today's Haydock card in the shape of Red Ramona.

This lightly-raced colt looks to have got in on a favourable mark on his handicap debut

in the Stanley Casinos Rated Stakes. Though absent since June, he has been working well at Beckenhampton and it is encouraging that stablemate Spanish Fern overcame an even longer absence in tremendous style at Newmarket last Saturday.

Red Ramona (2.00) has beaten only three and a half lengths by a useful sort when fifth behind Dark Moon-

Ascot last time out. That form has worked out well, with Red Ramona going on to win a Newbury handicap off a mark of 100.

Rated 95, Red Ramona has the beating of Alcazar — fourth to Secret Archive — on today's terms, and with improvement likely should be a match for some largely exposed older rivals.

As well as looking to the Haydock skies for Elnadim,

John Dunlop will also be on weather alert at Epsom where Babala's participation in the Grosvenor Casino September Stakes is dependant on the rain staying away.

With no Sea Wave to worry about, Great Voltigeur second Rabah (4.00) would have a great chance of leading all the give a good account of herself in the Carrie Red Fillies' Nursery — a race Hills

SPORTS NEWS 21

HORSE SENSE

Written by those in the know

AIDAN O'BRIEN tested the water with his two-year-olds at York; next week he takes the plunge at Doncaster when Stravinsky is scheduled to step up in class in the Champagne Stakes.

O'Brien also provided close when Coliseum ran Ancton House close in the Acomb Stakes, and with Orpen already a Group winner in France everything is in place for a major Baydoyle attack on the big autumn juvenile prizes.

Exceptional Among O'Brien's unraced material, we hear one colt in particular has stood out in recent work. Saffron Walden, who is by Sadler's Wells, has started to look an exceptional prospect.

Already thought to need a mile, he will be another useful string to the Magner/Tabor bow when races like the Royal Lodge Stakes and Racing Post Trophy come round.

With 1311s, happy to take on Stravinsky with Ancton House next week, has been given the go-ahead to run High And Low in the St Leger. The Park Hill Stakes looked a natural target after the filly's Yorkshire Oaks second, but Hills is confident High And Low will run well against the colts.

Good shape Whether she can match strides with Godolphin's rapidly-improving Sea Wave remains to be seen.

High And Low will also have to contend with Sadler. We understand connections will today fork out £20,000 to supplement the recent Salisbury winner for the final Classic.

Hills also has Prolix in good shape for Doncaster, and Miss Universe should give a good account of herself in the Carrie Red Fillies' Nursery — a race Hills

won with My Branch in 1996 and Nightbird the following season.

Tomorrow the Lambourn trainer turns his attentions to The Curragh and the Moyglare Stud Stakes, in which the Kemptoo winner Hula Angel is expected to go close; she is rated the stable's best juvenile filly at present.

Ras Shaikh, another talented Hills filly, was no match for Lajuan at York earlier this week. But we gather she had missed valuable work and this should be kept in mind when assessing her future prospects. She has plenty of ability.

Encouraging news of high-profile Michael Stoute "lurking" on the way back: Greek Dance, absent since finishing lame in the Derby, may yet reappear before the season is out and Tannassa is ready to overcome a lay-off stretching back to the 1996 Derby.

Best fresh Withdrawn came on the eve of the race, having second to Silver Patriarch in the Lingfield Trial. Tannassa is in good work again. Entered for the Champion Stakes — as is Greek Dance — Tannassa could be an interesting horse for an autumn campaign.

The filly Enchant is poised to put a couple of below-par runs behind her. Possibly been working well and is in line to reappear in the Sceptre Stakes at Doncaster on Thursday.

Beat All, a long way from the finished article when a promising second to Ancton House at Doncaster in July, has looked really sharp in recent work. And today's Haydock debutant Caledonian Colours is rated a good prospect.

Saturday special SILENT CRACKER (Stratford 3.50)

Epsom seven-race card with TV form guide

RON COX	TOP FORM
1.50	2nd of 100m
2.25	1st of 100m
2.55	1st of 100m
3.26	1st of 100m
4.00	1st of 100m
4.35	1st of 100m
5.10	1st of 100m

1.50	GROSVENOR CASINO PORTSMOUTH E.J.F. MAIDEN STAKES 2YO
1.50	1st of 100m
2.25	1st of 100m
2.55	1st of 100m
3.26	1st of 100m
4.00	1st of 100m
4.35	1st of 100m
5.10	1st of 100m

2.25	GROSVENOR CASINO BRISTOL MAIDEN STAKES 2YO
2.25	1st of 100m
2.55	1st of 100m
3.26	1st of 100m
4.00	1st of 100m
4.35	1st of 100m
5.10	1st of 100m

2.55	GROSVENOR CASINO SOUTHAMPTON HANDICAP
2.55	1st of 100m
3.26	1st of 100m
4.00	1st of 100m
4.35	1st of 100m
5.10	1st of 100m

3.25	GROSVENOR VICTORIA CASINO HANDICAP
3.25	1st of 100m
3.55	1st of 100m
4.26	1st of 100m
4.56	1st of 100m
5.26	1st of 100m

4.00	GROSVENOR CASINOS SEPTEMBER STAKES
4.00	1st of 100m
4.30	1st of 100m
4.60	1st of 100m
4.90	1st of 100m
5.20	1st of 100m

4.10	MOYGLARE STUD STAKES (2YO FILLIES)
4.10	1st of 100m
4.40	1st of 100m
4.70	1st of 100m
5.00	1st of 100m
5.30	1st of 100m

2.45	JO CHAMBERS LAST HANDICAP CHASE
2.45	1st of 100m
2.75	1st of 100m
3.05	1st of 100m
3.35	1st of 100m
3.65	1st of 100m

3.15	STILL MATERIALS HANDLING JUVENILE HURDLE 5YO
3.15	1st of 100m
3.45	1st of 100m
3.75	1st of 100m
4.05	1st of 100m
4.35	1st of 100m

Haydock Jackpot card

RON COX	TOP FORM
2.00	1st of 100m
2.30	1st of 100m
2.55	1st of 100m
3.26	1st of 100m
4.00	1st of 100m
4.35	1st of 100m

2.00	STANLEY CASINOS RATED HANDICAP
2.00	1st of 100m
2.30	1st of 100m
2.55	1st of 100m
3.26	1st of 100m
4.00	1st of 100m
4.35	1st of 100m

2.30	STANLEY RACING CONDITIONS STAKES 2YO
2.30	1st of 100m
2.60	1st of 100m
2.90	1st of 100m
3.20	1st of 100m
3.50	1st of 100m

3.00	STANLEY LEISURE E.J.F. MAIDEN STAKES 2YO
3.00	1st of 100m
3.30	1st of 100m
3.60	1st of 100m
3.90	1st of 100m
4.20	1st of 100m

3.50	WARWICKSHIRE NOVICE CHASE
3.50	1st of 100m
4.20	1st of 100m
4.50	1st of 100m
5.20	1st of 100m
5.50	1st of 100m

4.20	HARRY PINFOLD HANDICAP HURDLE
4.20	1st of 100m
4.50	1st of 100m
5.20	1st of 100m
5.50	1st of 100m
6.20	1st of 100m

4.55	1152 AM CAPITAL SPORT HANDICAP CHASE
4.55	1st of 100m
5.25	1st of 100m
5.55	1st of 100m
6.25	1st of 100m
6.55	1st of 100m

5.30	LADY GODIVA NATIONAL HUNT NOVICE HURDLE
5.30	1st of 100m
6.00	1st of 100m
6.30	1st of 100m
7.00	1st of 100m
7.30	1st of 100m

Stratford (N.H.)

RON COX	TOP FORM
2.15	1st of 100m
2.45	1st of 100m
2.75	1st of 100m
3.05	1st of 100m
3.35	1st of 100m

2.15	BRENDAN FITZGERALD CONDITIONALS' SELLING HANDICAP HURDLE
2.15	1st of 100m
2.45	1st of 100m
2.75	1st of 100m
3.05	1st of 100m
3.35	1st of 100m

2.45	JO CHAMBERS LAST HANDICAP CHASE
2.45	1st of 100m
2.75	1st of 100m
3.05	1st of 100m
3.35	1st of 100m
3.65	1st of 100m

3.15	STILL MATERIALS HANDLING JUVENILE HURDLE 5YO
3.15	1st of 100m
3.45	1st of 100m
3.75	1st of 100m
4.05	1st of 100m
4.35	1st of 100m

4.20	HARRY PINFOLD HANDICAP HURDLE
4.20	1st of 100m
4.50	1st of 100m
5.20	1st of 100m
5.50	1st of 100m
6.20	1st of 100m

4.55	1152 AM CAPITAL SPORT HANDICAP CHASE
4.55	1st of 100m
5.25	1st of 100m
5.55	1st of 100m
6.25	1st of 100m
6.55	1st of 100m

5.30	LADY GODIVA NATIONAL HUNT NOVICE HURDLE
5.30	1st of 100m
6.00	1st of 100m
6.30	1st of 100m
7.00	1st of 100m
7.30	1st of 100m

Results

3.30	STANLEY LEISURE SPRINT CUP (TRIFECTA RACE)
3.30	1st of 100m
3.60	1st of 100m
3.90	1st of 100m
4.20	1st of 100m
4.50	1st of 100m

4.05	STANLEY RACING HANDICAP
4.05	1st of 100m
4.35	1st of 100m
4.65	1st of 100m
4.95	1st of 100m
5.25	1st of 100m

4.40	STANLEY LEISURE GROUP HANDICAP
4.40	1st of 100m
4.70	1st of 100m
5.00	1st of 100m
5.30	1st of 100m
5.60	1st of 100m

4.55	1152 AM CAPITAL SPORT HANDICAP CHASE
4.55	1st of 100m
5.25	1st of 100m
5.55	1st of 100m
6.25	1st of 100m
6.55	1st of 100m

5.30	LADY GODIVA NATIONAL HUNT NOVICE HURDLE
5.30	1st of 100m
6.00	1st of 100m
6.30	1st of 100m
7.00	1st of 100m
7.30	1st of 100m

5.30	LADY GODIVA NATIONAL HUNT NOVICE HURDLE
5.30	1st of 100m
6.00	1st of 100m
6.30	1st of 100m
7.00	1st of 100m
7.30	1st of 100m

5.30	LADY GODIVA NATIONAL HUNT NOVICE HURDLE
5.30	1st of 100m
6.00	1st of 100m
6.30	1st of 100m
7.00	1st of 100m
7.30	1st of 100m

5.30	LADY GODIVA NATIONAL HUNT NOVICE HURDLE
5.30	1st of 100m
6.00	1st of 100m
6.30	1st of 100m
7.00	1st of 100m
7.30	1st of 100m

5.30	LADY GODIVA NATIONAL HUNT NOVICE HURDLE
5.30	1st of 100m
6.00	1st of 100m
6.30	1st of 100m
7.00	1st of 100m
7.30	1st of 100m

Golf

Rose and Faldo topple as Aldo feels his age

David Davies
in Crans-sur-Sierre

STANDING on the 15th tee Jose Maria Olazabal wanted to know where the cut was likely to be made after the first two rounds of the European Masters. His manager answered two-under par.

That let the Spaniard know he needed a birdie to be sure of survival and it also let a listening Nick Faldo know that he needed to birdie each of the final four holes to play at the weekend.

It was too tall an order. Faldo birdied the 15th, 17th and 18th, but a par at the short 16th meant that the first stage of his plan to make an early impact on the Ryder Cup points list was at an end.

His one-under-par 141 meant that this was the first time since February 1994 that Faldo had missed a cut in a European Tour event, and on that occasion it cost him his world No. 1 ranking. As he finished sixth in this tournament last year, the loss of points could be severe and he will probably drop out of the top 64 in the ranking list.

Even if he had secured the extra birdie Faldo would have been nine behind the Swede Patrik Sjöland, a man who is looking increasingly likely to be in the Ryder Cup team. Sjöland's rounds of 65, 65 gave him a one-stroke lead over Darren Clarke, Sven Strömberg of Germany and a local lad Christophe Bevet.

Colin Montgomerie, with

three birdies to start and three to finish, is six-under. Lee Westwood is four-under and Olazabal found the birdie he needed to squeeze in at two-under, 140.

Both the oldest and youngest competitors failed to qualify, too. For one it was the end of a fairytale, for the other a fairytale that stubbornly refuses to write its own first chapter.

A mere matter of 61 years separates Aldo Casera, 79, and Justin Rose, 18, as does the fact that the former was playing in his 50th, and final, European Masters, while Rose was playing his first.

Casera, who won this event in 1980 when it was called the Swiss Open, has been a fixture for half a century — a record unequalled anywhere — and while for the last few years the invitations have been based more on sentiment than ability, he has usually managed throughout his seventies to beat his age at least once in the tournament. Last year he equaled it in the first round and then beat it by five shots with his second round 73.

The diminutive Italian, a stocky 5ft 6in, has been some player. The swing is truncated now, but the huge hands are still capable of a crushing handshake, and it was with them that he fashioned his best score at Crans, in 1975, when at the age of 55 he went round in 63.

Yesterday it took him 21 shots more than that, which disgusted him. The game still has the power to move him and although he started the

second round poorly, being four over after six holes, he birdied the 7th. He cannot reach the green, 301 yards away, with his tee shot any more, and his wedged second ran through the green. But then, using only one hand for the chip, he holed it, causing the few spectators of Aldo's Army still marching to call out "Forza, forza!"

Thoughts of beating his age entered his mind again, but the short 8th dispelled them instantly. His tee shot was only 15 feet from the pin, his one-handed first putt ran six feet past, he missed the one back and this man who speaks German, French, Spanish, English and Italian resorted to some distinctly Anglo-Saxon expletives — "thankfully sotto voce."

"I knew then it was over," he said afterwards. "My long game, it is still good but I take three putts, four putts, everywhere, one hand, two hands, it makes no difference. But it has been good. I make no complaint."

Neither, it is pleasant to record, did Rose, who missed his fifth cut in five tournaments as a professional. "It's golf," he said, "there are highs and lows, but I must admit it's time the lads stopped."

The pre-qualifying tournament for the Tour School begins to loom very large, an event widely recognised as the single most hateful happening in the life of a pro. But if that thought entered Rose's mind he hid it well, and like Aldo Casera, summoned a smile as he walked away.

Tiger Tim marches on



Happy returner... Tim Henman, 24 tomorrow, gets the ball back to Felix Mantilla on his way to victory in four sets

ROBERTO SCHMIDT

Henman discards Mantilla with assured performance

Stephen Bierley at Flushing Meadow
sees Britain's No. 2 join Rusedski in final 32

ANYTHING Greg can do, Tim can do — well, if not better, then certainly as well. Yesterday Henman joined Rusedski in the last 32 of the men's singles here at Flushing Meadow with a 6-3, 5-7, 7-5, 6-4 over Spain's Felix Mantilla.

This victory was hard won, because Mantilla, ranked five places lower than Henman at No. 18 in the world, is an accurate opponent. His strength, of course, is on clay where British fans saw him defeat his fellow Spaniard Carlos Moya in the final of the Samsung Open in Bournemouth last September.

But the 22-year-old Spaniard, who is just a few weeks younger than Henman, is extremely capable of adjusting his game to hard courts, and it seemed certain that Henman would have to impose himself quickly and firmly on the scurrying right-hander from Barcelona: Felix the Catalan.

This Henman duly managed. Henman's talent has never been in doubt, but he is in top form, concentration, and the US Open is the most difficult tournament in the world to keep your mind on the job

in hand. They call it the Zoo, but most zoo animals have a much quieter time.

Henman has been striving for consistency since he reached the semi-finals at Wimbledon this year and lost to Pete Sampras. This, by and large, he feels he has achieved, and when he broke Mantilla in the Spaniard's second service game there were indications that he might win again in straight sets, as he did in the first round against Australia's Scott Draper.

There was a comforting and encouraging security about Henman's early play, both on his serve and his ground strokes, together with those occasional flashes of glittering brilliance which make him such an entertaining player to watch when he is on fire.

He had broken Mantilla with the help of an exquisite lob and one of many rock-solid volleys. The Spaniard never remotely looked like finding a way into the game.

Mantilla is not a player to throw in the towel, and the second set saw the Spaniard epitome of resolve and concentration until a decidedly bad call threatened to un-

hinge all his good work. Mantilla, with every justification, threw his arms wide, and complained to the umpire, but there was no chance of an overrule.

To his great credit Mantilla pulled himself together and received a huge cheer from a large crowd on No. 3 court, first when he held his serve for a 6-5 second-set lead, and again — even bigger — when he suddenly and unexpectedly broke Henman's serve to take the second set.

The roller-coaster was about to be cranked up several gears with both players dropping their serves — Henman twice in the third set; Mantilla, crucially three times.

The final break which gave Henman this set was brilliant tennis by the British No. 2,

who celebrates his 24th birthday tomorrow. A lob, a cross-court dink, and a forehand stop volley were shots of the highest quality.

"I think some of my return games are still a bit erratic but I am pleased with my serving," Henman said afterwards. Two years ago he reached the fourth round here, his best performance to date at the US Open, before losing to Sweden's Stefan Edberg. "This time I hope I can go just as far, if not further."

Rusedski next plays the Dutchman Jan Siemerink today. Siemerink holds a 4-3 career advantage over the British No. 1 and it will surely be another extremely tough match for Rusedski who has scrambled his way through two five-setters to reach the third round.

Siemerink, ranked 21, reached the quarter-finals of this year's Wimbledon, losing to Croatia's Goran Ivanisevic, an out and out serve-volleyer.

"I think all the energy Greg has expended so far might be a problem if he gets further in the tournament, but I don't expect him to be tired against me," said Siemerink. "I know I shall have to serve really well because I know that on some of Greg's service games I shall have no chance whatsoever to get the ball back."

The 28-year-old Dutchman has never reached the fourth round here, and does not have a particularly powerful game, but he has lovely touch and won their last encounter in Stockholm last year. "We've played had pretty tight games and I guess this will be another," said Rusedski.

Davies takes a swipe at course and colleagues

Elisbeth Burnside
in Ballyliffin

AURA DAVIES classed herself in a hunch of fools after struggling to a second-round 75 that left her six shots off the lead at the halfway stage of the Irish Women's Open yesterday at Glashedy Links here.

While the overnight leader Sophie Gustafson stayed at the head of the field Davies had another

day to forget. With the opening day's calm sunshine having given way to driving winds with the odd shower thrown in, Davies claimed the course set-up was out of order. "It's a great course but the rough is so unfair," she said.

"There are quality players out there, and we're being made to look foolish. I'm also sick of struggling in gale-force winds, hitting good shots but getting no reward."

Having shown loyalty to a tour struggling to attract sponsors by playing in seven of the eight events to date this year, Davies also criticised her colleagues who decided to stay away this week.

She and Gustafson are the only Solheim Cup players in a line-up that fell 50 players short of the usual 120. "I think they're mugs to stay away," Davies said. "I'm very disappointed in them."

Rugby League

Paul to leave Wigan

Andy Wilson

WIGAN yesterday admitted defeat in their efforts to keep Henry Paul at Central Park. Paul's four-year contract expires at the end of this season but Wigan had a two-year option on the New Zealand stand-off, provided they offered him improved terms.

However, earlier this season the Wigan coach John Monie recruited his fellow Australian Greg Florio, also a stand-off, for 1999, making it impossible for the club to retain Paul and stay under the salary cap. The 24-year-old has already been linked

with a number of clubs including Huddersfield, London Broncos and Bradford Bulls.

Wigan are confident that Robbie McCormack and Lee Gilmour will shortly sign contracts to stay with the club for the foreseeable future.

Bradford's hopes of retaining their Super League crown have been dealt a savage blow by the loss of Tevita Vaikona, their outstanding Tongan winger, for at least four weeks with a broken left hand. Vaikona sustained the injury in the last tackle of the victory over Castleford last Monday and will definitely miss the rest of the regular season and the first round of the play-offs.

Vaikona is replaced by Matt Cailand for tomorrow evening's game against London Broncos at The Stoop, where victory would guarantee Bradford a play-off place. The Broncos still have an outside chance of qualifying as they are four points behind Bradford with four games to play.

Halifax were stunned yesterday by the news that their Samson winger Fergus Furlong has signed a two-year contract with St Helens.

Wigan play Hull tomorrow with the kick-off brought forward to 1pm because of the poor behaviour of the travelling Hull fans before their last visit to Central Park in 1994.

Ice Hockey

Cooper's capital charge

Vic Batchelder on how the capital's first Superleague side landed a top international

IAN COOPER skates out with the London Knights for tonight's season-opening Benson and Hedges Cup game at Nottingham, a new contract signed and his immediate future in Britain assured. The burning question is why it took so long.

Released by Cardiff in July, Britain's most capped international waited by the telephone for offers from other Superleague clubs. Until two weeks ago the only calls were two from British National League teams and one from the Phoenix Mustangs in America's West Coast Hockey

League, a relatively new minor league.

Reluctant to step down a level here, Cooper began negotiations with the Arizona club. "Initially it was the only thing on the table and it was getting late in the summer," he said. "In a way I was looking forward to going over there and spend lots of nights on the phone to the Mustangs' coach."

Then came a call from Jim Fyfe, coach of the newly formed Knights, who will become the capital's first Superleague side when they move from Milton Keynes to the refurbished London Arena next month.

"Things developed from there," said Cooper, who signed last week. "It's a tremendous prospect, to play in the capital of my own country and be part of the big new start for hockey in London."

Cooper, who will be 30 in November, has scored 678 goals in 698 games during a 14-year career split between Cardiff and his native Durham. He has also scored 27 times in 85 appearances for Great Britain. As Fyfe admitted: "I was shocked nobody got in there before us."

Cooper's role as chairman of the Ice Hockey Players' Association may provide a

clue. It is a position he has filled with distinction for four years as the union sought recognition from first the British Ice Hockey Association, which they gained two years ago, and subsequently the Superleague — whose chairman, David Temme, is also the Cardiff president. Pointedly, Cooper will not speak of his break from the Cardiff club.

But on the back of an acrimonious dispute with Cardiff, he is now seeking to relinquish the chairmanship. "Initially it was a one-year office, then we changed it to two," he said. "I've done four, served my time, and I'd like to pass it on and broaden someone else's horizons within the admin of the sport. I need to settle down, just get on with the job of settling in here."

Tonight's other opening games in the seventh year of the B & H Cup include a rematch of last season's final, won by Ayr over Cardiff at Sheffield Arena, which will host this year's final on December 5.

In another development the icing rule has been amended and play will now stop only when a defender plays the puck after an opponent has fired it from his team's half, beyond the opposing goal line. This leaves the puck on the outside of the goal. Previously no defensive touch was required. The change will be reviewed at the end of the month.

Sailing

Highland Fling joins Ngoni in a good day for big boats

Bob Fisher in Porto Cervo

IT WAS a day for the big boats. The 11th day of the Cup and Britain took full advantage of the conditions to take first and second places in the 92-foot Fling. Irvine Laidlaw's 62-foot Highland Fling and Tony Buckingham's 62-foot Ngoni finished at the front, easily holding their time on handicap.

A dying breeze provided the unusual situation of the finishing order being relatively unaltered by the handicaps after a 32-mile race took the fleet to windward inside the Sardinian archipelago to Spargotto and had them run home under gossamer spinnakers as the wind tailed off.

The early battles, in 10 knots of wind, were between Buckingham, selling his own boat, and Russell Coutts, the America's Cup winner, sailing Hans Ekelhof's Innovation.

These two traded tactics to Magdalena, where they were joined by Highland Fling.

While the leaders headed for the western shore, and encountered the first indication of the wind's instability, Highland Fling was tucked into the middle of the channel and one of many rock-solid volleys. The Spaniard never remotely looked like finding a way into the game.

Mantilla is not a player to throw in the towel, and the second set saw the Spaniard epitome of resolve and concentration until a decidedly bad call threatened to un-

hinge all his good work. Mantilla, with every justification, threw his arms wide, and complained to the umpire, but there was no chance of an overrule.

To his great credit Mantilla pulled himself together and received a huge cheer from a large crowd on No. 3 court, first when he held his serve for a 6-5 second-set lead, and again — even bigger — when he suddenly and unexpectedly broke Henman's serve to take the second set.

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The final break which gave Henman this set was brilliant tennis by the British No. 2,

Sport in brief

Boxing

Jake LaMotta, the former world middleweight champion, lost a son in Thursday's Swissair crash. Joe LaMotta, 49, president of LaMotta Foods, was bound for Geneva to promote tomato sauce. His brother Jake died of cancer in February, aged 51.

Rugby Union

The Bedford chairman Frank Warren threatened to sack outspoken players even though they withdrew their planned boycott of today's friendly against Cardiff. The players are annoyed because he has delayed paying them for two weeks.

Equestrianism

Paddy Muir on Archie Brown, last year's Blenheim winner, retained her lead at the end of the dressage tests at the Burghley horse trials yesterday, writes John Kerr. But her advantage was cut to under two points by New Zealand's Andrew Nicholson on Merillon.

Boxing

Woodhall limbers up for a substitute given no chance

John Rawling

BOXING's chequered history proves that nothing is certain in the sport, but the chances of Glenn Catley claiming the World Boxing Council's version of the super-middleweight title from Richie Woodhall tonight roughly equate to the probability of the promoter Frank Warren making an appearance on Don King's Christmas card list.

Catley, 25, only gets his opportunity at two weeks' notice, courtesy of a training injury sustained by Woodhall's original opponent, the former champion Vincenzo Nardello of Italy.

King's dispute with Warren is well-documented but Woodhall was an unfortunate victim of the fall-out as King outbid Warren for the right to stage a meeting with Nar-

diello. When King then failed to provide a date for what would have been the biggest pay day of Woodhall's career, few were surprised. The contract reverted to Warren who could not have been shocked when Nardello was pulled out, necessitating the search for a substitute.

devoted following ensures a sell-out at the Telford Ice Ring, where he outpointed Thulane "Sugarboy" Malunga on March 27 to win the title.

Mike Tyson faced two separate assault charges yesterday after two men accused him of attacking them after a traffic accident. Tyson said he did not punch anyone. "I did not punch anyone," Tyson said. "The car in which I was a passenger was rear-ended. My wife and I were victims of a traffic accident. I am distressed by these false allegations."

Cricket

Natwest Trophy
Cup Final
0930 16 13 +

Match Reports

Derbyshire 24 v Lancs. 31

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The Guardian
INTERACTIVE

Solutions

POSSIBLE PUZZLES
1. a) any position except the central one (see h) below).
b) any position: Geach simply has to ensure the bar appears symmetrical for his opponent's move. i.e. there must be many chances on either side of the poisoned bit. With whatever move his opponent makes, he will make the bar unsymmetrical. This leaves Geach free to render it symmetrical again. The final position left his opponent will then be the single poisoned place: a symmetrical position with 0 chunks on either side of it.

c) any position if it is even; any position except the centre if it is odd.
2. He must make the break shown. Whatever move his opponent makes, Geach must ensure his move leaves the poisoned place on the diagonal of a square array.
3. He should snap off the chunk shown. The piece then lies on the diagonal. Then whatever his opponent breaks off by way of

rows (columns) Geach must do the same for columns (rows).
4. It must always take 19 breaks, as there are 20 pieces and each break increases the number of pieces by 1.
WORDPLAY
Wordplay: a), b), c).
Dropouts: SOLOIST
Words Without Ends: RENT
Brain Tease: a) OSCILLATE,

va CHILLAR, an CHILLARY.
(b) CHILLARY
(c) PAT+RON
d) all form new words when O is appended.
Wordplay: Florida
(Florida)
QUIZ ANSWERS
1. Blythe.
2. Six Members joining the BBC (B).
3. One (Baroness Young).
4. Throwing the discus (men 2 kg; women 1 kg).
5. Small stone or pebble.
6. Split - s. Infinitive; first to s.

the atom; town Split; Banana S.
7. Puff - rapper P. Daddy; P. the Magic Dragon; n. adder; p. pastry.
8. Difference of 220: was 405 now 625; phone codes 01373 and 01483; Naschy 1945; American civil war ends 1865.
9. Oppen. Big Bopper (died in same plane crash); Karl Popper, wrote a copper; painting by Edward Hopper.
10. San. San Marino Grand Prix held there; built San Simeon; San Martin, liberator of those countries; plays in San Siro stadium.

